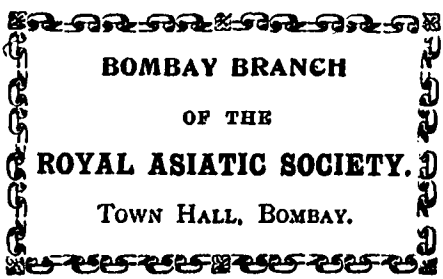

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A

LIFE OF ADVENTURE

An Autobiography.

BY COLONEL CORVIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE EIGHTY YEARS' WAR OF THE NETHERLANDERS AGAINST SPAIN"; "ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WORLD"; SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES," "THE NEW YORK TIMES," AND THE "AUGSBURG ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG."

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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LONDON:
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TO

OLIVER WM. FARRER, ESQ.,

BINNEGAR HALL, WAREHAM.

My Dear Sir,

When, fourteen years ago, I came to London olitical refugee, weak from a long and cruel con- ement, poor and wretched, the exquisite kind- ss and sympathy you showed me at that trying ie was the greatest possible solace to me; and have never ceased to remember it with the ost heartfelt gratitude and affection.

Though the Dedication of this book to you is t a poor expression of my feelings, I beg you to cept it kindly, as all that is in my power.

I remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

Corvin.

Berlin, 1870.

PREFACE

some readers should think it presumptuous the part of a foreigner to publish in England a moir of his Life, they would express the very lings of the author, when receiving from Mr. ıtley a proposition to write this work.

It is true that my Memoirs were very well eived when first published in Germany; but ere my name was well known, not only as an ıthor, but also as one of the military chiefs who, 1849, defended with arms in hand the Consti- ıtion of his country, which Constitution had ɔen accepted by twenty-nine of its States. ɔme passages of my life—especially my con- mnation to death, and my six years of solitary ıfinement—when published, created some in- est in England. This circumstance, in con- ction with others, probably induced my pub- her to believe that a memoir of my life might o be well received in England. I therefore ote it; but throw the sin of this publication the shoulders of my publisher, who ought to ow the taste of his public better than I do.

When occasionally visiting England, I throw aside my foreign-made clothes, exchange my soft felt hat for a black chimney-pot, order English visiting-cards, and make other judicious changes remembering the saying that you must do Rome as the Romans do. So, as the manuscri would have extended to more volumes than we deemed desirable, it had to be reduced consid ably; and, as such a cruel operation taxes feelings of the author himself too much, I it to the tender mercy of a less partial per chosen by the publisher.

Much has been cut away by the hands of t literary surgeon; and I have winced at ma of these cuts, fearing they have changed mu the character of my work. How far such change is an improvement, only those can jud who have read the German edition. But I c only bow to superior knowledge, and conso myself with the thought, at least satisfactory the publisher, that my book, in its trimmed sta is fit for every drawing-room table, and may read even in the nursery without injury to feelings of the most immaculate governess.

CORVIN

LONDON, *November*, 1870.

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MEMOIR OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER I

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THE Corvins claim their origin from the old Roman patrician order of the Valerii, and especially from Marcus Valerius, who, in the year 349 before Christ, assumed the surname Corvinus. When fighting with a Gaulish Goliath, who had challenged the best man of the Romans, a raven (*corvus*) alighted on the helmet of my ancestor, and contributed greatly to his victory by attacking the face of the giant with his beak and claws. From that incident come our name and coat of arms.

Messala Corvin is well known to all admirers of Horace; but I shall not dwell on that remote

period, and shall skip a dozen of centuries. Looking for the Corvins in the thirteenth century, we find them (1273) ruling between the Huna and Corona in Croatia, which country was named after them Crovatia and Valeria. Some of them settled later in Transylvania, amongst the Romans living there, and built, between Warden and Clausenburg, Castle Hunyad, which is still very well preserved, and is sometimes visited by the present Emperor of Austria, to whom it now belongs.

Count Butho Corvin married Elisabeth Paleologo, a princess of the last Greco-Roman imperial house, and their son was the celebrated Hungarian hero, John Corvin-Hunyadi, who has been called by some historians "the Hungarian Cid." In his youth he travelled in Italy as a knight-errant, and acquired very great fame under his *nom de guerre* of "the White Knight." But he won still more glory for himself and the Hungarians in the wars against the Turks, whom he conquered in sixty battles. When, however, against his own conscience, and compelled to do so by the Pope's Nuncio, he broke the armistice made with the Turks, he was beaten (1444) in the battle of Varna, where both the Nuncio and young Uladislaus, king of Poland and Hungary, perished.

During the minority of Ladislaus Posthumus, John Corvin was administrator of the kingdom, to the disgust of Count Ulric de Cilley, the grand-uncle of the young king, who did all in his power to traduce the old hero. In order to make him

odious to the Magyar nobility, he gave out that John Corvin was the son of the Emperor Sigismund, the enemy of the Hungarians.

John Corvin had two sons by his wife Eliza de Szilagyi, Ladislaus (Banus of Croatia) and Mathias, and a daughter, Beatrice, who married a margrave of Brandenburg. The two sons of the "Hungarian Cid" inherited the hatred of Count Cilley, who conspired with the Prince of Serbia to destroy them. A letter proving this fell into the hands of Ladislaus Corvin, who at once (unarmed as he was) showed it to Count Cilley. A dispute ensued, Cilley drew his sword, and the life of young Ladislaus was only saved by a large seal ring on his hand, with which he warded off the deadly blow. On hearing the noise, the guard came in, and Count Cilley was slain in the scuffle.

Though King Ladislaus solemnly promised not to revenge the death of his granduncle, and accepted before the altar the Banus as his brother, he broke his faith, and Ladislaus Corvin was beheaded in Ofen, and Mathias imprisoned at Prague, in 1457.

In the ensuing civil war the party of the Corvins prevailed, and when Ladislaus Posthumus was poisoned by Anna von Ronnow, his mistress (1458), Mathias Corvin, who was but fifteen years old, was elected king. His reign was most glorious, but as it belongs to history I need not speak of it here.

He had no children by his two wives, but

had an illegitimate son (John Corvin), Duke of Troppau, Count of Liptau, and Prince of Sclavonia. Mathias tried to secure the crown for him, but did not succeed; and when, after his father's death, the duke endeavoured to obtain it by force of arms, he was killed in a fight.

The descendants of the decapitated Ladislaus Corvin lived on their princely estates in Poland, where the Counts Corvin-Krasinski belonged to the most wealthy and most influential families. They kept a kind of court, and had their house-dragoons and court jesters. In "Household Words" a very interesting extract was once published from the diary of a young Countess Krasinski, describing the wedding of her sister Barbara. At the dinner the old count, her father, took from a case a golden, diamond-set goblet, in the shape of a raven, an old family relic, filled it with a bottle and a half of Hungarian wine, and emptied it at a draught to the health of the bride; then the goblet was put aside until the next wedding in the family. I do not know what has become of this goblet, but suppose it has been lost, together with the power of taking these prodigious draughts.

At the close of the last century a Countess Corvin-Krasinski was made a princess of the empire, and married a Prince Cardignan; thus the family became related to the present Italian royal house.

At the end of the seventeenth century my great-grandfather left Poland, I suppose on ac-

count of his religion, for he was a Protestant, and the Krasinskis were Roman Catholics. He purchased in East Prussia about thirty knightly estates, and built a castle in Gehlweiden, near a lake, a few miles from Goldapp. As he considered himself not rich enough to maintain his name and rank, he did not call himself either count or Corvin, but Wiersbitzki, from Wierzba-Weide (willow), which means Lord of Gehlweiden.

He married a Baroness Krahne, and had two sons. The eldest was my grandfather. He entered the Prussian army, whilst his younger brother remained with his father, who seems to have been a peculiar man.

During the Seven Years' War my grandfather was captain of cuirassiers, in a regiment called the Yellow Horse, because their uniforms were yellow, with silver, and their cuirasses black. When rummaging an old chest once belonging to my grandfather, I discovered a note-book, with a green-dyed hog's leather cover, which he had used during the war. It contained many interesting military notices, accounts of expenses, rough sketches of manœuvre, etc.; but what interested me most were some accounts of personal adventures and incidents.

When I read them I was only a boy, and have forgotten their best part, but two incidents remain in my memory. I am not sure whether it was in the battle of Kollin or Kunersdorf—it was one lost by King Frederick—that a battery of the enemy, placed on an eminence, did a great deal of

damage. Frederick the Great, seeing my grandfather at the head of his company, said to him, "Captain, take that battery." "At your Majesty's order," answered my grandfather, and advanced gallantly against the hill; but before he could reach it he was attacked on both flanks by a battalion of Pandures. He at once ordered his company to wheel to the right and the left, and when, after a short and sharp fight, the Pandures took to their heels, the cuirassiers, led on by their captain, rushed upon the dangerous battery, and took it. This done, my grandfather galloped to the king, who had remained a witness to the whole affair, and reported, "Your Majesty, the battery is ours."

The king seemed to be very well pleased, for he detached his own decoration of the order, *pour le mérite*, which he wore on a silver-edged black ribbon round his neck, and gave it to the brave captain. My grandfather, who was in a hurry, was about to put it into his pocket, when the king stopped his hand, took the decoration from it, and fixed it himself round the officer's neck, saying, "Put it on, my dear *Lieutenant-Colonel.*"

Once my grandfather had orders to destroy some magazines, material of war, etc., in Bohemia. On this expedition he entered a very rich convent, which he suspected very much, and therefore examined minutely. Accompanied by the abbot himself, some monks, and his officers, he came to a place in a wall, which suggested the idea that

a door had been recently closed up there. The abbot and the monks became confused at his inquiries, but he insisted on opening the wall.

My grandfather's suspicion proved perfectly justified. There had been a door leading to a large room, in which was a billiard-table, covered up with a large blanket. "Well, gentlemen, we may have here a game of billiards," said my grandfather to his officers, lifting a corner of the cloth. The abbot groaned aloud, and an exclamation of surprise escaped from all the officers, for the whole billiard-table was covered with louis d'ors!

The officers congratulated my grandfather on his good luck; for they considered the money to be his lawful booty, and urged him to keep it. He was, however, of a different opinion; though the discoverer of this very considerable sum, he delivered it up to the king, who was extremely pleased with the timely addition, as he was rather short of funds. He made my grandfather, however, a present of six hundred thalers, which he laughingly divided amongst his poor officers.

My grandfather became at last general and chief of his beloved regiment, the staff of which was located in the little town of Pasewalk. Later my grandfather was transferred to Berlin. To judge from his portrait, which is still existing, he was a splendid-looking officer. He married a Baroness de Graevenitz, who presented him with no less than twenty-four children, of whom seven-

teen grew up to be brave soldiers and handsome ladies.

My great-grandfather, who in old age became more and more whimsical, remained with his younger son at his chateau, in East Prussia. This younger son seems to have been a kind of Francis Moor. He treated his old father shamefully, and urged him to persuade his elder brother to renounce the family estates in his favour. He even threatened the life of the weak old man, frightening him frequently at night with a dagger. When my grandfather once visited Gehlweiden, which is nearly five hundred miles from Berlin, he tried to persuade his father to come and live with him there; but the old man said that he would die in the chateau built by himself. Though these vast estates (Gehlweiden alone, with its dependencies, occupying about twenty English square miles) were very valuable, they were not worth the hundredth part of what they are now; but, being so far from Berlin, in a country which was still in a sad state of neglect, my grandfather was easily persuaded to give them up to his younger brother for a sum which was thought very large a hundred years ago.

All the sons of my grandfather became soldiers, and several of them attained the rank of general; three or four of them died on the battle-field in the wars against Napoleon. It is curious that of the twenty-four children of my grandfather, the eldest—Baroness von Troschke—and the

youngest, Baroness von Arnim, out-lived all the rest.

Amongst my uncles were some renowned in the army for their extraordinary bravery, and one especially, a general of the Brown Hussars, of whom the old King of Hanover—the father of the deposed king—spoke with great admiration when I was presented to him. This general bore a striking likeness to the portraits of King Mathias Corvin, which was a great satisfaction to the pride of our family, who, beside the features, inherited also the passionate temper of the old Corvins, and other weaknesses, of which I have my share, though I have not the family features, but resemble my mother.

CHAPTER II.

How my father got a wife—After the Battle of Jena—My appearance on the scene—My home in Gumbinnen—The great yard and its population—My friends and my enemies—Fight between a conceited crane and a gallant cock—Tiras and Myran—The haunted house—Ghosts in the loft—Visions—Effect—First impressions—Passing soldiers—Emperor Alexander our guest—East Prussia fifty years ago—My mother—My father—The "d—— quill-drivers"—Sad doings and sadder consequences—Dr. Thiersch.

My father was the youngest of all my grandfather's sons. He received his education in the Royal Page House, at that time the nursery for officers of the army of noble rank, an establishment in which they, however, did not learn much besides page-tricks and arrogance.

On reaching the proper age he entered the army, and became an officer in the regiment, called the "Queen's Dragoons." Once when standing godfather in his garrison, the little Pomeranian town of Treptow, he said, "That little girl shall become my wife." He kept his word, nor did the major when he had turned forty find it hard to do so, for the child had then become a handsome little lady of sixteen.

My father was a fine-looking man, but as he

was more than double the age of his wife, it will easily be understood that he became jealous. When the pride of the Prussian army was humbled in the battle of Jena, and the stampede commenced, my father fled with the rest. He was, however, more afraid for his handsome young wife than for himself; he therefore took her away with her daughter of two years old in a light open carriage, and hurried her off to Stralsund as fast as four post horses could go. Even in that far-off city he did not think her safe, and he only breathed freely when he saw her snugly concealed in some obscure place in the interior of the island of Ruegen. Then, with a far lighter heart, he followed his unfortunate king to East Prussia, where, on the reduction of the army, he was rewarded for some particular good service he had rendered by being appointed director of all the post-offices in the government district of Gumbinnen, where my mother joined him with my eldest sister, Friederike, and my eldest brother, Edward. My brother Louis was born in 1810, and I, the youngest, on October 12th, 1812. The certificate of birth states that this interesting event took place on October 16th, but I follow the statement of my mother, who ought to know best. I was christened Otto Julius Bernhard von Corvin-Wiersbitzki, and my godfather was a Major von Brunnow.

Before I was born, my father had already purchased a house and grounds situated on the banks of the river Pregel. The Stallupoehner Street,

in which our house stood, ran considerably higher than the Pregel, and the building erected on the slope of the eminence had a story more on the side facing the river than on that facing the street. Seen from the latter, it appeared as a high-roofed, one-storied edifice, with a two-storied centre building, into which led a large folding door, whilst a common house-door was placed in the middle of each wing. At each end of these wings stood a high arched gate; that on the right-hand was walled up, but that on the left was used as an entrance for carriages, and by a gentle descent led to the spacious yard. The house was rather long, for on the river face there were eighteen windows.

The centre building was occupied by the post-office: in the left wing (that to the right hand of the looker-on) our family lived, and the right wing was rented to other parties. In front of the wing which we occupied was a little garden, separated from the side-walk by railings, and ornamented with two arbours and by high-stemmed beautiful mallows, which prevented passers-by from looking in at our windows. It was a great vexation to us children when this impediment of the side-walk had to be removed, and I am sure that my father fought a hard battle for it with the quill-drivers in the town-hall.

I am thus minute in my description, because the early home of our childhood has a great deal

to do with the development of our mind. The home impressions of the child may be still recognized in the predilections and fancies of the man or woman, as every one will find on close self-examination. To us children, the river side of our house was of even greater importance than the street, for it was the principal scene of our early exploits and games, and was crowded with objects of interest.

In the middle of each wing, corresponding to the house-door, was a covered balcony, from which a wooden staircase descended to our small private yard, which was separated from the rest by a close-set railing on the left, and also on the right, where it separated the little yard from a space running round the corner of the house and up to the walled-up gate in the street. The grounds behind our wing, down to the Pregel, were separated from the rest by a very high fence. On descending our wooden staircase, one came into a narrow yard which was separated from the garden also by a fence, whilst on the right-hand side was a yet higher and thicker fence, with a door leading to the space which extended to the closed-up gate in the street adjoining our wing. In this space stood a low building, in which my father kept a pack of hounds, three or four large greyhounds, and some pointers.

A pretty flower-garden with arbours, and always kept nice and neat, was laid out on a broad terrace, from which steps led down to a kitchen-

garden extending to the bank of the river, which was planted with willows.

Fronting the whole extent of the centre building and the other wing of the dwelling-house, on the edge of the terrace, stood a solid stone building containing the stables and the coach-house. Between that building and the river was a splendid orchard, and the whole wall of the stables was covered with a grape-vine, then the only one in all Gumbinnen, and producing now and then in favourable years a few ripe grapes, of which we were rather proud, though they were awfully sour.

Between the orchard and kitchen-garden an alley led to the river, and to a raft attached by means of chains to the bank. This raft was of great importance to us boys, and I have good reason to remember it, for I tumbled once from it into the river, and might have been drowned if my eldest brother had not saved me. Opposite this raft, on the bank of the not wide river, a very old willow bent over a weird place reputed to be the deepest in the whole river, and a reservoir for enormously large fish.

The half of the "sousterrain" under our wing, next to the kennel-yard, was occupied by our huntsman, Dragewiez, and his wife; the other half by a very respectable elderly couple, a painter, with his wife and daughter.

In the *sousterrain*, under the centre building, lived a shoemaker and his family, who employed

many workmen in a very large room. Master Ernst, a middle-sized, broad-shouldered man, with a merry face and a fine crop of fair curls, was a very respectable man, the husband of a good wife, and the father of "Nante"—an abbreviation for Ferdinand—who had the highest respect for his father's solid knee-straps, which were frequently applied to his back. Schoemaker's Nante and painter's Caroline were my earliest playmates; and humble as were their parents, I might have had worse.

The *sousterrain* under the other wing of the house contained the dwellings for our two coachmen, a groom, and a bailiff, who, with his men, attended to the gardens, and to our meadows and oat-fields outside the town, which furnished forage for our horses and cattle.

My father was a great connoisseur of horses, and had the reputation of always keeping the finest in all Prussian Lithuania, which is eminently a horse-breeding country, and where the government has a celebrated stud in Trakehnen, from which the stables of the King of Prussia are supplied.

My father always kept two teams of coach-horses, one black and the other chesnut, and a reserve horse for each of them; besides four or five saddle-horses and a pony for the huntsman. I remember still a fine, tall, white horse, which was my senior by at least ten or twelve years, and a great favourite of my father's, who grate-

fully remembered it for the speed with which it had carried him from the dreadful battle-field of Jena. On the back of this preserver of my sire, I learnt how to ride before I could run.

I never saw my father on horseback. As an old cavalry officer he had had enough of it, and having become stout, riding afforded him no pleasure.

The large stable-yard was a very attractive place. In its centre, but not raised above the ground, was the dung-hill. On it were generally assembled the whole feathered population of the yard, which amounted to, at least, two hundred heads, amongst them hens of all breeds, capons reserved for the table, ducks which frequented the river, and a fair number of turkeys. I remember an angry old turkey-cock, which had an especial spite against me. As soon as I entered the yard he ran at me, and as he was as tall as myself he frightened me very much. He was so vicious that he was condemned to death, and I am ashamed to say that I did not resist, when the obsequious cook forced a sharp hatchet into my hand and induced me to chop off the head of my feathered enemy. I may add that this is the only act of revenge I have to record in my whole life.

The turkey-cock was, however, not my only enemy in the yard. There was lording over the whole feathered tribe a far more arrogant bird, tyrannizing not only over turkeys, ducks, and hens, but also over all little boys and girls who were not as tall as himself. This was a most dis-

agreeable crane, a conceited fellow, who certainly must have believed itself something better than other birds because its image was in the escutcheon of my great-grandmother, who was a Baroness Krahne.

Whenever this savage bird saw a child, it ran to his side, and stretching out its long neck to its utmost, it took his measure. If it found that the child was taller than itself it stalked away like a coward; but if under its size, it attacked him immediately with its long and sharp bill, and once wounded a little girl rather badly on her bare arm.

However, the hour for retribution was at hand. There lived in the yard a brave young cock, which was the idol of a considerable number of hens, and respected not only by its colleagues, but also by the ducks and turkeys. The arrogance of the yard-tyrant vexed his chivalrous heart. After due reflection, I suppose, the cock resolved to fight with the giant for the championship. Fortune favoured me, and I happened to be a witness of this memorable combat. The tyrant having committed some flagrant outrage against one of the favourites of the noble cock, its ire exploded. Flapping its wings, it crowed defiance in the face of the aggressor of innocence, and upon the angry and encouraging clamour of the harem, the whole feathered population hurried to the spot; the turkeys and their wives with long strides, and the plump ducks even using their wings to accelerate their locomotion.

Alas! I never wrote for "Bell's Life," and am not able to describe in a worthy or scientific manner the Homeric fight which ensued; I have only to state that the valiant knight of the spur conquered. He succeeded in tearing out an eye of his tall adversary, who fled in dismay, followed by the hooting of the spectators. The wound of the crestfallen tyrant was at once attended to, but in vain: it died after some days, I hope repentant.

In a spacious hut, at the entrance of the stable, lived a particular friend of my early youth. His name was Tyras, a large, yellow dog, of no particular canine nobility. However, he had a very honest heart, and we were on the most friendly terms. I visited him frequently in his humble dwelling, which was always provided with fresh straw, and he permitted me to bestride his back, proudly walking before his palace as far as his chain would permit, and wagging his bushy tail.

In another hut, before the cow-stable, lodged another large grey and black-striped cur, Meyran, who hated me and Tyras, and never permitted me to enter his dominion; but as I have almost always in my life had the satisfaction of seeing my traducers and enemies come to grief, so, in some manner or other, without my having a hand in it, Meyran did not escape this fate. He became suspected of being mad, and was shot by Dragewicz, the huntsman, who made a hunting-bag of his skin.

In the room where the straw was chopped for

the horses, my brother Louis kept a colony of fine rabbits, which endangered the security of the stable building by undermining it, and which were of no use to any one; for even the servants despised them as food. Louis had also a large room in the loft of the dwelling-house, arranged as a pigeon-house, in which he kept about a hundred pigeons of the rarest kinds, which afforded him great excitement; for it was the custom amongst the pigeon-fanciers in Gumbinnen to use all possible stratagems to catch their neighbours' pigeons.

This loft of the house was a weird place; it was an article of creed in all Gumbinnen, indeed, that it was haunted. This belief was so strong, that it was difficult to get workmen, if anything was to be repaired in that part of the house. Once, masons, who were employed there in the middle of the day, fled from their work, scared by the most unearthly noises.

When my father once awoke in the night, and the moon was shining, he saw, to his astonishment, a boy in a Greek dress, noiselessly moving about, and arranging the chairs and other furniture. All these things, of course, contributed to strengthen the popular belief in reference to our house, which, perhaps, originated from an occurrence which took place before my recollection, but which was frequently related to me by my sister and brother.

Adjoining the loft, with two windows in the gable-wall of the house, was a large and comfort-

able room, which had been used for a time as the nursery. The loft over our wing was very spacious, and contained, on the street side, some dark closets, in which were stowed away dragoon helmets, pistols, swords, and similar military accoutrements, belonging to my father; for formerly captains had to equip their soldiers for a certain sum paid them by the government. On the yard side was the pigeon-room of my brother. Wooden stairs led up to the loft over the centre building, where a space was arranged round the chimney, for the purpose of smoking ham, bacon, and such things.

One night, the nurse and the children in the nursery heard a continued and most awful and ghostly roaring coming from the loft, which frightened them very much, and of which the cause could not be discovered. When, however, the cook went up to the smoking-chamber some days afterwards, she started, like one shot, on seeing between her flitches of bacon and hams the body of a man. It was that of a poor fellow well acquainted with the house, who had selected this place in which to hang himself. May be that he repented and roared in vain for help.

Old Dragewicz did not believe in ghosts; he said that the noises heard in the loft came from rats, martens, and pole-cats, which haunted it. My brother experienced this to his grief, as a polecat, or marten, killed some thirty of his finest pigeons in one night.

However, the other people in the house entertained the opinion that many ghosts might still find room enough in the loft without crowding the rats and martens; and I sided with them.

On entering our part of the house from the street, a door to the left led to a large room with three windows, to which a somewhat smaller back-room adjoined. These were our drawing-rooms. To the right of the entrance was a sitting-room with two windows, and a large glazed folding-door separated it from a smaller room in the corner, which we called the "alcove." From thence a door led to a two-windowed back-room, which adjoined the kitchen.

I was sleeping in this back-room when my mother was on a visit in Berlin. I was then but a very little fellow of about four years old. When I went to bed one night, two servants were still occupied with some work, sitting at a table near the stove. Awaking in the night, the moon was shining brightly in at the curtainless windows. I wondered to see that the two servants had gone, raised myself in bed, and looked out for a moment at our garden and at the river, which were to be seen as plainly as in the daytime. I had scarcely lain down again when the door of the alcove, where my father slept, opened, and my mother entered. I looked at her with amazement, and with some fear, though I saw her as plainly as possible, and could distinguish, not only her features, but even every detail of her dress. She wore

a white satin robe with lace, and also white satin slippers. Her head was covered with a light lace veil, which fell down to her shoulders, and on her forehead she wore a plain, rather large golden diadem. She looked extremely handsome.

When, on tiptoe, and her finger on her lips, she advanced towards my bed, I asked, "Who is there?" Receiving no answer, I called out "Father, father!" and covered my head with my blanket, but still kept looking from underneath it at the fascinating apparition. My mother remained for a time standing close to my bed and looked down upon me, her mild blue eyes beaming with love and tenderness. Then she approached and vanished behind my pillow. I was no longer alarmed and at once fell asleep, but when I awoke in the morning I had the most vivid recollection of that nightly visit. The most remarkable feature of this incident was, however, that my mother, on returning from Berlin, brought with her a similar golden diadem, which was then the fashion, as it had been worn by the much-lamented Queen Louisa.

May be that my mother, when coming from an evening party, had thought of her youngest son who was her favourite. What do we understand about the mysterious powers and qualities of our mind!

This incident and a no less wonderful dream, are the earliest recollections of my life, and both are remarkable for the circumstance that I saw in

them things of which I then could have had no knowledge whatever. Similar vision-like dreams I have had at various periods of my life; they have only ceased within a few years, or at least have lost their vision-like character.

I dreamt that my mother held me on her left arm. She was dressed beautifully. Through a glass door she entered with me a long narrow hall, which was faintly lighted by a bluish kind of light like moonlight. I saw before me a long row of people, a man and a woman always standing together.

My mother turned to the left, and stopped before the first couple. The light was faint there, but I could plainly distinguish the persons. My mother handed me to the first in the row. He was a middle-sized man, scarcely taller than his consort, with a bearded, pale, noble face. When he kissed me and clasped me to his breast, I noticed with amazement that his arms were bare and his breast of metal. He handed me to his lady who wore long white garments.

I was handed from one couple to the other, who all kissed me with earnest solemnity, until I reached about the sixth couple, when my dream vanished. On my way from one arm to the other I had, however, noticed various things, especially as the light became brighter the more I advanced towards the right. There was a change in the dresses, which became more gorgeous. Further on, to the right, stood groups instead of couples,

and the light became so brilliant and shone on such bright colours, gold and gems, that my eyes were quite dazzled.

It was as though my mother presented me to my ancestors, of whom, however, I had never heard one single word in my father's house; nor did I then know anything about the dresses of former ages. Later, when recollecting this most vivid dream, I knew that those persons who kissed me were Romans. Some readers will laugh at this dream, or doubt it; but I can only say that it faithfully describes what I saw, strange as it may appear.

These dreams and the repute of our house being haunted, had a great influence on my mind, and my father tried all he could to counteract the impressions. He sent us children frequently in the dark to remote parts of the house to fetch something, but he never gave such commissions to me, probably because I was so very young and excitable. A sudden fright might have had a pernicious effect on me.

I could never altogether shake off these impressions made on me in early childhood. Even now if I hear a mouse in the night my heart beats quicker. I do not like to sit at night with the open door of a dark room at my back; and at night, especially in a large room, if I look with a candle in my hand in a mirror, I have a sensation, as if some strange face were looking over my shoulder, or as if something not belong-

ing to human kind were behind me. Notwithstanding this, probably I should sleep quietly in a church, or in a vault filled with coffins, and should remain perfectly collected if a ghost in any shape whatever were to favour me with a visit. I might even do as an acquaintance of mine did, who is now an old retired lieutenant-general. When a young man he had studied very hard until late in the night. Retiring to his bed-room, he was surprised to discover that he was already in his bed. He looked smilingly at his *alter ego*, for he knew that it was only an hallucination, but as it would not disappear, he quietly laid himself right on his image, which of course vanished.

During the whole time, from 1812 until 1817, troops of all nations marched through Gumbinnen; soldiers, therefore, play a considerable part in my early recollections. Green-coated officers, bearded Cossacks, smelling awfully of herrings, onions, and whiskey, pass in misty images before my mind, and mix there with distinguished persons, who travelled extra-post, and accepted sometimes for days the hospitality of our house.

I still remember very vividly a Count Werschinski, who came from Paris, and brought from thence a watch which played some tunes, and to which was attached a golden musical bauble, in the shape of a signet, which he presented to me. I also remember three hunchbacked little Polish

countesses (sisters), who smothered me with kisses, and bought for me toys, for which they always paid with gold, never accepting any change, ducats being the smallest coin they deigned to touch with their aristocratic hands.

An unusual event in Gumbinnen was a visit of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who passed our town, and accepted a breakfast at our house. It was then strawberry time. While he was eating a plate of strawberries and cream before the mirror, I was brought to him at his request, and he fed me with his spoon and kissed me. The street before our house was crowded with curious people, who even looked in at the open windows, and the ladies were much astonished and envious when the handsome and gallant emperor kissed my mother's hand, and on parting kissed her forehead, making some remarks upon her resemblance to Queen Louisa, which must indeed have been great; for when she walked once with my relatives in the garden at Charlottenburg, and passed before the windows of the palace-hall on the ground-floor, where Frederick William III. was at dinner, the king was so much struck by the likeness, that he came out into the garden with his napkin in his hand.

East Prussia was, some fifty years ago, still a very neglected province, and was considered a very remote, semi-barbarous country as, perhaps, Bosnia or Serbia are now. The only turnpike road in East Prussia was between Insterburg and

Gumbinnen, not more than a few miles, but it was looked upon as something wonderful. The whole road between my native town and Berlin was in an awful state; for the turnpike road commenced only some twelve German miles from the Residence, and it required nearly a fortnight to reach it. In a word, everything was still in a very primitive state, and even the wealthiest citizens in Gumbinnen had very plain houses, furnished in a manner which would not now satisfy a tradesman.

Our house formed no exception. The furniture was very simple; mahogany was scarcely known, still less a carpet. The floors of the rooms were of common deal board, with wide chinks between and nails protruding. They were of course washed now and then, but mostly only swept, and covered with fresh, white sand, over which was strewn, on Sundays, in summer, fragrant pieces of green calamus, and in winter pieces of green fir.

As provisions were extremely cheap in East Prussia, people lived very well. When the best beef rose to threepence a pound there was an outcry throughout all Gumbinnen. Veal cost only—when dear—one penny a pound. Other things were equally cheap, and I remember that a shilling for a bushel of oats was considered to be a high price.

In our house eating was going on all day. Early in the morning coffee and rolls; at ten or eleven, a hot luncheon; at half-past one, dinner; at four, coffee; at six, tea; and between eight and

nine o'clock a hot supper, in which game of the season played a prominent part, for my father rented the hunting-grounds of about twenty villages around.

Bread, rye bread, was prepared in the house, though baked at the bakers. The loaves weighed about thirty pounds, and a great number of them were baked at one time, as rye bread of that kind kept fresh for weeks, and even improved by it. I remember having once seen a mouse's nest, with young ones, in such a loaf.

Hogs were also killed at home, and sausages made. Even rushlights and tallow candles were "dipped" and moulded in the cellar: wax candles were considered a sinful luxury. It was then still the time of steel and tinder-boxes, and little three-cornered pieces of paper, tipped with brimstone, were used. The tinder-box, in the shape of a pistol, with a flint lock, which my father had always near his bed, seemed to us a stunning invention.

My father was not extravagant, but he spent money on his handsome wife, whom he presented, for instance, once with a sable cloak, which cost in St. Petersburg a thousand silver roubles, and was the talk of all the town. He was also lavish in everything belonging to the stable. He had several fine carriages and sledges, and his turn-out in winter was indeed magnificent, for he had always the most elegant, finely-tuned bells from Berlin, screwed on the heads and backs of his

magnificent horses. His guns and arms were also splendid, and the wall in the "alcove" was ornamented with them in a tasteful manner.

Dragewicz, of course, wore the traditional uniform and cocked and feathered hat, and hanger of a German chasseur, but our coachman and grooms wore the king's post-office uniform, to which my father, as the postal chief, claimed a right, and which had this advantage (not to be despised on the bad roads of East Prussia), that all vehicles of any kind meeting him on the road were compelled to turn out of his way, however inconvenient it might be.

It is now, however, time to speak about my father and mother, brothers, and sister.

I have already said that my mother was very handsome. She was rather tall, and all her movements were graceful and dignified. There was scarcely any company in which she did not look the first in rank. Her large and wonderfully-formed eyes were of sapphire blue, and her fine hair of that rare colour called "cendre." She was as good as she was handsome, and her heart was as pure as crystal. All were unanimous in her praise, and even when her circumstances altered very much, and when she became old, she was generally respected, and I never heard a single word of slander against her.

I am sorry not to be able to say the same of my father. However, his faults were those of his time and rank. His education in the Page House had

been very incomplete, and life in a little garrison, among young and old officers, who believed themselves far above the rest of mankind, who had their own peculiar code of honour and morals, no religion whatever, and no other amusements than those afforded by gambling and drinking, was not calculated to improve him. It was only to be wondered at that he did not become worse, and under these circumstances it was rather to his praise that he was neither a spendthrift, a gambler, intemperate, nor arrogant and overbearing. He did not cringe before the great; he treated his equals with easy politeness, and everybody else, not with condescension, but with perfect and natural urbanity. As he kept a large establishment and always paid ready money, he was very popular with the citizens of Gumbinnen, who nicknamed him the "post-major," and even addressed him thus; he rather liked the name, as it expressed both his military and postal character. Though sometimes passionate and vehement in his expressions, he treated the poor and his servants well. Our male servants all remained long in the house. The bailiff had been thirty years in my father's service, the huntsman fifteen, our coachman ten, and so on.

The only persons with whom he was in constant warfare were the "d—— quill-drivers," under which general name he comprised all civilians employed in the different branches of the government. Though not quarrelsome, he had

always several lawsuits going on, from his contraventions of some petty police law to which he would not submit, and against which he defended himself to the utmost.

My father has now been dead these forty-seven years, but so well remembered that I could paint his likeness, as he walked down our street, coming from some hard battle with the quill-drivers. He was rather tall, and had in his latter years become corpulent. His forehead was high, and looked still higher when the hair on the top of his head became grey and thinner; only at the back did he preserve his thick dark-brown curls. His eyes were of a greyish-blue; his fine nose was slightly curved; his mouth finely cut, and his cheeks somewhat flattened. He wore neither whiskers nor moustaches, and liked to go about in a plain citizen's dress. His uniform, that of a retired cavalry major, which was very handsome, blue with white facings and silver buttons and embroidery; was only donned on great occasions, and his very becoming post-office uniform was scarcely ever worn by him as it savoured of the quill-drivers.

Trottoirs not being yet introduced in our town, my father always walked in the middle of the street, with his left hand on his hip, and carrying his ivory-topped bamboo like a gun over his right shoulder. He wore a high, black, cylinder hat with a very narrow brim, blue dress coat with brass buttons, white waistcoat, rather tight, ribbed

grey breeches, and top-boots with yellow lacquered tops.

In walking he frequently gesticulated with his left hand and made corresponding movements with his head, indicating evidently that he was occupied with the quill-drivers, and was mentally proving in the most striking manner that they were utterly wrong.

These provoking people contested with him the right of travelling with two out-riders in the king's post-office uniform, and of using leather traces, which they asserted were prerogatives solely of the royal family. He said, however, that his family was as noble as any in the land, nor did he ever give up the practice. He was a hard customer to deal with, and the quill-drivers reciprocated his dislike.

He was, however, not free from the faults of his ancestors, and had one especially which counterbalanced many of his good qualities. His morals were extremely lax, and thus he gave great offence to my poor mother and to the world in general. The former felt so much hurt and offended, that she resolved on a divorce. The law was clearly on her side, and the court decided in her favour. My father had to pay her a considerable annuity, which could not even be discontinued in case she should marry again. The quill-drivers had in this matter their full revenge on the old post-major, who fumed and gave way to his rage in vain.

I was then about five or six years old, and did not understand the great misfortune that had befallen us. I well remember the day when my mother removed to lodgings in a remote street. This move afforded me the greatest pleasure, and with pride I carried my mother's guitar to her new lodgings.

We had to remain with my father; but as I loved my mother very much, and being the youngest was her pet, I was always going between our house and hers, and remained now a few days with her, and now again with my father. My mother would take me into her bed and pet and kiss me, and I was most happy when nestling in her arms. None of our senses has a more tenacious memory than that of smell; whenever I smell a rose I think of my mother, for her clothes were pervaded by a delicate odour of roses, coming from some twenty strings of very fine rose-pearls which she wore day and night around her neck.

However, my father's house had other attractions of no little value, for there were horses and dogs and my playfellows, and above all, my dear Caroline, my nurse. Sometimes my father prevented me for days from seeing my mother, in hope that her love for me would bring her back to his house, for which he tried very hard. He made her all kinds of most tempting promises, and even condescended to ask the king for permission to resume his title of count, the law requiring this of a family that had not used a title for thirty

years. On my mother refusing the hand of one of the richest and most respected noblemen in the country, he became very sanguine of success, but love scattered his fond hopes to the winds.

My mother was then about twenty-eight years old, but looked much younger, and was handsomer than ever. She had never loved my father as a young bride loves a young husband, but her strict principles and her pride had not permitted even an innocent flirtation. Though mother of several children, hers was still a virgin heart.

Dr. Bernhard Thiersch, a young professor at the high school in Gumbinnen, fell in love with her. He was very sentimental, played the flute, made verses in praise of my mother, and sung them with a fine voice to the guitar—things very new and charming to her. She commenced to sing "Freudvoll und leidvoll" herself, and my father was soon enraged by the news that a d—— quill-driver had dared to aspire to her hand. It seemed beyond credence, but it was only too true; and though my father did all in his power to prevent this marriage, influential friends assisted my mother against his persecutions. The marriage took place in some out-of-the-way spot and Dr. Thiersch was promoted and transferred to the high school in Lyk, which is about twelve German miles from Gumbinnen.

CHAPTER III.

Caroline—My Father's Views about Education—My Father's Library—I borrow a Bible—The Gymnasium and Conrector Prange—A Passionate Little Fellow—Life at Home—The Climate of East Prussia—Master Horn and Master Ernst—A Festival in a Shoemaker's Shop.

I was very young when my mother parted from us, and therefore became the sooner accustomed to her absence, as I was petted and spoilt by our housekeeper, and taken care of by my excellent nurse.

On my birth my father had insisted on a wet nurse; but the choice of one was not fortunate. I became ailing, and was wasting away, when just in time the nurse fell ill with a typhoid fever, and a little country girl, sixteen years old, healthy and rosy, who had lost her babe, offered herself, and was at once accepted. By the change I was highly benefited, and became strong and healthy, and very much attached to my dear Caroline, who remained many years in our house, as she married our huntsman. Having no children of her own, she became passionately fond of me. She was a most excellent, pure-minded, merry young woman, who had, however, not only her heart, but also her tongue, in the right spot, as

the saying is in Germany. Woe to any one who dared to harm me.

My sister, who was eight years my senior, was good-looking, but not handsome, and did not resemble either my father or my mother. My brother Edward was a very handsome boy, with eyes and hair exactly like my mother's. He was a very quiet, shy boy, and was not much liked by my father, whose favourite was my brother Louis, a pretty boy, with light-brown hair, brown eyes, and a fine open countenance.

Though my father was no scholar, he thought a little more learning would be very desirable for us, as all of us were to become officers. He tried therefore, to give us as good an education as was to be had in Gumbinnen. We attended the public schools, which were tolerably good, and had also now and then a tutor in the house; but none remained long.

In one point he agreed perfectly with the pedagogues of that time, viz., that boys were not to be educated without flogging, and we had plenty of it in school and at home.

Obedience was, in the eyes of my father, the fundamental principle of all education, especially in that of an officer. He who was to command others, he said, must commence by learning to obey orders. Resistance to his absolute will was, therefore, considered by him to be the most heinous crime in the world. He estimated the negative value of all our offences by the relation they bore

to himself. He might have pardoned or even laughed at a trick we played, or a fib we told to somebody else; but woe to us if we tried anything of that kind against himself!

I went to school when I was four years of age, and must have learnt in one year how to read and write; for I remember a book on the fly-leaf of which I announced to the world that the book belonged to me; and that any one who should take it would be a thief. This statement was signed with my full name, and dated October, 1817.

Soon I became very fond of reading, and after having perused my school-books, I looked out for more interesting literature, but of this I did not find much in my father's house. His whole library consisted of half a dozen veterinary works, a part of a history of the Thirty Years' War, with engravings, and a stray volume of Kotzebue's plays, "Farmer Feldkuemmel," which I soon knew by heart, to the amusement of my father. Then I procured from the painter downstairs a volume of Buerger's poems, and a Bible; for we had none. My father was not a religious man; he never attended church, and did not care whether his children did or not.

I read the Bible from the commencement to the end, and several parts of it repeatedly, though I was puzzled by many things which I did not understand, and which my father could not explain, and therefore angrily told me not to bother him "with my nonsense."

At the age of seven I entered the "Gymnasium," that is, the high school. The stick, or rather the "Ochsenzimer" of "conrector" Prange, there ruled supreme. Prange was a tall, thin, bilious pedant, who on Saturdays, when the record of our weekly sins was summed up, gave himself exercise for the whole week.

My father took unusual trouble with us: he looked over our tasks for school, and paid a great deal of attention to the records—called "*Censuren*" —which we received every month. I am sorry to say that I almost always brought home number three on grey, if not number four on blue paper!

I was a very lively child, very excitable and passionate; and when the other boys found this out, they amused themselves by making me angry. My brother Louis, whom, however, I loved very much, could make me furious in a moment. One evening, when our father was at the theatre, and we had supper alone, Louis enraged me so much that I was quite beside myself, and threw a knife at him across the table. As he was much stronger than myself, he caught hold of me and locked me up in the alcove. I thundered with my heels against the door, and so far successfully, that it was split.

Another time my brother Louis and I were sitting at a little table playing at cards. I saw that he cheated me and told him so, but he laughed and did it again. At length I became furious, and took the steel snuffers, which had a long, sharp

point, to stab him. He held out his arm in defence, the point entered it deeply, and unfortunately struck on a vein, from which the blood flowed very copiously.

My father was not at home, and a surgeon was sent for at once. Louis promised to say nothing, for I felt so very sorry; but when at supper my father noticed the stiffness in my brother's arm, which was bandaged under his sleeve, my tears at once betrayed me.

My father did not whip me, but for four weeks I was tied with a string to a large armchair as soon as I came from school, and was put on very short allowance. To my punishment I submitted very meekly; nay, it offered me a kind of satisfaction, as it atoned in some manner for an offence for which I felt so very sorry.

Gumbinnen was always a very lively town, and as before mentioned, the seat of the district government. A great many retired general and field-officers lived there, and many of them frequently were guests at our supper table. They told most wonderful stories, to which I listened with all my ears. My father shot as long a bow as the rest, and if the company gave tokens of incredulity, he always turned round to his chasseur, who stood behind his chair, and asked, "How now, Dragewicz; am I right or not?" on which the old huntsman never failed to answer, "Zu befehlen, Herr Oberstwachtmeister."

My father was an excellent shot, but he latterly

became too lazy to go out shooting, and was satisfied with the reports of Dragewicz, who after returning home had to relate to him in detail the sufferings and last jumps of each hare.

Hunting with greyhounds was prohibited in Prussia, as it was considered a nuisance by those who preferred shooting. But my father liked it, and sometimes went out in a carriage to see our dogs catch a hare. This was generally done by three dogs, of which two ran to the right and left of the hare in order to prevent her from doubling, which was called to "frame" the hare. Those dogs which were able to catch a hare alone were called Solofaenger, and were valued highly.

My father had the best Solofaenger in all Prussia, and we got it in a singular manner. One of our pointers had thirteen pups, of which twelve were like their mother, but one was of a different shape and colour. All were doomed to be drowned. When Dragewicz threw them into the river, the twelve pups which were alike sank down like mill-stones, but the thirteenth swam down the river though it was still blind. Dragewicz at once unfastened a boat and was fortunate enough to catch the vigorous little fellow which became a splendid greyhound and Solofaenger.

Dragewicz initiated us very early into the use of gun and pistol, and whenever I could get hold of my father's air-gun, I became a formidable enemy to the sparrows about the house.

The proximity of the river tempted us to try

our skill against the scaly tribe, and my brother Louis who always threw out night lines across the river, caught many big fellows.

In spring the river became very high, and submerged part of our orchard and kitchen-garden; and when the water had retired and left the ground slimy, eels paid visits to the green peas, and were caught by strewing the ground with ashes before they could return to the water.

Our principal sport however, was in the winter, which is very long in Prussia, generally lasting from the commencement of November until the middle of April. The change from autumn to winter was generally very sudden. I remember that we were sitting one afternoon in autumn outside the door, but next morning when going to school we could slide in the street. It was the same with the change from winter to spring. To-day we were still skating on the Pregel, and three or four days later we had snowdrops, and the skylarks were singing.

The ground was for nearly five months covered with snow, and not rarely we had continued cold of above twenty degrees Reaumur for several weeks. The freezing of the quicksilver (30°) was of no rare occurrence. Notwithstanding this cold, we boys passed the greatest part of our holidays outside the house, but I do not remember suffering much from cold, though I never wore a cloak or great-coat, or even a shawl round my neck. The foundations of our snow fortresses,

which we built in our garden, were sometimes not entirely melted in June, when everything was green and blooming around. Frozen noses, ears, and cheeks, occurred frequently, but any passer-by noticing that they had become white, told us so, and it did not matter much if the place were at once smartly rubbed with snow. I remember one Easter Monday which was extremely cold, and on which we witnessed the rare phenomenon of three suns, produced by some mirage in the air.

The long winter evenings I passed mostly in the sousterrain with my nurse, who knew the most wonderful Lithuanian legends and stories. There was one called "the wolf-rider" which delighted me, and there were a whole string of stories, in which a most wonderfully sagacious dapple grey played the principal part.

I mentioned before that my father was very popular with the common people, because he treated them in a just and friendly manner. His favourite was a tailor who did all the work for our family. Master Horn had a humorous sarcastic turn, and my father was much amused when attacked by him; and if even though in a jocular manner, he said the most cutting things to him, he only laughed and called the tailor "Verfluchter Dreiachteltact" (D—— three-eight-tact), for Horn was lame and limped.

Master Ernst, the shoemaker, requested my sister to be godmother to his new-born child, and she consented. My father gave a great enter-

tainment on the occasion in the shoemaker's large workshop which was emptied for that purpose. The tables were laid with our plate and silver, etc., the supper was cooked by our cook, and our servants in livery waited on Mr. Ernst and his invited friends; my father and all of us also sat at the table and partook of the meal. After supper the table was removed for dancing, and my sister danced with all the honest shoemaker's boys, who behaved most properly, and of course felt very much gratified and flattered.

CHAPTER IV.

Uncle-general—Gehlweiden—Wolf Stories—The Hunting Parties at my Uncle's — Wild Life—Marriage of my Sister—A Long Visit at my Mother's in Lyk.

My father was, as I have mentioned, superintendent of all the post-offices in the government district of Gumbinnen, and had, therefore, to make journeys of inspection on which I frequently accompanied him. These journeys were a great pleasure to me, for they were not only made with all possible comfort, but also afforded great variety and amusement.

The post-masters, at that time mostly retired officers, or in less important places, wealthy men, received us everywhere with great attention, and took the utmost care to make our stay with them agreeable.

The greatest pleasure, however, to me was a journey to see my "uncle-general" at Gehlweiden. He was the son of my grandfather's brother, and had inherited the family estates, and lived in his chateau at Gehlweiden as a bachelor. When still a major, he had offered his hand to the youngest sister of my father; but as he was rather wild she

refused him. "Oh, cousin," he said to her, "accept me and save me; for if you do not marry me I will never marry, and I shall become a good-for-nothing fellow." She was, however, not to be persuaded, and married later Baron Arnim.

The general visited us frequently. He was a middle-sized man, with very broad shoulders, and was noted for his enormous strength. He preferred travelling at night, and as there were both robbers and wolves in East Prussia, he and his servants were always armed *cap-a-pie*. He wore in winter (when he travelled always in an open sledge, drawn by a whole pack of squealing and kicking little Lithuanian horses), a high fur cap, and a long blue fur-lined coat, girded with a large red shawl, in which his pistols were stuck. Some rifles were besides always placed in the sledge ready for use.

The first thing after his arrival was for his body-servant, of course a chasseur, to unpack and place on a table a silver tureen, and all ingredients for making cold punch. Wherever he went he carried with him a small flat silver flask filled with this beverage. Once in Berlin, when driving with my aunt in the Thiergarten, he horrified her by laughingly pulling this little flask from the pocket of his general's uniform, and asking her whether she wanted a drop.

Whenever he was in Gumbinnen large amounts were paid to him by different people, and when I was at hand he was in the habit of tossing me a ducat or two.

He kept his word to my aunt; for he remained single, and he also became a scapegrace. Our house was a nunnery in comparison with his chateau in Gehlweiden. It was situated on an eminence facing a most beautiful little lake, in the middle of which was an island with fine trees. The chateau itself was a fine one-storied building with very large windows, somewhat in the fashion of Sanssouci, in Potsdam. Behind it was an extensive farm-yard, surrounded with many long buildings. A village was not far off. The whole was surrounded with beautiful meadows, on which were herds of small half-wild Lithuanian horses. The meadows were skirted by immense forests, into the interior of which men could only penetrate in hard winters, when the swamps were frozen.

These woods were inhabited by all kinds of game, and even elks were to be met with now and then; but they and the deer were nearly exterminated by the immense quantity of wolves, which were seen sometimes in troops of forty or fifty together. I never saw more than nine at once. In the evenings, especially when moonlight, their howling might be heard in the chateau. It seemed almost impossible to exterminate them, though the government paid nine thalers for each male, twelve for each female wolf, and five for each cub. A forester of my uncle's who lived alone in a house in the forest had to give it up, as the wolves often entered his yard in the night. Indeed, they once entered the house itself by a hole

dug by them under the threshold, and carried off the very dogs. Many were caught in pits covered with brushwood, with a post in the centre, to which was attached some carrion; or in wolf-gardens. A wolf-garden consists of a circular enclosure formed by palisades, in which a sheep is placed. This interior enclosure is surrounded by another row of palisades, which are distant from the first about fifteen inches. In this external enclosure is placed a door, which must be pushed in order to be opened.

The wolves, attracted by the bleating of the sheep, try to get at it, and running round the enclosure they press against the door, which opens easily enough, and permits them to enter the narrow passage between the two rows of palisades. As there is no similar door leading to the interior enclosure the wolf runs around it, and in doing so always shuts the door through which it entered. On discovering that it is impossible to get at the sheep, and wishing to escape, the wolf cannot get out, for he has a stiff neck, and there is not space to turn round in the passage, which is filled up by his body. Thus sometimes two or three wolves are made prisoners at one and the same time. Very good sport is afforded in winter by shooting them from a sledge, to which they are attracted by the cries of a young pig, which, fastened on a bunch of straw, is dragged along behind the sledge.

In travelling through these woods, the horses must always be provided with bells, for this

frightens the wolves. The sound of a horn or bugle has a similar effect. Notwithstanding this, many horses and their drivers are killed by wolves; and when travelling at night, one may see their glowing eyes to the right and the left of the carriage or sledge, which they accompany with great perseverance.

Even bears were now and then to be seen in the woods around Gehlweiden, and I remember two which were killed there.

My uncle was a great sportsman, according to the fashion of the country, and his hunting parties were famous in all East Prussia. The noblemen from more than fifty miles around came with their servants, horses, and dogs, and remained, at least a fortnight, all finding accommodation in the extensive buildings.

After the sports of the day, the company assembled in the large hall, and it resounded until late into the night with their laughter and songs. Of course, immense quantities of eatables were consumed, many bowls of punch emptied, and many round hundreds of ducats lost and won at cards. It was a wild company, and to look into that hall on the morning after such a night was a rare treat. Once when I happened to come in, one of the fine crystal chandeliers lay shattered to pieces on the ground, and the glass of one of the beautiful Venetian mirrors (which were placed between every two windows on both long sides of the hall, and reached from the ceiling to the ground), was

covered with holes, stars, and rents, produced by the shot of a drunken nobleman, who, having lost considerably, and being displeased with his likeness in the mirror, fired his gun at it.

My uncle was a kind master to his subjects, and when serfdom was abolished, it made no change in them. They always looked on him as their master, for whom they worked if required, who gave them food if they had none, and who rebuilt their houses when they happened to be burnt down. He was more absolute than the king, and no one ever doubted or contested his jurisdiction.

It may be imagined how much I liked to be in Gehlweiden, where everything was to be found to delight a lively boy. A beautiful lake, with plenty of fish; meadows, crowded with half-wild horses; wolf-traps and the excitement of the chase, with stirring stories told by the huntsmen about narrow escapes from wolves and lynxes, which animals also haunted the virgin forest.

The owner of an estate in that neighbourhood, a Baron von Knobelsdorf, standing at his window, once saw an ox rush like mad into the farm-yard, some dark object crouching on its neck, which he recognized to be a lynx, which had dug its fangs so deep into the neck of the poor brute, that he could not extricate them in the hurry of the ride. The Baron, having a rifle at hand, shot at the lynx and killed it, but the ox was so badly injured, that it had to be killed also.

After these exciting visits to Gehlweiden, our sports in Gumbinnen appeared very tame and stale, though we also were merry enough at haymaking, and had much fun in the extensive loft over the stables, which were crammed with fragrant hay, in which we dug mines and chambers. I wonder that our vaults never gave way, and that we were not suffocated in the hay.

My sister was now grown up, and had become rather a comely young girl, though she was in fact the plainest of us children. At a ball she became acquainted with a quill-driver, an employé in the civil service of the government; he was, however, at the same time an officer of the Landwehr, and always wore uniform. This was the redeeming point with my father; the young man fell in love with Frederika, asked for her hand, and was accepted both by her and my father. For some reason or other, the marriage was postponed for a few months, during which time my sister paid my mother a visit in Lyk.

At last, my future brother-in-law received permission to take his bride, and when the carriage stood before the door he proposed that I should accompany him. At this I was delighted, but when he looked for my father to ask his permission, he found him in a tremendous rage about some cheating practices of the housekeeper, which he had just discovered. My brother-in-law therefore thought it best to set off without leave, and to take me on his own responsibility.

CHAPTER V.

Lyk in Masuren—My stepfather—The first great conflagration—Adventure on the lake—A new world—A live poet—Second and third conflagration—Visit in the country—Return home—Reception—My brother Louis dangerously wounded—Peculiar accident to my father—My father receives the Lord's Supper—Sensation—He falls ill and dies.

Lyk is a small town in the southern part of East Prussia, called Masuren, and is situated on the rather high banks of a fine lake. When I was there, it consisted only of a knot of houses clustering round the town-hall, a church and gymnasium, and a long street running out from that centre to the right and the left, leading respectively to the German and the Polish gate. Another very short street, near the town-hall, led down to the lake, where a long wooden bridge formed the communication with an island. On this island and embedded in green, stood an old castle, which belonged to the state, and was occupied by the representative of the government and his office. Besides this castle, there was on the island a royal farm. The whole country around was very fertile and highly cultivated, and the little town of Lyk carried on a very brisk trade in

grain. On market-days the town was very much crowded, but still more so at the half-yearly fairs; and only those who have seen a Polish fair can form an idea of the disorder and noise on these days.

The more educated part of the inhabitants of Lyk spoke German; but the common people and peasants spoke Polish, or an odd mixture of both languages.

My stepfather was then a merry young man. He was born in Kirchscheidungen in Thuringia, and had received a most excellent classical education in the celebrated high-school of Schulpforta, from which he went to the university of Leipsic.

He was a very talented man and made himself a name as a Greek scholar. At that time he had already published a work on the Odyssey, and in later years he commenced with Professor Ranke an edition of Aristophanes, his favourite author, which was not finished—but which finished the publisher.

He wrote, however, not only publisher-murdering Greek and Latin works; he published (though under an assumed name) a couple of rather interesting novels, and many songs, of which several became popular. The best known amongst them is, however, that which may be heard throughout all Prussia, as it has become the national hymn: "Ich bin ein Preusse, kennt ihr meine Farben," etc. (I am a Prussian, do you know my colours?). He composed most of the music

for his songs himself, and sang them in an agreeable tenor voice to the guitar, which he played, as also the flute. I did not care much for these accomplishments then, and was far more favourably impressed by his love for field sports.

My eldest brother, Edward, was living about ten miles from Lyk in Baitkowen (an estate which belonged to the "Landrath," Baron Kannewurf), to learn farming and to profit by country life.

I was enraptured with Lyk and its beautiful lake. For hours I could watch its waves which lazily washed the sandy shore, leaving on it many-coloured shells and other things new to me. In the evening the shore of the lake offered a fairy-like aspect, when it was filled with people standing in the water with bright lanthorns, catching fish by this light, and very large crawfish, with which the lake abounded. A whole schock (sixty) of the latter, as large as small lobsters, cost only a sixpence, and for the same sum about twenty pounds of large fish were to be had.

In winter, when the lake was frozen, it served as a bridge or road between the distant villages and the town, and you might then see more sledges on it than there were boats in summer time.

The fishing did not cease even in winter. Large holes were cut in the ice, called Wuhnen, and millions of smelts, not longer than one inch and a half, were caught in very fine nets. They were stewed and eaten with hot vinegar, and

mixed with small cubes of fried bacon. Another most delicious fish, called Marena, was also caught in this lake and eaten smoked.

The banks of the lake on the opposite side were crowned with fine woods, in which in the proper season a very large quantity of fragrant lilies of the valley and strawberries were to be found.

Conflagrations, caused by a band of incendiaries, were then the order of the day in that part of the country. Scarcely a single day passed without some village being seen burning in the very extensive plain. The conflagration which consumed the town of Johannisburg was visible in Lyk, which is nearly fifty miles distant.

During my stay in Lyk, I became sufficiently acquainted with the horrors of a conflagration, and my first experience of that kind was made within a fortnight after my arrival.

It was fair time. Booths and tents were erected along both sides of the street, and the space between them was crowded with carts and tipsy country people. I had presented myself with a syringe, and was trying it at the lake, when a band of men, riding on the bare backs of their horses, passed me at full gallop. Looking up towards the town, I saw an immense cloud of dark smoke looming up over the tops of the houses and rolling towards the lake.

A house near the German gate was in flames, and as we lived near the centre of the town, we

laughed at our neighbours who commenced packing up their goods. We did not yet know the character of such a calamity in a little Masurian town.

Everywhere resounded the fearful Polish cry "Rettuje ogin, ogin!" and the alarm of the inhabitants increased every minute, for the fire spread with wonderful rapidity, favoured much by the peculiar construction of the roofs. These consisted of curved tiles, under each of which was propped a twisted bunch of straw, called "Strohpuppe" (straw doll), intended to make the roof warmer and tighter. The booths and tents, together with the crowd of drunken people from the villages around, prevented the few primitive engines from approaching the fire. The booths were broken up as fast as possible, and the goods they contained carried away—not always by their owners. It was indeed as if the peaceable little town had been taken by storm and sacked by a barbarous enemy.

When my parents decided on packing up also, it was high time to do so. Clothes, linen, and whatever came first to my mother's hands, were thrown into a very large chest, and as this was heavy, and the danger already near, it was rolled down the slope, and went on into the lake, where already part of our furniture was afloat, after which our brave servant-girl waded with her clothes under her arm.

The doctor, my mother's husband, was not

idle. Having lost his hat, he took a grey felt hat of my mother's, with a large ostrich plume; and thus distinguished, he was to be seen, axe in hand, on the roofs of the endangered houses. The officers directing the operations told all the workmen to follow the orders of that man with the white plume. Though a "quill-driver," he was a courageous man.

The frightened inhabitants, loaded with their heterogeneous goods and chattels, were all struggling for the bridge. The lawn before the castle looked like a rag-fair. It was a sad scene. The houseless and homeless people encamped there looked with streaming eyes and clasped hands on the cruel flames beyond the water, which destroyed their all. Insurance was still a novelty in that part of the country, and not very popular. A rather wealthy man, who had insured his house, was the cause of this conflagration. After having removed all the valuable things from his house, he fired a barrel with spirits placed in the loft, hoping that the confusion consequent on the affair would prevent discovery.

The fire commenced in the afternoon, and was burning still next morning. Nearly half the little town was destroyed; one hundred and thirty-two dwelling-houses were consumed. Our house was the last but one which was burned down. Between these two last houses the house of a Jewish banker remained unscathed, because it was built of solid stone, and roofed with slate; but

the common people in Lyk said it was done by witchcraft, and looked on the Jew with an evil eye.

When the danger was over next day, I hastened to the bridge to have a look at the smouldering ruins. Nearly half the town was in ashes. Everywhere, only blackened chimneys stood, like gravestones, over once happy homes. It was a very sad, but most curious sight. The people had not had time to save much, and the most miscellaneous things, partly burned, were scattered about. Here, was a lump of metal which might have been a tea-pot, or money; there, were torn and half-burned letters and books, containing, perhaps, secrets now exposed to the examination of every one.

The grocers' shops were most interesting to us boys. There, a lot of plums were swimming in a pool of water; here, in a sheltered corner, a barrel with raisins or almonds, or other eatables attractive to juveniles; and everywhere trifles were lying about, worthless in themselves, but valuable to boys.

A poor mastiff lay there roasted before his hut; his thoughtless master having forgotten to unchain the faithful animal. The burgomaster lost fifty fattened oxen, which were burned in the stable; but he was a rich man, and regretted them not half so much as the loss of his bran new uniform, which had arrived only the day before the fire, from Berlin, and in which he had not yet shown himself in public.

Not only brute animals, however, perished; several people also lost their lives, and amongst them the stoutest woman in all East Prussia, who was in her booth in the fair when the fire broke out, and ventured into her burning house to save her money. There was in all Lyk scarcely one unsinged cat. It seems that the fire had a particular attraction for them. Some of these poor brutes looked shocking.

Lodgings were difficult to find, and we were most happy to get a large dancing-hall which resembled a lanthorn, as it had on three sides an immense quantity of windows. Divisions were made by means of screens. I still remember the landlady, a fat woman with a respectable mustachio, who went every morning to the kitchen to light her long pipe. I had not yet been in Ireland, and a woman smoking was a novelty.

The school was closed, and all the bands of society and order were slackened by this dreadful calamity. I could do pretty well what I liked, and roamed about in the country with some of my school-fellows. Once, when some twenty of us were assembled in a boat belonging to the smith on the island, I proposed an exploring voyage on the lake. We broke boldly through the wood of reeds, not far from the shore, and were soon on the open sea. It was splendid sport. We kept no particular course, but enjoyed ourselves in general, without noticing the black clouds looming up in the horizon. The waves

commenced to get higher, the wind swept over the lake, and it became almost dark: the children were frightened, and at every clap of thunder the whole little crew cried in unison. It was a dreadful thunder-storm, indeed. I was frightened also; but feeling like a chieftain, I comforted and scolded those who were still more afraid. I ordered the little ones to sit down at the bottom of the boat, whilst we big fellows—I was then nearly seven years old — tried our best to manœuvre our boat somewhere behind the reed-screen. Any port would do, and we succeeded. But it was nine o'clock in the evening, and we were at least two miles from the town, and soaked through; and awfully hungry. A beautiful evening, however, succeeded the storm, and we reached our respective homes in safety.

My new comrades in Lyk taught me new tricks. Orchards were plundered, and all kinds of juvenile mischief perpetrated. The ruins of the burnt-down houses were excellent places for our games. There was another school of a lower grade in the town, and war was raging between the boys belonging to it, and those of the "Gymnasium." Hard battles were fought, and big boys placed themselves under my command, as I could devise the best plans of attack, and did not mind a hole in my skull.

Late in the autumn we moved to a house which was not yet quite finished. The walls of the rooms were not even whitewashed, but only roughly

finished with clay, which smelled awfully, especially when the fires commenced; but there was no choice. It was a dreadful winter. In the morning when I awoke, the walls glittered as if they had been candied, and on jumping out of bed my bare feet met a carpet of ice, for the water streaming from the walls froze in the night.

Though I cannot boast being particularly industrious in school, this sojourn in Lyk was rather beneficial to me in other respects. I not only saw many new things outside the house, but found within it a rich field for my curiosity in the library of my mother's husband, which was somewhat better provided than that of my father. As there were no bad books in it, my thirst for amusing myself with reading was not restricted. I read with the utmost avidity, and thus became acquainted with the principal works of our better authors. I read everything that fell into my hands, and though there was much which I did not understand at that time, still the horizon of my ideas was considerably expanded.

While thus living amidst poets, a live poet, a poet by profession, came to Lyk; a poet who was travelling on his trade, and begging, delivering at all houses, like a *carte de visite*, a printed poem about "a burst pea-shell." He had been also in Gumbinnen, and my father had sacrificed a few thalers to the "burst pea-shell." This man was the "Naturdichter" (poet of nature or natural poet) Hiller, who created a certain sensation at

that time. He was, by trade, a "pigeon-nest-maker," and I read his autobiography, a large volume, with much pleasure. I had, however, formed quite a different idea of the appearance of a poet. Hiller was a heavy man, and looked rather like a respectable master-shoemaker, whilst poets, according to my imagination, ought to have long fair locks, and look like the portrait of Schiller, on my stepfather's tobacco-box.

One morning, at four o'clock, in winter, my mother rushed into my room, calling out, "Otto, get up; fire!" I was so frightened that I ran in my shirt into the street. This time we escaped, however, with the fright only, but a dozen stables and barns not far from us were burnt down.

It was again summer, and fair time. We had some visitors, and my brother, from Baitkowen, was also with us. As Edward looked out of the window, he startled us by calling out, "The house opposite is in flames!" It was already the fifth or sixth which was burning, but we had not been aware of it, as the noise of a Polish fair is so great that it cannot possibly be increased by alarms of fire even.

The scenes of the first conflagration were repeated amid still greater wildness and confusion, for the fire broke out in an oil manufactory, in the market-place, endangering the church, and other principal buildings.

It was a wonderful spectacle. The eager flames licked like fiery tongues first over whole roofs, for

a time without any apparent effect, until all at once they blazed up as by command. To extinguish the flames was impossible, for the street was blocked up by the market booths, and by masses of drunken Polacks.

The confusion was considerably increased as at the same time a house near the Polish gate caught fire. A panic seized the whole population, for a report was spread that the dreaded band of incendiaries was in the town. The booths were torn down, and their contents carried off by strangers. Ferocious-looking fellows also entered our house, under pretence of saving our things, but my step-father pulled stolen goods out of the pockets of these friends, and the young men from the first-class of the gymnasium, who looked in to assist their professor, ejected the ruffians by main force.

My good mother entirely lost her head, and my step-father teased her frequently by saying that she had been running distractedly from one room to the other ringing with all her might a table-bell which she had in her hand.

My step-father distinguished himself again. Amidst the general confusion he remained cool and collected. Our neighbour, an extensive dealer in all kinds of goods, had in his garden-house several hundred-weights of gunpowder, in barrels. When my father reminded him of this dangerous material, the good man looked as if shot, for he had utterly forgotten the gunpowder, which might have blown

up all the neighbouring houses. The barrels were conveyed to the lake, rather a dangerous business, for it was windy, and burning stores of hay and straw covered everything with a shower of sparks, while burning flitches of bacon seemed to have got wings. One heavy spark, or rather coal, burnt a hole in my waistcoat; it might have fired a barrel of gunpowder.

My father went likewise to the apothecary, who had under his roof a very large box of arsenic, which, however, was not thrown into the lake. It is doubtful whether the burning of this poisonous stuff would have done any harm.

The flight of the inhabitants was again directed towards the island. I kept close to the collegians who saved my step-father's things, and carried in the lappet of my German tunic (the old German costume was then the fashion for boys and students) my little pup.

My brother Edward and a brave servant girl resolved to remain in our house, and to defend it to the utmost with a hand-engine. It was built entirely of brick, and, as mentioned before, was rather damp, but it was so close to our neighbour's house, that we boys used to visit each other by jumping from one window to the other; in fact, the owners of the houses carried on a lawsuit about this too close proximity. From that side the danger was greatest.

Towards evening the whole of that half of the town which had been spared last year was in a

blaze. From a window of the castle on the island I had a most memorable view of the awful spectacle. The whole long, double row of houses stood in flames, which played in the most varied colours, according to the substances which they were devouring. It was quite easy to distinguish whenever any one of the many great magazines of spirits caught fire. From the granaries, the many millions of grains ascended like so many sparks, and produced a wonderful effect amidst the black smoke.

The splendour of the picture was heightened by the circumstance that the burning town was reflected in the lake, over which stood the moon, appearing blood-red through the smoke. The surface of the lake was crowded with boats, and on the bridge, which was as brightly illuminated as in a London pantomine, a dense crowd was surging to and fro.

In the foreground of this picture, not far from the window was an old oak-tree, the branches of which appeared almost black against the background of brilliant flame.

The crackling of the fire was distinctly to be heard, and was now and then interrupted by the stronger noise produced by the breaking down of a roof, or a wall. Even the confused cries of the frightened people could be heard.

With great interest, I fixed my attention on the small dark spot in that sea of flames, which stood out like a solitary rock, for it was our house and my dear brother was in it.

The fire burnt eight days in the oil-mill where it broke out. Our house was the only one saved, thanks to the courage of my brother and his brave assistant. Only the windows on one side were burned out, and some of the heavy furniture standing near them was damaged.

The conflagration was, however, favourable to our dwelling, for it became perfectly dry, and we gained a free view in every direction, though it was rather a sad one at first, as we looked on smouldering ruins, through which stalked weeping people wringing their hands, and singed hungry cats.

Baron von Kaunewurf was kind enough to invite us to Baitkowen until our house could be restored, and we accepted his offer with pleasure, leaving our lodging under the care of the courageous servant.

I remember the time we spent in this splendid place with the utmost pleasure. The family of the baron were very amiable, and I found many playfellows, especially some pretty little girls, before whom I loved to show off my agility and daring.

The living in Baitkowen was excellent, and we children were treated to all the luxuries most coveted at that age, such as strawberries with cream, "schmant mit glumse" (cream with curds), and cabbage-roses or elder-flowers dipped in a fine paste and fried in butter. Beer mixed with milk was considered also in that country to be a very

healthy drink, especially in hot weather, though it was not palatable to me.

With the inspector of the estate I was on an excellent footing, for he liked my inquisitiveness, and explained to me the mysteries of the distillery and brewery.

The worthy man had a hobby, the draining of swamps, and prided himself very much on his skill, which gave cause to a rather cruel joke, in which the baron himself and my stepfather had a hand.

Pope Pius VI. had squandered immense sums in the attempt to drain the Pontine Marshes, for which he bore the nickname "Il seccatore." One day the post brought the inspector a large letter with a very big seal, which was signed Pius VII., and written in Latin. The inspector, highly excited, requested my father to translate this letter, in which it was said that the Pope had heard of his skill in draining swamps, and requested him to name the conditions on which he would come to Rome and try his art upon the formidable Pontine Marshes. This joke was kept up for some time, and the poor man, who seriously believed in the letter, and had built many castles in the air, became quite melancholy when he discovered that *Il seccatore* had been dead since 1799, and was probably in a place where even a swamp would be considered a cooling refreshment.

When the inspector became aware that I was

at home in the saddle, he placed a very fine Lithuanian pony at my exclusive disposal, which enabled me to enjoy the long-missed pleasure of a good ride.

One day when the servants commenced laying the table, I thought a ride on horseback would while away the time until dinner. From a little eminence I saw the steeple of Lyk, and conceived the idea that it would be nice to have a peep at our lodging and at little Iris, my pup. Not knowing the road, and not caring to know it either, I rode a steeplechase without ever having heard of one. My fine little horse, being as fleet as a bird, and I not much heavier, we cleared or scrambled somehow over intervening ditches—fences do not exist in our country—and soon arrived at our house. Whilst my horse munched some bread, I inspected our rooms, and saw how far their restoration was advanced, and discovered to my great regret that little Iris had lost the white tip of her tail, by putting it incautiously between the door, and with this distressing news I returned to Baitkowen, arriving just in time for dinner.

When, excited by my delightful ride, I prattled about little Iris and Lyk, the baron would scarcely believe that I could have been there, as he had chanced to see me in the dining-room when the servants were laying the table. This short time had, however, sufficed me to ride these four German miles (about nineteen English), which

was considered well enough for a boy of seven.

On Sundays large parties were made on horseback to neighbouring noblemen's seats, or to a fine paper-mill, which interested me greatly, and where later we stayed a fortnight on a visit to its owner.

When we returned to Lyk, new houses were springing up everywhere, and we boys were of course building also. In the corner of the school-yard we erected a proud building. I was extremely eager and busy, and once, when carrying a big stone along the top of a wall covered with broken tiles, I fell, hitting my knee against a sharp fragment, and cut it nearly two inches long to the bone. The other boys were frightened at the gaping wound and at the blood covering my white ducks; but I knew what was good for it, sent a boy for a glass of whiskey and drained it off with a very wry face. My father had hurt himself with something sharp-pointed during the fire, and some one bringing him a glass of whiskey to wash the wound, he seriously said that it would do much better inside, and I had taken notice of this.

Coming home, I put on other trousers and concealed my wound, for brother Edward was there, and had promised to take me to Baitkowen; but when I went across the room, my mother discovered the wound, and almost fainted when she saw it. She bathed it with warm wine all night;

I had to stay in bed for several days, and now—nearly fifty years later—when looking at the large scar on my knee, I see before me the anxious, handsome face of my mother, and everything which happened at that time as vividly as if it had happened only yesterday.

I was reminded of this little accident by reading recently in the papers the death of Mr. Bergenroth in Simancas, in Spain.

Dining at a dining-room near Regent's Circus, I think in 1860—I believe in Castle Street—I frequently met there a tall, fair-haired gentleman. Exchanging our newspapers and a few polite words, I discovered that he was a German. In conversation with him, by chance the little town of Lyk was mentioned, and, on telling him that I had once lived there, he asked my name, and I was much pleased on discovering that we, some forty years ago, had been playfellows. He told me that he remembered me perfectly well, for he had been one of the little fellows who took the expedition on the lake with me, and remembered especially the above-related accident. He smilingly told me that he had been my admirer all these long years, for the pluck I had shown on these occasions had impressed him so much that he used to think of it even in the most perilous moments of his life.

I am sorry that I did not induce him to relate to me more of his life; for it must have been very interesting and adventurous, to judge from what

he occasionally said. We became great friends, and visited each other frequently, though only for a short time, as both of us soon after left London. He was then occupied in writing a history of the Tudors, and preparing to go to Simancas, to ransack the archives there.

He was born in Lyk, became later an assessor in one of the courts in Berlin, and then emigrated to America. There he underwent great hardships in the Rocky Mountains, and told most wonderful stories about his life there. "For a time," he said, laughingly, he had been an independent king somewhere on the Mexican borders, where he ruled over about eighty subjects. His neighbour was an independent "queen," with whom he was on very friendly terms, and who seems to have been rather a pretty creole. Once he got into some difficulty with the United States, and the Yankees fired with guns at his village or settlement. I am sorry to have forgotten the details; for surely his name must have acquired some repute in England.

But to return to Lyk. Pleasant as was my sojourn there, it had one drawback. The conflagrations had made a great impression on me, and when I went to bed it was always with the fear of being roused by the awful cry of "Rettuje ogin, ogin!" This fear taught me to pray; for nobody else did. People were not very religious in those parts. Catholics and Protestants lived so amiably together, that they even used one and the same

church; one holding service in the forenoon, the others in the afternoon. At that time I liked so much to be in communion with our Lord, that I longed for the evening and my bed, where this could be done undisturbedly.

I now received a letter from my father, in which he tempted me with a fine piebald horse, which he had bought for Louis, who frequently went out hunting with Dragewicz. The temptation had its effect; and though I had far more liberty in Lyk, and no flogging at all, I longed for Gumbinnen, and for my father, my nurse, my brother, and my playfellows, to whom I had to relate such wonderful adventures.

I returned to Gumbinnen with my mother when she visited my sister. It must have been in the spring of 1821. I had now grown a good deal; for, on entering my father's room, dressed in my complete German suit, he feigned not to recognize me, and said, rather harshly, "Who is he?* What does he want?" Much perplexed, and half crying, I answered, "His" (not your) "son Otto; and if he does not want me I will go

* There are four modes of addressing a person in German. Sisters and brothers, and near relatives or friends, address each other "thou" (du). Inferiors are sometimes also addressed thus. "Ihr" is used between persons not intimate enough to say "thou" to each other, but rather old-fashioned. "Sie," the plural, is the mode used in society, and amongst strangers; and er, he, and in the feminine sie, she, is used to inferiors, but considered rather rude now. Formerly the soldiers were addressed thus by their officers; and King Frederick II. said "er" even to his generals.

again to my other father." With that I made to the right about; but my father recalled me in a friendly manner, and kissed me more fondly than he was in the habit of doing.

In Gumbinnen I found things unchanged, except that my father paid more attention to our studies, and that I became acquainted with a company of actors, who played in the little theatre, the "Freischutz" of Weber, which was then a novelty. For this purpose the actors borrowed from my father guns, hunting-knives, and horns, of which we had plenty; and thus I gained free access to the stage. I soon became quite wild with excitement, and very fond of the actors, whilst my father occupied himself more with the actresses. My enthusiasm came, however, to a speedy end. I had a tame sparrow which followed me everywhere, and of which I was very fond. In an unlucky hour I consented to let it act as a nightingale in a comedy of Kotzebue's, under the promise that it should be treated well, and returned to me the next day. It was handed for that purpose to the prompter; but that rascally fellow shot it with a pistol when drunk, which disgusted me utterly with everything belonging to a theatre.

My father suffered from a cutaneous disease, which annoyed him very much, and for which he used all kinds of quack medicines, which made him ill. He had been advised to try the fasting cure, which made him very weak. It was now

towards the end of August, and as a reward for his application during the week, my brother Louis received permission to go out hunting on Sunday, and to shoot a young hare for my father. A school-fellow persuaded him and Dragewicz to take him with them.

While we were at dinner with some guests, a thunderstorm came on, and my father regretted that Louis's pleasure would be spoiled. This was, indeed, the case, but in a different manner from what he imagined.

When, after dinner, my father left the room, at the head of the outside staircase he met Dragewicz, who had two guns. On being asked what was the matter, the poor old fellow, with tears in his eyes, said "Gracious lord,* do with me as you please; Squire† Louis is shot!" My father, who was still very weak, staggered and said, "Dead?"

It was not so bad as that. When the thunderstorm and rain overtook him in the fields, my brother had sought shelter within a hut formed by fifteen sheaves of corn standing near him, and sat down in it, folding his hands over his knees. He was soon joined by his comrade, who left his gun outside in the rain. My brother told him to bring it inside; and as the stupid fellow dragged it

* "Gnaediger Herr," which is the manner in which servants address nobleman.

† The German expression is "Junker" (a contraction of "junger Herr (a young lord). All male children of noblemen are addressed thus, and ensigns in the army were called so formerly.

in through the straw, the gun went off and hit my brother's knee, at a distance of about two paces. The proximity was favourable in so far as it prevented the shot from spreading; but, on the other hand, it made the wound very dangerous, as not only the shot but the wadding entered it.

Louis, though only ten years old, was the only one of the three who remained cool. Dragewicz was like a madman, and would have shot himself. The other boy was sent at last for a waggon whilst the huntsman bound his kerchief round the injured knee.

My poor brother had to suffer terribly, for his leg was swollen to an immense size. It was not until three weeks later that one of the waddings came out of the wound.

The skilful surgeon tried to save the leg, and even entertained hopes that he might save the joint, but when he saw that he could not succeed, he healed the leg in such a manner that the knee remained slightly bent, by which means my brother afterwards could walk very well without showing much that his knee was stiff. He could even waltz and run.

On November 25th, Louis was able to get up for the first time, and tried to move between two rows of chairs. I remember the day very well, as it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the king's accession to the throne, which was celebrated with much noise of gunpowder; and because the river

was already at this time so well covered with ice, that it could be used as a road, even for waggons, whilst some urgent repairs were being made at the bridge.

The winter of 1821-22, which commenced so early, became extremely cold. One morning, on going down to the yard, I heard that thieves had crossed the ice-bound river in the night, had robbed our neighbours' beehives, and had even entered our stable from the back. I told this to my father, just when he was shaving, and Dragewicz was attending him. My narrative being somewhat confused, the huntsman was sent down to ascertain the facts. My father becoming impatient at his staying away so long, looked out of the window, and slammed it angrily when he did not see him. The room was very hot, the cold outside nearly thirty degrees Reaumur, and my father was in his shirt-sleeves, without any neck-cloth, and his chest bare. The sharp air struck him when he slammed the window, and on resuming his shaving before the looking-glass, I noticed a strange movement in his right cheek. He was perplexed, and put aside the razor, and when I asked him what was the matter with him, he could not speak, and only pointed to his quivering cheek.

I ran at once for the doctor and my sister. On my return I found my father sitting on his bed, which he held with both his hands, his whole body shaking fearfully. He could not utter a word for nearly a week, and when he attempted to write on

a slate, he had to give it up, as he repeated every syllable six or eight times. However, he soon recovered, and during his illness he liked to have his little grandchild on his coverlet, and to play with her.

In January, 1822, he was better, and more kind than I had ever before seen him, and he liked to drive in a sledge to Trakehnen, and other places.

It has been before mentioned, that my father never attended church, and did not even do as my uncle-general did, who at least went on Good Friday to the Lord's Supper, and fasted all day; either believing this to be sufficient to wipe out all his sins committed within the year, or because his father and grandfather had been in the habit of doing so. When therefore my father, with some embarrassment, asked for information in reference to the Lord's Supper, and actually partook of it, a great sensation was created in all Gumbinnen, and everybody said: "The post-major is going to die."

A few days later, when sitting at his dinner, my father requested me to look at his neck, where some little spot hurt him. On examining the place, I discovered a little knot, like a small bean, under his skin. This little knot became a most formidable carbuncle, which spread over the whole neck. To this was added an internal inflammation, and my father's life was despaired of. When requested to draw up his last will, he only answered,

"Will you have me die?" He died on the 29th of March, 1822, at four o'clock p.m.

While in his coffin in the room in which I was born, many people came to look at him, especially many poor to whom he had been kind. One of his eyes would not remain closed, and some old women said, "He will soon fetch another of the family."

His four black horses carried him to the grave. At the funeral, a lunch was served at our house, and some people gave me so much "bishop" to drink, that I became tipsy.

As my mother, who, according to the Prussian law, was the principal heir and principal guardian of her children, was far away in Halberstadt, to which place her husband had been transferred, everything in our house was sealed up by the authorities until her arrival, whilst Louis and I lived at my sister's.

My eldest brother was not present at the death-bed of my father, but was with my uncle-general, in Gehlweiden. Eight days after my father's death, the general said, one afternoon, to my brother, that he did not feel well, and requested him to fetch his physician, who was living in the house. When he returned with the doctor, my uncle was dead. He had run through a very large fortune, and his affairs were sadly embarrassed. However, I know little about them beyond the fact that all our fine and vast family estates passed into other hands, and are still known in the country as the Wiersbitzkian family estates.

When, after a few weeks, my mother arrived in Gumbinnen, the seals were taken off, and everything was sold by auction. It was a sad day. I cried bitterly when my old playfellow, Tiras, was led away by some friendly neighbours, and resisted, striving to lick my face once again.

Our fine horses were much coveted, and there was a sharp contest amongst the connoisseurs, but horses were very cheap at that time in East Prussia. A most splendid grey saddle-horse fetched the enormous sum of eighty-four thalers (about twelve pounds), and our little piebald pony, about which two cousins had a very hard fight, was screwed up to four pounds.

My brother Edward entered the Division School, in Königsberg, to prepare for his examination as an officer. My father had always promised to take steps for our admission to the Cadet House, but he had neglected to do so. It was with a very heavy heart that I bade farewell to the place of my birth, and, with my mother, entered the post-coach, which was to carry us to far-off Halberstadt.

CHAPTER VI.

A journey with the ordinary post in Prussia fifty years ago—Berlin —General von Brause—Halberstadt—New impressions—The Mountains—The Cathedral School—Odd people.

A JOURNEY of six hundred English miles in Prussia by the ordinary post was a very great undertaking fifty years ago. The improvements introduced in all postal affairs by Postmaster-General von Nagler had scarcely commenced, and had not yet reached East Prussia.

The Berlin post, which arrived at our door in Gumbinnen once every week, and started as often, was a lumbering leather, or oil-cloth covered vehicle, drawn by four by no means always good horses. In the middle of each side were cut large openings in the covering instead of windows. There were no compartments in the interior of the waggon. The whole space was filled up with chests and boxes, and packages, and only in the middle was a free space left, where two boards were fixed, which served as seats for eight martyrs, called passengers. There were no backs to these benches, and the travellers had to lean against the chests and packages, which frequently tumbled on their heads if the road was bad.

The stations were sometimes more than twenty miles apart, and at each the post stopped at least one or two hours, while at the principal stations it remained not rarely a whole day or even longer.

The cart in which we travelled was, however, somewhat better; the passengers were separated from the packages, and were protected by windows against the inclemency of the weather.

They who travelled with the post did not expect speed, and even by the extra post, which was extremely expensive, it would have been impossible, on account of the abominable roads. There existed stations where the conductor was paid an extra reward if he arrived without upsetting on the road, which was the rule. In West Prussia, for instance, in the forest of Tuchel, the sand was so deep that it reached nearly to the nave of the wheels, and this forest of more than fifty miles in length, was moreover infested with robbers.

Our route lay by Insterburg and Wehlan (where we visited a Landrath—a kind of high sheriff—of my name, whose degree of relationship I do not remember), to Koenigsberg. Here, for the first time, I saw a ship. Before coming to Marienwerder, we were overtaken by a most fearful thunderstorm with hail, such as I scarcely ever heard of. The hailstones were as large as walnuts, and sometimes even as large as one's fist, so that sheep were killed, and men severely wounded by them. Our four jaded post-horses were driven to

despair, and ran away with the heavy coach, crossed the dyke, and were only with difficulty prevented from running right into the Vistula. The pontoon bridge thrown over that river swayed to and fro and heaved as we rumbled over it, and was actually carried away an hour later.

We stopped at the toll-house at the opposite end of the bridge, but the water on the ground stood nearly six inches deep, and the conductor carried my mother and us into the toll-house, whilst the storm raged with unabated fury. The toll-keeper, his wife, and ten children, were on their knees, and at each flash of lightning and clap of thunder, all shrieked at once in every key.

In a word, it was a very troublesome journey for a lady and two children; but as only those persons travelled by the post who were compelled to do so by dire necessity, we had, for the greater part of the way, the inside of the waggon to ourselves, which was at least some comfort. Though we boys enjoyed the excitement of the journey, notwithstanding all hardships, we were heartily glad when, after having been jolted in this four-wheeled box for a whole fortnight, we arrived in Berlin, where we intended to rest a few days with a brother of my mother, who lived there with his family.

One of his sons, my cousin, is the now celebrated Professor Edward Mandel, of the Royal Academy, one of the thirty German knights of

the order "pour le mérite," peace-class, which great distinction was but recently bestowed on the learned King of Saxony.

We boys ran about the streets with our cousins, stared at the magnificent buildings, and complained of the long dusty roads and the abominable gutters, which are still the disgrace of Berlin, especially in summer.

My mother visited with me my father's sister, Baroness Arnim, a widowed lady. As she imagined that she was received coldly (and she could scarcely expect otherwise) she gave up the idea of visiting my other relatives in Berlin, though she expected them to assist her in procuring a place for me in the Royal Cadet House, to which I was fully entitled by the military services of my family. Relying on this, she believed she could arrange the affair for herself, and went with me to see the Crown Prince of Prussia, who was however not in Berlin. Then we saw the Postmaster-General von Nagler, who received me very kindly as the son of one of his high officers, and who at later periods rendered me many kind services.

He advised my mother to go with me to see the chief of all the Cadet Houses, General von Brause, who had once been the governor of the present King William I. of Prussia.

My poor mother had again to learn that her position in life had changed much with the change of her name. General von Brause treated her almost rudely, and seemed to think it quite pre-

posterous that she should expect me to be taken at once into the Cadet House. He told her that more than three hundred young noblemen were set down before me, and gave her no hope whatever.

Halberstadt is only about one hundred and twenty miles from Berlin, and the roads were tolerably good; we therefore soon descried the Harz mountains, the first we ever saw; for the highest hill in all East Prussia, the Galtgarben, near Kœnigsberg, is not higher than a steeple, and the next highest, near Goldapp, only a mole-hill.

When we first saw our new home, the old city of Halberstadt, it was under the most favourable circumstances. The weather was splendid, and coming from Magdeburg, the city displays to the traveller its numerous graceful and romantic-looking buildings and towers, and we were quite excited when we passed under the grey old gate tower.

The pleasure of my step-father, on seeing us, was very moderate indeed, and no wonder. My mother's annuity expired with the death of my father; and though she was his principal heir, and it was expected that a sum would be paid for our education, the estate of my father was in the hands of the Pupillen-Collegium in Insterburg, an institution similar to that of the English Court of Chancery. It was the business of this institution to look to the interest of the widows and

orphans, but in fact it served only to feed a whole host of hungry lawyers, and estates placed under its care remained for ages in its hands, and melted away like snow.

Instead of fortune, my mother now brought her husband two rather wild boys, who had been taught by their father to look upon him as an intruder, and a "quill-driver," and whom Louis persisted in calling "Herr Doctor."

My parents lived at that time in a fine house by themselves. It was pleasantly situated on a large square called the "Moritz-plan," near the old Maurice church. To it was attached a large garden, reaching up to the old city wall. My father there kept a carriage and three horses, and his household consisted of a coachman and two female servants, who all had now to be maintained by his rather scanty pay, for he had no fortune of his own. When my mother married him, she had even to pay his debts, contracted when he was a student at Leipsic.

The blue mountains had a great attraction for us boys, and the day after our arrival we explored the country. The air was so pure and clear, and the Brocken appeared so near, that we decided on visiting it before dinner, but on asking for information about the road thither, we were utterly astonished to hear that it was still fifteen miles distant!

We arrived in Halberstadt at a very propitious time, for it was "Vogelschiessen," a festival held

annually in all towns and in most villages in the province of Saxony, and elsewhere in Germany. A wooden spread-eagle is fixed on the top of a mast, and fired at with rifles, until its last splinters are brought down. There are prizes set out for particular pieces of the bird, and he who brings down the last piece is created "Schutzenkœnig." Target-shooting goes on at the same time, and a green common, called everywhere the "Schutzenwiese," or "Schutzenplan," is allotted exclusively for this purpose. The "Schutzenfest" generally lasts a whole week. Booths are erected on the plain, where wine, beer, and other creature comforts are sold, and many stands are to be seen where cakes, toys, etc., are to be had; for at such a festival the population of the whole neighbourhood is assembled, and merry-making and dancing go on until late into the night.

Such festivals were not the custom in East Prussia, and we were quite wild with excitement. We were, however, strangers amongst the boys, who looked upon us with similar feelings to those which incite the dogs of a village to pursue an unoffending canine traveller. When I went out in the morning with my mother, I wore a square Polish cap of blue velvet, trimmed with sable, which looked outlandish enough in Halberstadt, where only some Polish Jews were now and then to be seen. A little urchin, of about my own age, staring at my dark shining curls and cap, stopped right before us, and called out, "You may depend

on it, Madam, that's a little Jewish boy!" I was highly indignant, and would have pitched into the little rogue, if my mother had not prevented me. My feelings may be imagined when I saw him again on the "Schutzenwiese," pointing me out as a Jew to his comrades, who mocked me, and pelted me with pebbles and mud.

I was quite alone, for Louis was looking at the shooters, and my assailants were numerous; but my blood was up, and I did not count their number. Before the cowards had a suspicion of my intention, I was upon them, and with a rattan in my hand, I dealt the originator of this persecution a smart cut over his face, which sent him howling to the right-about.

A gentleman, who had witnessed the whole proceeding, and was acquainted with my step-father, interfered, and scolded the boys, who soon became my friends, since I had convinced them in such a decided manner of my Christian origin.

My stepfather, though a jovial companion, was a rank egotist, and rather a coarse-minded man, notwithstanding his high classical attainments, and his being a poet. My poor mother, who had a great deal of personal pride, and was very sensitive, certainly shed many bitter tears in secret in consequence of his unjust and indelicate reproaches in reference to us.

In East Prussia, everybody knew my mother and respected her; and the respect she commanded was reflected on the young husband of

her choice. He there enjoyed many advantages simply resulting from his marriage, and his behaviour towards us was far different from what it was now. He did not treat us harshly, but ignored our existence as much as possible, and scarcely spoke to us, except when we could render him some service. It was nearly impossible for my poor mother to govern us, for we grew every day wilder and wilder, and were up to all kinds of mischief; I more than my brother, who was not nearly so excitable. It was my pride to excel all the other boys in gymnastics and in deeds of daring, and I often frightened my poor mother out of her wits. Once our neighbours sent for her when I was on the ridge of our house. Another time, in winter, the ice of a large pond cracked and broke under the weight of the many skaters, and all the hundreds fled in dismay. I alone remained, jumping exultingly from one floating piece of ice to another, whilst hundreds were looking on from the bank, until some one brought my mother, who with tears of anguish entreated me to desist.

Our garden, the city wall, and the Moritz-plan, were the theatre of our wild games. The Zollverein did not yet exist, and smuggling was carried on to a large extent between the not far distant Brunswick frontier and Prussia, and nightly battles were fought between smugglers and the custom-officers, even on the Moritz-plan. One night, a locksmith, whose shop was next to us, was

shot while climbing over the city wall, and fell dead in our garden. We boys of course played at smugglers and custom-house officers, and fought battles.

We became quite a dangerous band, and robbed orchards and fields. In the latter we damaged chiefly the poppy, which is much grown in that part of the country. Armed with knives, we cut off as many heads of poppy as possible, and emptied them into our caps, and munched the seed with the more relish because these expeditions became rather dangerous, as the field-guards watched for us. Many awful tales of sound whippings and confiscated coats were related, but I cannot speak from experience, having never been caught.

We were sportsmen also; and both Louis and myself acquired much skill in the use of the blowpipe. With hardened clay bullets we killed a great many sparrows and smashed many windows; and with bolts, manufactured from a steel tack and lint, we shot at the target, and carried off many prizes.

In autumn we hunted for German marmots, which we killed with heavy thorn sticks, called by the students, "Ziegenhainer." They were prepared with fat and smoke in a peculiar manner, and were spotted brown and yellow. Their thinner ends were carried in the hand, and it was usual for students to have the name of their particular friends cut in these clubs. They are now out of fashion, and expired with the German student of the time of Land, who murdered Kotzebue.

Beside marmots we hunted butterflies, and robbed birds' nests ; for collections of butterflies and birds' eggs were then the fashion amongst us boys.

The country about Halberstadt is beautiful, especially towards the Harz mountains, the advanced hills of which approach the city within a walk. Some of these hills, which had been laid out by a Baron Spiegel as a park, formed a principal resort of pleasure for the citizens. There was a very extensive farm and a public-house, also the grand mausoleum of the benefactor of that country, whose merits were praised in verses, written by the well-known poet of Halberstadt, Gleim, and engraved on a fine column, erected to the memory of Spiegel. The baron had also built in his hilly park a house, which contained a barrel, which I judge to be even larger than the celebrated one in Heidelberg.

Not far from the Spiegelsberge was a little bathing-place, called the "Molken michle," where the stream contained a great deal of iron, as might be seen by the sediment of yellow ochre which covered the bed and its banks.

Close to this mill rose bare and bleak hills, on which grew nothing but spurge — called in Germany, "wolfsmilch." On the top of the hills stood a ruined castle, the Kluhs, which, from its structure, must have been of great antiquity. Immense blocks of sandstone were piled on each other, and joined with a cement mixed with many

small shells, which had become harder than the rock itself.

Underneath this ruined castle extended very large caverns, into which we sometimes entered with torches, stirring up thousands of bats. The shepherds frequently took refuge there with their herds in thunderstorms.

The Kluhs is of such ancient date that not even a legend exists about its builders or inhabitants, though the neighbouring Harz mountains abound with such legends, all more or less connected with the devil and the witches, whose chief resort is the Brocken.

Halberstadt, of course, has its legend also, connected with the cathedral, which is one of the finest Gothic buildings in Germany.

The devil was very much dissatisfied at the number of churches which were built in Germany, especially in his very pleasure-grounds; and when the cathedral was commenced, he asked a young fellow amongst the workmen, "What the devil they were building there?" The sly rogue answered they were building a wine-house; and the evil one was so mightily pleased, that he promised his assistance. He carried stones from the neighbouring mountains, and bestirred himself so well, that the edifice rose above the ground with fabulous speed. But when he looked at the work one day more attentively, he did not like the shape of the wine-house, and was very wroth on discovering that he had thus been cheated. On this

he hurried off to the devil's wall, which is about ten miles from Halberstadt, and appeared with a huge rock in his hand, with which he hovered over the building to consider where it might be dropped in a manner so as to smash it most effectually. The young fellow who had taken him in, said, "Don't be a fool, sir; if you destroy the building now, they will soon raise it again, and protect it with crosses and other holy things so well, that you cannot execute your design. Therefore, be a sensible devil, and let us make an arrangement. Drop that ugly stone somewhere else; and, by the Holy Virgin, I swear that we will build a nice wine-house right close to the church, that the devil may have his due."

The devil was satisfied with this, and as a token of remembrance he dropped the stone about fifty yards from the entrance of the church, where you may see it still, and examine on it the marks of his hands, as I did frequently with curiosity.

The mason or architect, however, kept his word; and a large and stately wine-house was built next to the cathedral. There it still stands.

I suppose this devil's stone, which is not very large, but rather a well-sized pebble, was once used for heathenish sacrifices, and its name is derived from that circumstance.

The cathedral is now used by the Protestants; and the Catholics have only one church in Halberstadt. The gymnasium in that city is connected

with the cathedral, and called the "Domschule," or, Cathedral School. My stepfather was professor at this school, and I became a member of its lowest class, the sexta; though in Gumbinnen I had been in the quinta.

In sexta "Dom-Cantor" Geiss ruled supreme. He was a spare, tall, old man, with a thin, long pale face, and we called him the "Dom-Geist" (cathedral ghost). Though in other classes particular teachers were provided for each branch, in sexta the Cantor taught Latin, as well as history and mathematics, etc.; only French he left to somebody else. The good man's attainments were not very great, and he was only tolerated as a relic. He had a great deal of trouble with us sixty boys, and had a goodly store of hazel sticks locked up in his large pulpit-like desk, called in German schools, "Katheder."

In this katheder were also deposited all the things confiscated from the boys during lessons, as toys, apples, nuts, and a large number of india rubber balls, which were manufactured by us during lessons, and were covered with a netting of many-coloured camel's-hair thread, which required some skill and time. It was said that the Cantor presented his children at Christmas with the choicest of those confiscated treasures, and it may be imagined that we watched the katheder with great interest.

Every month we had to write some essay or task in the school, "pro loco." When we were

once occupied with this, I was permitted to write at the Cantor's desk, whilst he walked about, for I was a great favourite of his. As the Cantor saw us all busily writing, and lived right across the very quiet, narrow street, he thought he might as well go home for a quarter of an hour, to take his coffee and enjoy a pipe of tobacco.

He had scarcely left us when I discovered with a thrill of delight that he had forgotten to take the key from the katheder, in which our property was stored up. He had only recently taken from me a nice little dagger, which I regretted much, and I believed myself perfectly justified in profiting by this opportunity to recover it. I therefore opened the desk, and was perfectly dazzled by the many juvenile treasures which I discovered. Without at first making known my discovery, I helped myself to what I liked best: then with my penknife I notched all his hazel-sticks, and after these precautions I threw balls, nuts, and apples amongst the sixty boys.

The scene which ensued may be imagined. Not one of the boys remained at his place, and the noise they made in fighting for all the things rolling about, might have been heard in the cathedral square. Of course it reached the ears of the Cantor. In he rushed like a mad ghost into the room, and when he saw the state of affairs, he flew at once to his desk to arm himself with the most formidable of his sticks. I thought he would have had a fit on discovering that they

were all useless, and when each failure was greeted with an exulting laugh from all the boys.

The affair, however, passed off, as the Cantor had good reason to hush it up.

I did not learn much at school, but learnt the more from the books of my stepfather, though it was not exactly what was wanted in school. Whenever my father was out shooting, or at a party with my mother, I stole into his library and hunted for interesting books.

I did not even respect his manuscripts, though I did not meddle with those written in Latin or Greek. I hunted only for his German verses, and was once caught by him when absorbed in a tragedy which he was writing, but which was never represented.

Though the material change in our social position was great, I did not feel it much, and the two years spent in Halberstadt were very agreeable, and are rich in dear recollections. It is true my education was not much advanced, but the horizon of my ideas expanded considerably, and my knowledge of the ways of the world also, if a child may thus speak.

I was not tall for my age, but very strong and healthy, and far more independent and resolute than other German boys of that age usually are. For a boy, not yet twelve years old, I had already experienced a great deal, had lived with all classes of society in different parts of the country, and though in other respects still a child, was

intellectually more developed than many young men of double my age, who have never left the place of their birth.

I am not far from sixty now, but these scenes of my childhood, with all their minute details, are so vividly before my mind, that, as they lay in a country of which little is known in England, my simple narrative may amuse my readers.

THE CADET HOUSES OF POTSDAM AND BERLIN.

CHAPTER I.

Difficulties—Letter of my Mother to the King—Success—Journey to Potsdam—Reception—The Cadet House—Description—Rules of the House—"Knapsacks"—Examination—Monsieur Accary—The Lessons—Mr. Halfmann—Reporting—Passion—Company Libraries—Homeric games—The two Sch—s and the devoted Governor—The Doctor—Spartan exercises—The first duel—The Cadet's gardens—Promenades—Theatre—Attending Church—Our clergyman.

I MENTIONED the very rude manner in which General von Brause received my mother in Berlin. My family were made acquainted with his peremptory refusal to admit me into the Cadet House; and, feeling much offended, they tried all their influence in Berlin to obtain my admission. The steps taken by them had, however, only the result of making General von Brause still more obstinate; and it became an affair of honour with him to succeed. He had once been governor to the present King William I. of Prussia; and by his connection with the first families of the empire, who all had sons for whom they wished admittance to the Cadet House, he wielded a far greater power

in the higher military circles than my family, among whom, at that time, there was no general in the army.

My relatives became aware of their defeat, and as they wanted to get rid of my claims upon their assistance in some way or other, they proposed to send me to an establishment in which the orphans of non-commissioned officers were educated for the army, and from which they entered it, at the proper age, as non-commissioned officers.

How the pride of my family could stoop to such a proposition is still an object of wonder to me. Since they had settled in Prussia, all their sons had been officers in the army; many had reached the highest military rank, or had been killed in battle, and through their merits I had as good a right to a place in the Cadet House as the sons of any other family in Prussia.

My mother was, therefore, indignant at this base suggestion, and, as I had already passed my eleventh year, it was high time to come to a decision. She wrote herself to King Frederick William III., who saw at once the justice of my claims. She received a letter from General von Brause, informing her that his Majesty, by special letter, had ordered my *immediate* admittance to the Cadet House; and the same was expressed in a few lines from the king.

On the arrival of the blue-enveloped letter (all letters from the king's cabinet are distinguished by blue envelopes), great was the joy in our house.

My mother cried and laughed by turns, and made such preparations for my outfit as her means permitted. These were indeed very limited, for my stepfather, living now on his pay only, had become rather cross of late, and my poor mother dared not enter into expenses for us boys.

I was placed in the post-coach, and with many blessings from my mother, but very few shillings in my pocket, I set off for Potsdam, a journey which then took several days and nights.

The post stopped in Magdeburg a whole day, which I passed in the house of Oberpost-Director, von Weltzien, who very kindly took care of me. I made friends with his sons, who showed me the splendid cathedral for which that city is famous, and whatever else could interest me. Well provided with eatables by the motherly care of Mrs. von Weltzien, and strongly recommended to the conductor, I was placed again in the post-coach, and arrived on a fine spring day of the year 1824, in Potsdam. One of the post-servants shouldered my small valise, and I followed him to the Cadet House. It was a long way; for the Cadet House is on the other side of the river Havel, not far from where, twenty years later, the railroad-station was built. Arrived at my place of destination, I blushingly gave the post-servant my last "guten groschen," a coin now long extinct, and representing one penny-halfpenny. The man looked at me almost with astonishment; but smiling good-naturedly, he bowed and went away.

It was afternoon and play-hour. As I was standing there alone with my valise, a crowd of cadets, collected around me, wondering at my loneliness; for it was quite unheard of for a freshman to arrive unattended by any relative or deputy. The little boys were, however, all kind; not one rude word or taunt was addressed to me. Some of them took charge of my valise, others took my hand and brought me to one of the governors, who presented me at once to the chief o the Cadet House, good old Colonel von Steinwehr.

The colonel had not yet received any notice from the general; but on my producing my blue royal letter, he saw that all was right, and he was much pleased; for he was a great friend of my family, and had himself exerted his influence for my admittance.

I was attached to the first company, which was commanded by a Captain von Rebenstock, who received me most kindly. Conversing with some of the governors, it appeared that one of them, Mr. Wedekind, had been both at college and at the university with my stepfather, which caused him to request that I might be transferred to his brigade, which belonged to the second company, commanded by Major von Eberhardt.

The buildings, courts, and grounds belonging to the establishment were very extensive, and were enclosed partly by a wall, partly by wooden railings. The principal buildings ran parallel to the turnpike-road, from which they were about sixty

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paces distant. They consisted of a centre building, two large two-storied houses to its right and left, and two smaller houses projecting on both wings, with their gables facing the road.

In one of these latter, that next the city, lived the clergyman and some professors; that corresponding to it in the other wing was occupied by the chief of the Cadet House. The large two-storied building next to this contained the second company; that on the other side of the centre building, the first.

The building standing between these two had a centre with broad steps ascending to the first floor, and two somewhat lower aisles. In the basement of the centre building was the kitchen, store-rooms, etc. The broad steps led to a large hall without any furniture in it, except a katheder. It was called the "Betsaal" (prayer-hall), but was used likewise for many other purposes. Above it, a story higher, was the dining-hall. The two aisles contained the school-rooms and lodgings for the employés of the house. The upper story of the company-building was connected with the centre building by a wooden bridge for the convenience of the officers.

Behind the rather long line of buildings extended a very large yard, planted, near the houses, with white poplar trees, which were then still so young that I used one that died as a club. A very large, old lime tree stood, however, not far from the centre building. Opposite the building of the

second company in the yard was the lazareth, containing also the lodging of the physician and surgeon.

All the rest, not being yard, was garden or shrubbery. Every employé and cadet had his garden in these grounds, and the whole establishment made an extremely agreeable impression.

The number of cadets in Potsdam amounted to one hundred and fifty, who were divided into two companies. Each company was commanded by a major or captain, and to it belonged besides one first and one second lieutenant, and four governors. Our first lieutenant was Mr. Mannkopf, and the second Baron von Salviati. The four governors were—Messrs. Wedekind, Puttmann, Hesse, and Spitta. Each of these latter had under his especial care one of the four brigades, into which each company was divided, and which were sub-divided again into two "rooms," separated from each other by the room of the governor, whose surveillance was facilitated by glass doors.

These twelve rooms occupied only one-half of the two-storied company building; the other half contained the lodgings of the officers and servants belonging to the company. In the attics of each building were three large dormitories, and the washing-room.

The whole arrangements were as simple as they were practical. In the rooms against the walls stood wardrobes, of which each cadet had one. His name was written on the top of its door.

These wardrobes were afterwards replaced by writing-desks, resting on cupboards, such as are usually to be found in mercantile houses.

There were also in each room two black square tables; in the corner a little stand, with the candlesticks, candle-box, inkstand, water-jug and glasses, and a boot-jack. There was also a chair in the room for each cadet. On the wall between the two curtainless windows hung a list of the cadets of the room, arranged according to their respective rank in the house.

The beds in the dormitories stood close to each other with their heads against the wall, but were separated from each other by high boards. At the foot of each bed was a bench to put the clothes upon. The bed itself consisted of a good horse-hair mattress, a similar pillow, and blankets in a linen cover. In each of the dormitories, a governor slept behind a screen. Lights were burnt all night in the bed-rooms, but the rooms were never heated.

In the washing-room, which had iron stoves, stood long deal tables, with a drawer for each cadet, containing soap, combs, tooth-brush, and tooth-powder. Over this drawer hung his towel.

Each room of about nine cadets was under the command of the senior of the room, who was either a cadet-corporal or lance-corporal, and his substitute the second senior. When the whole brigade was assembled, the command was taken by the highest in rank of the two seniors of the

rooms. The eldest of the corporals commanded the company. When, however, the two companies assembled, one of the officers always took the command.

The senior of the room had to keep order in his room, and every cadet belonging to it was obliged to obey him. Every Saturday he had to examine the wardrobes of his cadets, to see whether they were kept in proper order, and whether each had the articles required by the regulations. Offences against the rules, or bad behaviour, were punished with a mark or stroke against the respective names in the list which he kept. Any case of gross disobedience or misbehaviour was reported at once to the governor. He who had the most strokes against his name on Saturday had the *room du jour* for the following week, and it was his duty to place and replace the candles and inkstands after working hours, to carry the boot-jack to the dormitory, and to perform similar little services.

The uniform of the cadet officers was that of the guards, and was distinguished from it only by a peculiar gold embroidery on its collars and cuffs. They never wore a shako, but always a cocked hat, with a tuft of feathers, and never drew their swords, even if commanding.

The governors wore a blue uniform coat, without epaulettes, a cocked hat without a feather, officer's trowsers, and swords with gold portépees, instead of silver, as worn by officers of the army.

The cadets wore the uniform of the guards,

but no swords. In the houses dark grey coats, with plain red collars, were worn, reaching to the knee; in summer, grey linen jackets and trowers.

There were three meals daily in the dining-hall. Breakfast consisted of soup and bread. For dinner we always had good broth, vegetables, and some roast or boiled meat, and sometimes butter and cheese, or fruit, as a dessert. On Sundays, a roast and compote and poundcake were added. When I first went there, beer was provided, but it was very bad, and nobody regretted it when it was done away with. A small quantity of wine was given only on the king's birthday. For supper we had soup, and after it some kind of pudding, with fruit sauce, or butter and cheese.

The cadets, of course always had fault to find with the food, but it was good and sufficient. The "Vesperbrod"—bread and butter only—was eaten in the room when coming from school at four o'clock in the afternoon. In each company the wife of one of the servants was permitted to sell fruit, milk, rolls, and other little things to the cadets. Each cadet received monthly about one shilling for pocket-money; and a monthly supply from home, which was not to exceed six shillings, was permitted. The officers and governors were, however, not very strict in this, and did not object if one had a few shillings more, especially on returning from home after the holidays. Money sent in letters from home was kept by the captain and accounted for. All letters arriving or sent off

were read by the captain or governor. This rule was, however, not very strictly observed, as it would have been very easy to receive and post letters without the knowledge of the officers.

In summer we had to rise at half-past five; we had breakfast at six, and lessons commenced at seven. The time after breakfast was employed in putting our dress and books in order. When the cadets had placed their books at the places in the class to which they belonged, the senior of the class lead his class to its proper place in the "Betsaal," where the minister or one of the governors said prayers.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon, lessons ended. From half-past ten until half-past eleven was a working hour; after which we prepared and dressed for the parade, which took place in the yard every day at twelve o'clock. All the officers and governors had to be present. The orders of the day and "parole" were given out; the chief of the company said whatever he wished to communicate to the cadets, and afterwards drilling took place, at which the officer of the day commanded. Direct from the parade-ground we went to dinner.

Lessons in the afternoon were from two to four o'clock. From half-past four until six o'clock was again a working hour. After that time we could amuse ourselves as we liked best. At eight o'clock we had supper, and went to bed at half-past nine.

In winter we rose at six o'clock. The waiters

awoke the seniors of the rooms, and these called their cadets by name. After a reasonable time, the officer or governor of the day went through the dormitories, and the laziest got up when they heard him. Each senior led his cadets to the washing-room, and from thence downstairs. Then followed a working hour, and lessons were from eight o'clock to eleven. The working hour in the evening was in winter from six o'clock until supper time.

I was transferred to the first brigade of the second company. Mr. Wedekind, my governor, was a friendly, fair-haired man; he had, however, some caprices, betraying hypochondriacism, which in the course of time increased so much that he was obliged to resign his place.

The name of the senior of my room was Von Hartmann. I was on good terms with him and my other room-mates, and had to suffer but little from the teasings to which the freshmen were subjected. Freshmen were called in the Cadet House "Schnapsaecke" (knapsacks), probably because they generally brought with them knapsacks well filled by their mothers with all kinds of good things, at which the others laughed, but assisted in discussing them.

He who submitted with good humour to the traditional teasing which all "knapsacks" had to endure, got off easily, but woe to him who complained to the governor, for "anpetzen" was the most heinous of crimes, and next to it came "cob-

ling"—schustern—that is, to try with unusual assiduity to win the favour of the officers.

Soon after my arrival, all the new-ones—this was the official name of the "knapsacks"—had to pass an examination, to ascertain in which form they should be placed.

When the French tutor, whose name was Accary, heard my name, he inquired for my father and mother, and my brothers and sister, and said in his broken German, "Ich abe sie geboren werden sehn"—"I saw you as soon as you were born." He was a French captain, Zacharie de St. Charles, who—why, and under what circumstances I do not know—remained in 1812 in Gumbinnen, and was engaged in our house as French tutor. A seat of turf in our garden, called St. Charles' seat, because he made it, kept up the remembrance of him in our house. For some purpose he had dropped the St. Charles, and got a professorship in the Cadet House.

There were six forms in Potsdam; I was put into the fifth. Promotion to higher classes took place once in every year, but there were exceptional cases also at half terms. I, for instance, was transferred to the fourth form in the autumn after my arrival, and at Easter overlept the third class, and advanced to the second. Thus I passed in one year through three forms, from which it may be judged that some change for the better had taken place. Ambition, and the good influence exerted on me by the most excellent arrangements

of this establishment, made me very industrious, and at the examinations I almost always received a prize. Such success acted as a spur, and, with the permission of the governor, I rose in summer at three or four o'clock to con my task, which was, however, done by others also.

The subjects on which we received instruction were writing, drawing—both artistic and military drawing—arithmetic, German grammar, Latin, French, universal history, ancient and modern geography, and in the two first classes, ancient history more in detail, and geometry. For religious instruction, several forms were combined. Every Wednesday and Saturday, in the afternoon, we had dancing lessons. Those who wished to have music lessons had to pay for them.

I liked best the German lessons given by my own governor, and as I distinguished myself by my declamation, I was always selected to recite some poem at public solemnities.

The eight governors, mostly candidates of theology or philology, gave the lessons, but there were besides them a drawing and writing master, another who only taught arithmetic, and the French teacher. An officer taught geometry.

Accary required us to learn by heart many monologues from the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, which he recited in that ridiculous manner which was considered *de rigueur* on the Paris stage. He insisted on our imitating him exactly, which was difficult enough to most of the boys, as it was

opposition to all the rules of German declamation taught with such care by Mr. Wedekind. I, however, thought it very good fun, and exaggerated to Accary's highest satisfaction, and when I bawled out—

Voilà vos successeurs—Horace, Decius, et toi Brutus! and

he rolled his eyes and ground his teeth. Poor Wedekind was almost cured of his hypochondria when I treated him with a piece of Racine or Corneille *à l'Accary*.

Our arithmetic master, Mr. Halfmann, was a poor, old, shrivelled-up, crooked little fellow, who wore a reddish wig, and had to suffer much from us.

Even on his birthday, when we had ornamented our room with flowers and garlands in his honour, we could not forbear teasing him in some manner or other. Once we spanned over the whole entrance with garlands, and just at the height of the face was fixed a fine flower crown. When the poor old fellow arrived, he was unable to get in, for he could not stoop, and dared not break the garlands; he had, therefore, to put his yellow, shrivelled-up, affected face through the wreath of most splendid-coloured flowers, which frame produced a ludicrous contrast.

Flogging, or even a slap with the hand was not permitted, and had a governor or officer forgotten himself in this respect, he would have been dismissed on the spot. The teachers had no power of punishing us; this could be done only by one of the officers or our own governor. If a

teacher was dissatisfied with us, he said, "Report yourself," and after our lessons we had to go to the governor, and confess our fault, generally commencing with, "Master governor, I have to report myself."

The usual punishment consisted of arrest in our room, or "cariren"—fasting, or both together; arrest in the company prison-room, and refusal of leave of absence. "Corps-arrest" was for capital offences. The darkened and black-painted prison was disagreeable enough, and not made more agreeable by a diet of bread and water.

My passionate temper brought me frequently into trouble, and once into "corps-arrest." The laziest fellow of the class teased me by asserting that he was sitting "above me," which enraged me so much that I dealt him a box on his ear, which knocked him over, so that he fell and wounded himself with an open knife, which he held in his hand.

Having heard that Richard Cœur de Lion had been advised by his confessor always to say our Lord's Prayer, when feeling that his passion was rising, I profited by the hint, and tried to count slowly up to twenty-four, but with rare success, as thunder and lightning generally fell together with me, and there was no use in counting afterwards.

A cadet might be sent without any wardrobe to the Cadet House, for he received everything he required at the expense of the government. That,

however, was not all. The most judicious care was taken to entertain and amuse us. Each company possessed a tolerably large library, in which were not only the best German books for children of our ages, but also the works of those classical German authors, which were not above our understanding. The selection had been made with the utmost care, not by the clergyman, but by the officers and governors.

When a translation of Homer was added to our library, it created a kind of revolution in the Cadet House. We were all transformed into Greeks and Trojans, and made helmets and bucklers of cartoon, which we covered with silver paper, and ornamented with our arms. Spirited battles were fought with wooden swords and lances, which we understood how to manage much better than the taunting Homeric speeches preceding a fight of two heroes.

I was at that time only a "knapsack," and had to act as a Greek private, but my friend, Theodore von Schlichten, represented Ulysses. Once he met grim Hector on the gory field—von Diericke, who was then considered to be the "corps-strongest." After having exhausted their skill in taunting speeches, Hector hurled his awful lance. Ulysses neglected to use his protecting shield in time, and the pointed wood entered his cheek so deep that it protruded some inches from his mouth. Ulysses did not shed one tear on our removing the dangerous splinter. We led him, however, to the

"Lazareth," and a short time afterwards he appeared with a wonderfully-bandaged head at the window, to show the assembled Greeks that he cared little for a wound, which was, however, both painful and rather dangerous.

Theodore von Schlichten had had a twin-brother in the Cadet House who was so much like him, that it was almost impossible to distinguish them from each other. All the comical incidents caused by this wonderful likeness came to an end by a tragical event which took place in the winter of 1823.

Skating on the river Havel, one of the Schlichten ventured on a prohibited place; the ice broke, and he disappeared. Governor Sprengbihl overcame his remarkably great dread of the water, jumped in and took hold of the drowning boy; but he could not swim, and governor and cadet perished, notwithstanding the efforts which Lieutenant Mannkopp made to save them.

The two were buried close together, and on the grave-stone the brave deed of the devoted governor is acknowledged in appropriate terms. Our colonel, von Steinwehr, was highly affected by this accident; and whenever he visited the grave, which he did frequently, he took off his hat and said a prayer.

Accidents, of course, happened now and then in our wild games; but the chiefs of the establishment were perfectly right not to be too nervous in this respect. A Cadet House is not a child's

school; such games develope courage and strengthen mind and body. The hurling of lances at each other, or sharpening their points, had been prohibited. However, these combats came to an end with the wounding of Ulysses; but we fought very hard cavalry battles. The strongest took on their shoulders others, who held themselves on with their feet, like the troublesome old fellow in the tale of "Sindbad the Sailor."

Thus the two parties advanced against each other, and though only the use of fists was permitted, blood was frequently drawn. A few fractured arms occurring, these cavalry fights had to be discontinued, and to give way to another game. The parties fought on crutch-stilts; and as every one tried to outdo the other in the height of these stilts, the game became still more dangerous than the previous one.

I did not escape scot-free either. "Long Wedell" threw me down in wrestling, and my left arm was very badly dislocated. I delayed going to the doctor; but I was in most awful pain all night, and my arm was double its size next morning. Dr. Baumann handled it somewhat roughly, and when I could not suppress a little cry of pain, he said, in a sneering manner, "Pshaw! a soldier should be able to dance on needles!" which mortified me much, and hurt me more than my arm, which I had to wear in a sling for nearly two months.

Baumann suffered much from gout, and the

Potsdam doctors had agreed with him to apply a new and rather painful remedy. I heard by chance when and where the operation was to take place, and stood near the open window on the ground floor to hear in what manner the doctor would behave. To my great satisfaction I heard him roar most lustily, and could not forbear calling out, imitating his voice and manner, "Pshaw! a soldier ought to be able to dance on needles!" at which all the doctors laughed, and the patient, though he swore, laughed also.

The doctor's taunt had hurt me deeply, because we tried to imitate the Spartans, and endure all kinds of pain without wincing.

For a time running was the fashion, and you might see long files of cadets, their arms akimbo, and handkerchiefs in their mouths, trotting for hours in the yard, until they almost dropped from fatigue. Games of ball of different kinds were in vogue; but a proper "turnplatz," a place for German gymnastics, there was not in Potsdam at that time. In winter, snow fortresses were built and attacked and defended with great valour.

We all had lessons in fencing; but some of the cadets possessed little swords, and with these two weapons my first duel was fought. Count Seyssel d'Aix had insulted me, and I called him out. We fought behind some shrubs in the yard without seconds. The affair was highly important. We made many flourishes with our swords before our noses, and I might have hit my adversary

twenty times over his head if I had not been afraid of hurting him too much. He had probably the same regard for me; however, blood must be drawn, and when I got a little cut on my hand, the affair of honour was considered to be satisfactorily arranged, and we embraced.

In summer we bathed in the Havel, and as the sandy ground contained many sharp shells which wounded our feet, sandals were provided for us. A number of us—I was one of them—had also swimming lessons in the swimming school under the superintendence of the counsellor of the government, von Turk. My master was a giant, of the first regiment of foot guards; but I did not get free from the line in the first summer; however, in the second I succeeded better. I swam a full hour on my breast, and by doing so became what was called a "farthen-schwimmer." Later, in Berlin, I took part in such a "farth" (swimming excursion) from Treptow to Berlin, nearly five miles. We were only permitted to swim on our breast, and not to turn on the back. The "farth" lasted nearly three hours, and I was one of the five, out of about two hundred, who arrived in Berlin. The rest had given in, and were taken up in the boats accompanying us.

The grounds afforded much pleasure in summer. Each cadet had a garden-plot of his own, about a square rod, bordered with a kind of carnation, which every one was permitted to arrange to his own taste, but which must be kept trim,

and free from weeds. Everywhere turf seats and bowers were to be seen, and the whole presented a very pleasing aspect. To each garden belonged a fruit-tree; but in my time nobody could make himself ill with its produce, as the trees had been only recently planted.

The great quantity of carnations, and other flowers, attracted all kinds of beautiful butterflies, in which the country around Potsdam abounded; and we hunted them very eagerly, as many cadets had collections. Others preferred collections of seals, for which the place was especially favourable; for though it was not expressly said that the Cadet House was only for the sons of the nobility, there were, during my stay in it, not half a dozen cadets who were suspected of not belonging to that class. I had fine collections of butterflies, seals, and engravings. We were not permitted to keep pets, such as dogs, or birds, or other animals.

In winter, after supper, we did what we pleased, and were permitted to visit our friends in other rooms, but associated with the other company only in school and in the play-ground. Some read, others worked in paste, or played at chess amongst themselves or with the governors. Chess for four was then much in vogue, for which four sets of men and a particular chessboard were required.

For a time it was much the fashion to represent proverbs, at which we had much sport and made a great deal of noise, without being

checked however, as it was a rule with our governors to restrain us as little as possible in our harmless amusements.

In the evening many of us visited the officers, who read good novels to us, for instance, those of Walter Scott and Cooper. These evenings offered us a great deal of pleasure, and the novels were always introduced into our games.

On Sundays, and sometimes on Wednesdays and Saturdays, we made excursions with our officers or governors into the fine country around Potsdam. We visited the splendid royal gardens, or the woods near the Müggelsee. There we played "robbers and soldiers," or hunted butterflies, or amused ourselves with watching a little interesting insect, called in German "ant-lion," and of which many were to be found in the sand. They make little funnels in it, and the little animal is hidden at the bottom. As soon as an ant infringes on the funnel, the ant-lion throws sand at it, and catches it by this means.

Now and then we undertook longer excursions; for instance, to the "Star," a little hunting chateau of the king in the woods; or we went in boats to the "Pfaueninsel," a favourite place of King Frederick William III. On such excursions excellent care was always taken of our comfort, and we had plenty to eat and to drink.

I may say with truth that the three years which I passed in the Cadet House of Potsdam, were the three happiest years of my life. The

whole arrangement of the establishment was so simple, convenient, and sensible, and we were treated with such kindness and love, that I cannot but remember it with affection and gratitude. This establishment, as it was then, is always before my mind as a pattern educational institution.

To all this was added the pleasure of having as playfellows one hundred and fifty boys of the best families of the kingdom; in a word, to be in that establishment was a blessing for a child.

In the Cadet House everything was arranged on a military system, it is true, but this military order was not carried to excess, and soon became even agreeable, as it made everything easy. Whenever a company or brigade, or room, or form, had to go together, they went in military order, and kept step so as not to tread on each other's heels. However, in our promenades, we always walked as we liked and free from all restraint.

The superintendence by elder cadets, the promotions to lance-corporals and corporals, were very sensible; for thus the cadets early learnt punctuality, order, obedience, and also the rudiments of the art of commanding—an art which requires far more study, and is more difficult, than even that of obeying.

The cadets had a large box at the theatre, and each visited it in his turn accompanied by an officer and governor. If one had seen a piece already, he was permitted to exchange with another.

Some people, for instance our clergyman, ob-

jected sometimes to our attending ballets, but our chiefs did not pay any attention to these objections.

At that time Henrietta Sontag was the rage, and I remember still with great pleasure having seen her in the operas of "La Dame Blanche," "Cinderella," etc. But I was even more delighted with the celebrated actors Ludvig Devrient and Madame Stich, afterwards Crelinges.

Once when at the theatre, a little tragi-comic adventure happened to me. The regiment of the Garde-Landwehr-Uhlanen had received colours, which had been solemnly consecrated in the morning. In the evening the whole regiment was sent to the theatre, and a deputation of the cadets was admitted also. I was one of them. The whole house smelled like a stable and of leather.

In the entr'acte I requested permission to go out, and on returning, rushed up the staircase, and ran with all my might against an officer in the uniform of the Lancers. When, being rather confused, I raised my eyes, I looked up at the half-angry, half-laughing face of the king, who stretched out his hand to catch me. I was much frightened and slipped under his arm and also under that of the Crown Prince, who laughed and made some joke. Afterwards I was sorry that I did not permit the king to catch me, for I should have liked to have thanked him for his kindness to me.

Whenever there were any shows in Potsdam,

or any conjurer or great artist arrived, especially any who was interesting to children, we cadets were never forgotten. Sometimes these persons were engaged for representations in our great hall.

We also attended all grand parades, and had always our place by the side of the king, or opposite him, the troops defiling between us. In a word, no opportunity was ever omitted to procure harmless or useful amusement for us.

If the weather was not too bad, we attended service on Sunday morning in the garrison church, which contains under its pulpit the coffin of Frederick the Great, and which is distinguished by its celebrated chime of bells, which seemed to me, however, the greatest bore in the world, for every half-hour and hour it repeated the same melody.

In church we were seated opposite the king and the royal family, who, even in the coldest weather—the church was not heated—sat there in uniform and without cloaks. The king listened always with great attention to the sermon, and the service ended, he rose, and, with a jerk peculiar to him, pulled down his uniform.

The officiating clergymen at that time were Bishop Eylert, a great favourite of the king, probst Offelsmayer, a very old man, and the minister of the cadets, the Rev. Bernhardi. The latter was reputed to have been rather a wild fellow when, during the French war, he was an officer in the celebrated corps of the Lutzows Jäger. After

the war, he resumed his theological studies, and became rather a puritanical minister. He was very severe in his sermons, and very bitter against the worldliness of the higher classes of society. Children's balls were an abomination to him, and when once, after such a ball, he saw in church a number of half-grown girls, he said in the course of his sermon: "All this comes of these pernicious children's balls! There are the poor girls sitting now with pale cheeks;" (all blushed at once) "instead of preparing on Saturday for the day of the Lord and praying in their rooms, they are jumping about at these Baal's festivals until late into the night," etc.

Sometimes his zeal was ill-rewarded. Once as he passed the palace he heard the Garde-Jäger singing in the guard-room songs of which he did not approve. He therefore entered the room, got upon a bench, and commenced a very severe *capuzinade*. The soldiers, however, did not like it; some called out "What has the "Pfaff" to do here? Turn him out." Mr. Bernhardi became still more vehement in his admonitions, and the result was that the soldiers actually threw him out of the window. Of this he complained to the king, but Frederick William III. said in his short manner: "He has no business in the guard-room."

The influence of Mr. Bernhardi in the Cadet House was not great, and notwithstanding all his horror of children's balls, we had a splendid masked ball in our "Betsaal."

CHAPTER II.

Colonel von Steinwehr—His kindness—Major von Eberhardt—Captain von Rebenstock—Dr. Baumann—Oil painting—My new Governor—Tieck's Dramatic Fairy Tales—Miserable end of my first Tragedy—Paying Boarders in the Cadet House—Frederic von Sallet—Leave of absence—Visit in Berlin—Home—Death of our Chief—Our new Captain—Visit to all the Royal Palaces—Transfer to the Cadet House in Berlin.

I MUST say something of our Colonel, who treated us all like his children, having no family of his own. There was a report that he had lost his heart to some Liesli or Mimili, in Switzerland, where he had once been a Prussian recruiting officer. Whether she died, jilted him, or was already engaged, I do not know; but so much is certain that he did not marry her, and remained a bachelor all his life. A picture of a fine Swiss girl in his room was supposed to represent his lost lady-love.

He was at this time rather a tall, not handsome, old man. His beardless face was not at all embellished by a reddish wig, freckles, and a protruding under-lip; but all these were forgotten in the friendly and kind expression of his face, which did not leave it altogether even when he became angry, which, however, was very rarely the case.

He might frequently be seen walking about in a brown jacket and straw hat; a stick, with a chamois-horn top, in his hand, and a little basket, with fruit or flowers, on his arm. He always held himself very erect, and exacted the same from us. He frequently attended our dancing-lessons, and not rarely showed us how to dance a minuet gracefully, at which times his under-lip protruded an inch further than usual. It was a rich sight.

The hobby of the colonel, however, was not the minuet, but mathematics. It was said that he was a great mathematician, but I cannot judge of this. For absence of mind he must have been a second Newton.

He dined frequently with his friend, General von Putt-Kammer, who was then "commandant" of Potsdam. Once before dinner, requesting Mrs. Putt-Kammer for writing materials, as he had to note down something, he was seated at the general's desk. One sheet after the other was filled with cyphers, and he became so absorbed in his task that he utterly forgot where he was. At last the general's wife said, "Now, dear colonel, the soup is on the table." "Be off!" he roared and she went away laughing. After some time, she returned to the charge, but the colonel seized his cane, and only the loud laughter of Mrs. Putt-Kammer reminded him at last that he was not at home, and that it was not Mrs. Petri who had disturbed him in his deep calculations.

Mrs. Petri was his housekeeper, and the wife

of his only servant, who at the same time acted as his coachman. This elderly couple were everything to the colonel, and whenever the weather was extra fine, and we wanted a half-holiday, the Petris were taken into the plot.

I was a great favourite with the old gentleman, but owed this less to my own merit than to the sister of my father, Baroness von Arnim. She had been a canoness in Heiligengrabe (of which I shall speak at another opportunity) and was on the point of being made abbess, when she accepted the hand of Baron Arnim, who had been married to her late elder sister. She then used all her influence to secure the election of the sister of Colonel Steinwehr as abbess, in which her efforts were successful. The colonel always remembered this kindness, and when, at Whitsuntide, I went to Berlin, he never failed to give me some of his finest asparagus, or some other produce of his garden, for my aunt. He also frequently invited me to dinner on Sundays, and in the afternoon we drove out in his carriage, and visited the cherry and grape gardens, on which occasion I always had to pass an examination in French.

I only once saw the colonel really angry. I was at dinner with him when the "Amtmann" (the economical administrator of the establishment) who lived in a house close to our yard, sent in notice that one of the cadets had thrown a stone in at his window. The stone, thrown at random from a sling, had the bad luck to enter the window

of the "Amtmann's" room, and to fall right into the soup tureen standing on his dinner-table. The culprit was "Hector," the same who had wounded Ulysses, which the colonel had not forgotten. The poor fellow, who was a corporal, lost his golden galoons, for he was degraded from his rank and put in corps-arrest. My entreaties made the colonel so angry, that he chased me out of his room.

Major von Eberhardt, my company-chief, was no less kind to his cadets than the colonel; but he was a very different man. He was then, probably, between thirty and forty, of middle height, but broad shouldered, and well made. He had rather a handsome, lively face, which usually wore a kindly expression; but when he became angry his eyes flashed and we trembled. He had only one leg; but notwithstanding this and the stick he used, he looked extremely smart, and his epaulettes and uniform, on which he wore several decorations, always sparkled as if new.

In the battle of Jena he was only an ensign. The colours of his regiment were in the utmost danger, and would have been lost if he had not jumped into the river and saved them, swimming under a shower of bullets. For this deed he was decorated with the order "pour le mérite"; the only one which it was said, was given in 1806. In the battle of Leipsic he lost one of his legs.

Twenty years later I met him by chance at the Potsdam railroad station. He had not changed,

but his hair had become as white as snow, and looked extremely well with his brilliant general's epaulettes. I had no time to pay my respects to him, but I looked at him with reverence and affection; and thought to myself, "that's a man whose white hairs are honourable." I am sure the thousands of officers whose youth he directed and protected will agree with me in this opinion.

Captain von Rebenstock, the chief of the first company, was equally amiable and kind; and moreover, a man of talent. He was a fine linguist and poet, and had published translations of the "Nibelungen lied," and of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata."

Another man, in whom I was much interested, was Dr. Baumann, already mentioned. He was a very clever physician for children; but rather excitable, probably on account of his gout. We once had a hard battle. Whilst recovering from the scarlet fever, I was still in the "convalescent room." We were conversing with the surgeon, who asserted that the upper part of every person's face bore a resemblance to that of some animal. All of us had already put to the proof our likeness to the brute creation; and now, in my turn, I requested the surgeon to hold his hand under his nose, that I might see what kind of an animal he was like. He complied, and scarcely had he done so, when I called out, as naturally as could be, "he is like a black sheep!" The resemblance was indeed striking, and was increased by his

black woolly hair. The surgeon, however, took my remark so ill, that he complained to the doctor, with whom I had an awful row about it. He did not bear me any grudge for my naughtiness: on the contrary, I became a favourite with him. He painted extremely well in oil, both historical pictures and landscapes. Once, being in his studio, I admired one of his landscapes, a wood party which reminded me of the woods at home, and set my fancy working, and I praised it in expressions which convinced him that I not only meant all I said, but also that I appreciated the beauties of a landscape. He now allowed me to be with him when painting, and I was delighted. I secretly procured dry colours, which I prepared with much oil, like water-colours, and I commenced painting. I was too bashful to ask the doctor how to proceed, and my performances were not very brilliant. I painted a landscape on the Tajo, and had the satisfaction of seeing my aunt Arnim mistake a boat on the river for a dog which had fallen into the water. This, however, did not deter me. My second landscape found a place in my aunt's sitting-room, though she declared that one of the clouds looked exactly like a powder-puff.

When Mr. Wedekind left the Cadet House he was replaced by a very agreeable young man of the name of Buchholz. He liked to be much in our society, and I was much in his room, attracted by his library which he placed at my disposal. I

was especially delighted with Tieck's dramatic fairy tales, "Puss in Boots," "Melusina," etc., which I read again and again with avidity.

While sick in the hospital with the scarlet fever, I had tried my hand at a comedy; but was by no means satisfied with my attempt, and dropped it. My ambition soared higher, and the result was an historical tragedy, "Jugurtha," which was much praised by my governor. I took my manuscript with me to Berlin, and my aunt induced me to read it before all my assembled relatives. They listened with much encouraging attention and applause, until the angry Jugurtha unfortunately addressed his wife, who intrigued with the Romans, as "woman!" The terrible face I made, and the severe accent which my juvenile voice assumed, were so funny for a little cadet whose feet did not reach the ground when sitting on a chair, that a young lady—Miss von Hirschfeld was her name—commenced tittering. Thunderstruck, I dropped my book, and the expression of my face must have been very ludicrous, for it called forth general laughter. Believing that my piece was laughed at, I jumped from my chair and ran to the kitchen, where amid bitter tears I burnt it. My favourite cousin, Ferdinande Corvin, tried her best coaxing to prevent the murder; but I was too much mortified, and was not satisfied until the last vestige of Jugurtha was consumed.

It was very natural that places in the Cadet

Houses should be in great request; for many advantages were combined with the education. He who passed his examination not only entered the army as a lieutenant, which was a great advantage in itself, but also received full pay at once, whilst other young lieutenants had to be satisfied, sometimes for years, with the pay of ensigns. However, all who had been in the Cadet House were obliged to serve two years in the army for each year passed there.

Many parents without claims to have their sons educated in the Cadet House, therefore, tried to get them admitted as "pensionnaires:" that is paying boarders, which was rather difficult, as their number was very limited. I believe only twenty-five were allowed in Potsdam.

These boarders paid at that time two hundred and fifty thalers for the first, and one hundred and fifty thalers for each following year, and had to find their own beds and linen. Now and then even half-boarders were admitted. By this arrangement some parents, not Prussians, were enabled to have their sons educated in the Cadet Houses; and we had amongst us several subjects of Hanover, Brunswick, etc.

The two Cadet Houses in Potsdam and Culm (then the only two of the kind in the monarchy) were preparatory establishments for that of Berlin, which the cadets entered on attaining their fourteenth year.

As each company lived in a separate house,

and the cadets belonging to them saw each other only in school and on the play-ground, it was natural that only the cadets of the same company became intimate with each other.

Frederick von Sallet, who later made a name as a poet, but died young, was with me in Potsdam, though in the first company, and one year in advance of me. He was a very delicate, quiet, girl-like boy, who rarely joined in our wild games.

The acmé of pleasure to the cadets was to go on leave of absence. Many cadets had relatives or friends in Potsdam, whom they were permitted to visit on Sunday afternoon.

Speaking of relatives, I must not forget to mention a characteristic of the cadets; which is also to be found, more or less, in every educational establishment, and in England more than anywhere else. With the cadets it took a peculiar colouring, still to be recognised in officers who had left the Cadet House years ago. It was the combination of family and military pride. Our superiors did nothing to foster this ridiculous feeling; nay, I believe they were scarcely aware of its existence. Perhaps they were directed by higher authority to ignore it, as it chimed in with the views of the government.

A "citizen" and a "civilian" were looked upon with sovereign contempt, which manifested itself at every opportunity. If any relatives of cadets came to the Cadet House, as was frequently

the case, during the parade or dinner-hours, they were subjected to the most severe criticism from all the cadets; and these little urchins were extremely susceptible of anything ridiculous. The visit of a relative in a high position reflected a kind of glory on a cadet for a long time; but the opposite was the case if one had the misfortune to be visited by some poor, queer-looking uncle, or by a relative who did not belong to the nobility. High civilians — for instance, cabinet ministers or presidents—might pass; the same was the case with retired field officers, or owners of knightly estates, if they did not look too rustic; but a merchant, or one who had a profession, was contemptuously called a "Duetchendreher." To be related to a "Duetchendreher" was a kind of crime which was concealed with great care; even to be on visiting terms with one was opprobrious. A "duetchen" is a little conical paper bag manufactured by grocers' apprentices in their leisure hours.

On Saturday evening or Sunday morning the lance-corporal of the day had to fill up the leave of absence books, in which were written down the names of those who requested permission to visit, in the afternoon, some family, whose name and residence in Potsdam had also to be put down. In the conference of the officers and governors these books were examined, and a decision made. He who found his name with a dash through it, was unhappy for a whole week.

We had about ten or twelve holidays at Easter, a few days at Whitsuntide, and four weeks in the "dog-days." During these latter, every cadet who possibly could visited his parents or relatives. These visits were promoted in every way by our directors; for it appeared to them, and with justice, very important that the ties uniting the cadet with his family should not be loosened by too long an interruption of intercourse between them. The postmaster-general allowed for this purpose a considerable number of free passes, for which, in consequence of an arrangement with the commandant of the Cadet Houses, an equivalent in money was paid. This money was employed by our directors in such a manner that even the poorest cadets, who could not afford the expense of going home, received not only the amount of the actual fare, but also always a sufficient surplus for pocket-money and extra expenses.

Railroads did not then exist, and many cadets, whose parents lived in the Rhenish provinces, or in East Prussia, could only avail themselves of the long vacations for a visit, as the journey occupied some weeks. There were always left a number of poor boys, who were either orphans or had not even relatives wishing for their visit, and who had to pass their vacations in the establishment. The chiefs, however, took good care to provide some pleasure for them. At Christmas, a great number of appropriate presents were purchased, and a great Christmas-tree was lighted for

those who remained in the establishment. In a word, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the heartfelt, fatherly—nay, *motherly* kindness with which our worthy superiors treated and cared for their large family.

When I first came to Potsdam, I had no relations whom I could visit on Sunday, though now and then some friend took me with him. This was, however, soon remedied by my good luck. Once, during playing hours, I noticed an old lady in the passage of our house. Many cadets ran past her without paying any attention, but I, seeing that she was at a loss and wanted something, addressed her politely, and offered my services. She wanted to see her nephew (von Engestroem), who happened to be one of my room-mates. I therefore requested her to enter our room, and to take a chair, whilst I brought him from the playground. The old lady, a widowed Baroness von Tiesenhausen, was so pleased with my politeness, that she invited me with her nephew, and I went with him every Sunday.

In the short vacations I visited my relations in Berlin, to which place a caravan full of cadets was always despatched from our establishment. In the long vacations I went to Halberstadt, and as this was the road to Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces, it happened frequently that some fifty cadets from Berlin and Potsdam travelled at the same time in that direction; a merry, unruly crowd, who gave a great deal of

trouble—but money also—to the conductor, to whose especial care they were recommended, but with whom they did as they liked. As a delay of half a day was of no consequence in those times, we stopped wherever we pleased for an hour or so and amused ourselves splendidly.

Once when returning to Potsdam and passing Magdeburg, Mrs. General von Pfuel came to the post-office and told us that our kind Colonel von Steinwehr had died during our absence. We all shed tears, and the good lady herself, who also cried (and who had a son in the House), said, "You have good cause for tears, children, for he was a second father to you all."

Major von Eberhardt became commandant of the corps of cadets in Potsdam in his place, and the Major was replaced by a Captain Hannecke, a man who perfectly entered into the spirit of the House, and whom we soon learnt to love.

The transfer to Berlin formerly took place at Easter, but just when my turn came a change was made to the long vacation, and I had therefore to stay three months longer in Potsdam than I expected.

It was the custom, that the interior of all the royal palaces and other remarkable things in Potsdam should be shown to all those cadets who were to be transferred to Berlin. In the palace in the city I admired the splendid rooms, the chandeliers of rock crystal with their large balls, of which some had cost twenty thousand thalers; a table-

top made of one single piece of chrysoprasus, valued at thirty thousand ducats, etc. I admired also the splendid, solid-looking banister in one of the halls, which had been of pure silver, until Frederick the Great, requiring money for his wars, had converted it into thalers, leaving only intact, as a specimen of past splendour, the railing round the orchestra. In a word, we were made fully acquainted with the fact that kings are very costly to their country. In the throne-hall, I took the liberty of usurping the Prussian throne, from which I was, however, speedily removed.

Sansouci was to me the most interesting of the palaces, for every room in it reminded me of the great Fritz. In his study, which was left intact, the books were still open at that page which the king had been reading last. On the floor stood a fine bust of Charles XII. of Sweden. I sat down with awe in the armchair in which the king expired, and looked at the tortoise-shell clock which stopped at that sublime moment of its own accord, and which has not been wound up since.

The magnificent new palace, and especially the shell-hall, which cost one million of thalers, were duly admired, though that gorgeous building always gave me the impression of a grand mausoleum.

Having seen all the lions of Potsdam, we took leave of our kind officers, governors, and comrades, and with mixed feelings of regret and pleasure drove off for Berlin.

CHAPTER III.

The Cadet House in Berlin—The Field-Marshal's Hall—The sword of Emperor Napoleon—Uniform—Arms—Lessons—My captain—The other officers—Mr. Dunkel—Culm and Potsdam cadets—Mrs. Kaempf—The royal pages—Scene between General von Brause and a cadet—The lentil-conspiracy.

THE Berlin Cadet House is situated in the New Friedrich Street, and its grounds extend to the Konigsgraben (Royal canal) and many buildings belong to it. The three-storied main building forms a large square which was called the square yard, to distinguish it from the other yards. A passage led through each of the four faces of the building. The chief entrance was from the New Friedrich Street; the passage opposite to it led to the yard belonging to the household, that to the right to the hospital yard, and that to the left to the large school-yard or playground. In the latter stood the school building, which contained on its first floor the largest hall without columns in all Berlin, and the manner in which its ceiling was constructed was then looked upon as an architectural curiosity. This hall was called the "Field-Marshals' Hall," from the pictures contained in it of all the field-marshals who had ever held that

rank under the Kurfursts, or Prussian kings. On its principal wall was the picture of Frederick William III. of the size of life, and at his feet was placed the real sword of Napoleon I., a donation of old Prince Blucher, as was stated on a small brass plate cunningly covering the place in the hilt where once had been a star of diamonds. The husband of one of my cousins, Colonel von Keller, found this sword in the carriage of the Emperor which fell into his hands at Waterloo.

This hall served about the same purpose as the Betsaal in Potsdam, except that it was not used for prayers, for which a separate hall was arranged in the main building next to the "Fecht-saal," or fencing-hall.

In the large yard, which was lessened by the private garden of the general, and another close to the canal, were shady walks, and near them different arrangements for gymnastics.

The three hundred cadets in Berlin were divided into four companies, which again were sub-divided into brigades and rooms. There were no large dormitories; the bed-rooms were adjoining the sitting-rooms, and wash-stands were in them. Each cadet had his desk and cupboard underneath, and the wardrobes, containing the firelocks, swords, and cartridge-boxes, were in the passages.

There were no governors in Berlin, but each company had one officer more than in Potsdam, and a gentleman (generally a candidate of theo-

logy) called the "Repetent" (Repetitor). The whole corps was commanded by General von Brause, who again was under the orders of Lieutenant-General von Holtzendorff, the chief of all military educational establishments in Prussia.

The uniform of the Berlin cadets was nearly the same as that in Potsdam, except that they had white instead of red shoulder-pieces, and on their shakos a piece of whalebone, almost a yard long, around which was wound black horsehair—manufactured in a similar manner to the fur boas once worn by ladies—ugly things, which were very inconvenient, especially in windy weather, but which were then worn by all the guards, even by the cavalry.

The Berlin cadets had also infantry swords worn over the shoulder on black, lacquered bandoleers. For drilling they had firelocks with bayonets of a small size and cartridge-boxes, which were, however, innocent of cartridges, as shooting with these firelocks would have been very dangerous to their owners.

To each company was attached an invalided army drummer; and an invalid band of about one dozen pensioners who were allowed to breathe away their lives melodiously.

In Potsdam all signals were given by a bell; but in Berlin by the drum; for everything was here more strictly military. The new arrivals from the Cadet Houses of Culm and Potsdam were drilled with the firelock by elder cadets; and in

order to learn guard duties, a guard of cadets mounted now and then.

The number of the professors and teachers employed in the Cadet Houses amounted, all told, to about fifty. At their head at that time was the celebrated geographer Professor Ritter, as director of the studies.

I cannot say much in praise of the manner of teaching. Most professors went through their "pensum" year after year, and cared but little whether their pupils learnt anything or not; that was the business of the pupils; for if not industrious, they did not pass their examination, and could not enter the army as officers.

In this establishment that spirit of fatherly care and love was generally wanting, which prevailed in such a praiseworthy manner in Potsdam; and I am certainly not far wrong if I describe this deficiency to the indifference and negligence of the general. Had not the four commanders of the companies been very able and worthy men, the Berlin Cadet House would have been very badly off.

I was posted to the fourth company, under the command of Captain Roberts. He was a little, spare man, with a somewhat sarcastic expression about his mouth. At first sight his appearance was not prepossessing; but he was an excellent man, under whose quiet and cool exterior lay concealed not only a great deal of common sense and knowledge of mankind, but also a most excellent heart.

He was always the same in his behaviour. Though I never saw him really laugh, he was neither repulsive nor even of a saturnine temper; his face had always a sarcastic expression which now and then gave place to a shadow of a smile, which, in rare cases, was followed by three low notes, which bore some slight resemblance to a laugh. When this man looked at you, you felt that he looked right to the bottom of your heart. It was utterly impossible to cheat him; he read your very thoughts.

He was never excited, and very rarely elevated his voice. If he had to punish he always did so in the most quiet manner. His admonitions were rare, but then always—at least to me—well meant and fatherly. After a scolding from him one did not go away angry; on the contrary, it left a feeling of gratitude and satisfaction in the heart. Nobody understood better than he how to judge and treat his cadets according to their individual characters.

Our first lieutenant was Mr. Mannkopf, whom I knew already in Potsdam, from whence he had been promoted. He was much quicker than the captain, and though strict, never unjust. We feared him, for he was everywhere, and saw everything; and I, who boasted of my wariness, was brought to shame by him.

Our second lieutenant, von Kozierowski, was a very pleasant man, tall, with a broad forehead, a somewhat sarcastic expression, and remarkably

large, fine teeth, which he showed frequently. We liked him much, and he became my particular friend.

When our third lieutenant shot himself, he was replaced by rather a young man, who enjoyed our society, and romped with us as if he were one of us. He became our favourite.

The Repetitors were utterly useless creatures, who seemed to be only there to serve as butts for the cadets. The officers cared little for them, and the cadets less. The repetition lessons they gave now and then were merely for show, and were not of the slightest use. These gentlemen were all theologians, and did not know how to manage young soldiers, and sons of soldiers, and sometimes cringed to those cadets whose fathers had the disposal of good livings, and so made themselves despicable.

The Repetitor of our company was a well-matured candidate of theology of the appropriate name of Dunkel (dark). He wore his coarse sandy-coloured hair very long, had a very prominent nose, curious eyes, a square pale face, and a sepulchral voice; and as he always spoke very loud, it sounded as if he were speaking from a distance through a speaking-trumpet. He was in the habit of pronouncing the rich diphthongs of the German language very full, and of expressing himself not only in very choice phrases, but also in the peculiar style of Luther's translation of the Bible. He was the butt of the cadets,

and although by no means stupid, he was certainly a little cracked.

In the Berlin Cadet House I found, of course, many acquaintances among all those who had been transferred from Potsdam during the two previous years. There were, however, also a number of cadets who had entered the establishment in Berlin from some college, and nearly half of them came from Culm.

At the confluence of the Main and Rhine, the waters of both may be distinguished far down the Rhine. It was the same in the Berlin Cadet House; even after years you could, on looking at a cadet, tell at once whether he had been in the establishment of Potsdam or of Culm. I could detect it even in officers, which may serve as a proof that the time between his tenth and fourteenth year is the most important in forming the character of a young man.

The Cadet House in Culm was under the command of a Major von Chapuis, a very severe man, who was said to have conducted that establishment on a very different system from that in Potsdam.

The cadets in Culm lacked many of the advantages we enjoyed in Potsdam. Culm is a little town in West Prussia, and only few families lived there who received visits from cadets. There was no great city near it, and on account of the long journeys in those days, the Culm cadets could only rarely see their families.

The "Potsdamer" were therefore, for the greater part, more polished and well-bred than the "Culmers," who mostly looked rather awkward and country-like, so that we Potsdamers always teased them, by saying, that they had been freshly caught in pitched boots in the Prussian forests, like wild monkeys in Brazil.

But on the other hand, the Culmer looked stronger and healthier, especially as on their arrival they were sunburnt, from having made their journey from Culm partly on foot at the hottest time of the year.

Those among them who had no opportunity of getting rid of their roughness by mixing in Berlin society, took it with them to their regiments, and generally became good service officers, but rarely ornaments for the drawing-room. In knowledge, industry, and good behaviour, however, I think the Culmer had the advantage over their more refined comrades from Potsdam.

It was natural that the new comers should associate chiefly with their old acquaintances, but after a time those kept together who were in the same class.

There existed a certain animosity between the officers' and ensigns' classes, which sometimes led to serious quarrels. In the latter were those cadets who, on account of their age, were to enter the army next term, without being advanced enough in their knowledge to be admitted to the officers' examination. They were therefore pre-

pared for the examination as ensigns, and those who were unable to pass had to enter as corporals, whilst those who were plucked in the officers' examination entered at least as ensigns.

Before the fencing lessons, both parties walked in the square yard in long rows and arm-in-arm, their rapiers in their hands. In consequence of this collisions frequently occurred from which sometimes resulted real battles, in which many wounds were dealt out before the officers succeeded in separating the combatants. The lower classes proved equally pugnacious, and encountered each other *en masse*, with this difference however, that only natural weapons were used.

In our fencing lessons we never wore wire vizors, and when in winter the exercise with the rapiers—broadswords—commenced, many cadets were to be seen with deep and long gashes in their faces, or provided by Mr. Kaempf with an abundance of sticking-plaister.

This Mr. Kaempf, one of the two surgeons who were attached to the Cadet House, was a funny little fellow, between thirty and forty, with a thin face of the colour of sticking-plaister, and little legs, curiously curved like those of a rococco table. To the superficial observer he seemed to be a very modest and even humble person, but he who understood how to read his not over clean and curiously-wrinkled face, might suspect that he deemed himself an unappreciated genius.

I was amusing myself once in the hospital with

oil-painting, when the major of the second company, von Scheliha, visited some of his cadets. He became interested in my endeavours, and was so friendly as to offer that I should take part in the private lessons which were given to the eldest Prince Byron of Curland, by a landscape-painter, Mr. W. Bruck, of Berlin.

The prince wore the uniform of the cadets, but had his own room, and was placed under the especial direction of the major. In a similar relation to the Cadet House stood a Prince Solms-Braunfels, who was related to the royal family, and already wore the uniform of an officer. However, he generally attended at lessons in citizens' dress, but whenever not quite sure of his mathematics, he put on his uniform, with the badge of the Order of the Guelphs, because, although Lieutenant Gerwien, who was very strict, had not the least regard for a princely sluggard, he respected an officer's epaulettes so much, that he dared not scold their wearer.

Prince Byron was about two years older than myself, and as many feet taller; he was a very good boy, and though he liked to tease me a little, we got on very well together.

Our painting lessons took place in his rooms during parade, and if Mr. Bruck were prevented from coming, which was frequently the case, we amused ourselves with fencing, or making excursions into the then deserted school-house, whither we were attracted by the treasures stored away

in the loft. Here were put aside all damaged or antiquated instruments, skulls, skeletons, and curiosities, and also the forgotten remnants of a zoological cabinet. This precious room was locked up, but the prince had discovered, in a partition near the staircase, a board which could be removed by taking out a big nail, which was replaced afterwards. The prince, who was afraid of getting into difficulties with his governor, soon gave up these excursions, but my curiosity was not half satisfied, and I afterwards availed myself frequently of this convenient entrance.

The custodian of this place was a queer old fellow whom we liked to tease; and when once in his curiosity-shop, I amused myself by turning all the stuffed birds with their bills towards the wall, and by making some other equally judicious changes, enjoying by anticipation the astonishment of old Hartwig.

He did not say a word, however, but at my next visit, seeing the former order restored, I disturbed it again with great patience and industry. When I met the old man, he seemed lost in thought, and when I asked him what troubled his mind, he only shook his head in a mournful manner.

When I had repeated the same trick for the third time, and had but just finished, Hartwig—who probably had been on the watch and had heard a noise—suddenly entered, and I had scarcely time to hide behind a huge black bear,

which stood there in an upright position, such as is always assumed by that animal when advancing to attack.

Hartwig looked around, and on discovering nothing except that all the birds had again turned tail, he shook his head gravely, and blinked suspiciously at the monkeys and other beasts that stared at him. This was towards evening, and the light in the room becoming uncertain, not much fancy was required to imagine that (as he afterwards asserted) the monkeys made faces at him, and the birds spitefully whisked their tails.

Becoming aware, from my retreat, of the confusion of the old fellow, and suspecting that he might perhaps be frightened, a sudden idea struck me. I commenced growling in a voice as deep as I could assume. Hartwig turned round as if electrified; and with such a ludicrous face that I could scarcely forbear bursting out laughing, he stared at the grim old bear, only a few paces from him, and sufficiently large to cover my slim figure completely. In case of need I might have escaped at once to some dark corner, and have slipped unperceived through my cat hole; or if Hartwig had mustered courage enough to attack the bear, I might have thrown it upon him and so have escaped. However, I growled again, and taking hold of the shaggy coat of the bear with both my hands, I moved it gently to the right and left. The face of the poor fellow became on a sudden very long and pale, and his old eyes doubled their

size. Staring with all his might at the lively beast, he cautiously retreated a few steps, and then ran as fast as he could out of the door, which he locked with trembling hands. I slipped out unperceived, and from that time Hartwig was fully convinced that the store-room was haunted.

The thing made some noise, and though my captain would have laughed at my freak, the general would have seized on the opportunity to punish me severely; I therefore kept away from the loft.

The general could not forget that I had come to the Cadet House against his express will, and many times he had manifested his aversion to me. Whenever my captain proposed some favour for me, which depended on the general, it was always without success.

In olden times a Page House had existed, but in modern days the pages were taken from the Berlin Cadet House, and ordered to the royal court whenever solemnities took place, or crowned heads were on a visit. The king and the married princes had their body-pages; the other princes were attended by court-pages. For foreign crowned heads extra body-pages were appointed. At state dinners the pages had to stand behind the chairs of the princes, and to present to them the dishes which they received from the hands of the servants, and in processions they had to bear the train of the royal princesses.

The uniforms of some of the body-pages were

very brilliant. White kersemere breeches, silk stockings and escarpins, scarlet uniforms embroidered with gold, golden epaulettes, swords, and cocked hats.

It was not only very amusing to be a page, but also profitable, for the princes generally presented their pages with their officer's outfit, and foreign sovereigns made them very valuable presents.

My captain had proposed me several times, but I was always rejected. When Nicholas of Russia came for the first time to Berlin as an emperor, it fell to my captain to propose a body-page for him. He proposed me, but the general said that I was much too lively, and that it would distract me too much from my studies. He selected the son of one of the king's aides-de-camp, though he had not even attained the proper age. The emperor presented him with a magnificent ring, and a watch set with diamonds.

The following incident may serve as an illustration of the general's character.

A little fellow of the lowest class, who was one of my room-mates, had become notorious by his great laziness, and the general resolved to try the remedy of a good whipping. As he had been threatened with this punishment before, the little cadet prepared for it by grinding his sword.

One day, when I had stayed away from parade from some cause or other, I saw little W. in great excitement, rushing up the staircase. Asking him what was the matter, he only answered by

brandishing his sword, which he had taken from the stand. He ran into one of the rooms, which he locked after him, and from there to the adjoining bed-room, which had no egress to the corridor. As the bed-room door could not be locked, he barricaded it by means of iron bedsteads, and thus fortified he waited for the enemy.

Directly after him, but walking leisurely, came the old sergeant, who had to act as provost. He confirmed my suspicions by telling me that W. was to "have something hot." But as W. had no appetite for that dish, and refused to surrender his citadel, the sergeant returned to the parade-ground to report to the general, who soon arrived, very much ruffled, and accompanied by Lieutenant Hennig, of our company. However, the summons of the general had no better success; but, discovering a window over the door of the sitting-room, the general ordered a servant to get through it, and to open the door from inside, which was accordingly done.

As I felt much curiosity to witness the end of the affair, I took good care not to be seen by the general. The door of the bed-room was opened, and the barricade removed. The passage thus became free, but little W. brandished his sword, and threatened to cut over the head any-one who should dare to enter. The lieutenant ventured in, but returned rather hastily, with his arm bleeding. The general was furious; he advanced, saying, "I would like to see whether that

little fellow dares——" but his speech was cut short by a blow on his head, which caused him to retreat precipitately, though it only damaged his cocked hat and feather tuft, for of course the general could not think of drawing his sword against a child.

The courageous little fellow shed hot tears, but said that he would rather be killed than submit to the disgrace of corporal punishment, and the general commenced negociating. He promised that W. should not be flogged, on condition only that he surrendered and gave up his sword. The cadet trusted the word of his general, surrendered, and received a merciless whipping.

This scene happened in the same room, in the third story, in which, some ten or twelve years before, another cadet was also required to submit to corporal punishment. He jumped out of the window and broke his neck! In former times, whipping was of daily occurrence in the Cadet House, but during my stay the case I have related was the only one of which I heard.

A rebellion once took place in the house which is known in its annals as the "Lentil conspiracy."

The commissariat in Berlin was not nearly so good as in Potsdam. For breakfast, only a small bad roll, without butter or coffee or tea, was given. The dinners and suppers were similar to those in Potsdam, but very badly cooked. Lentils are not much eaten in England, but they are very good food if properly prepared; those in the Cadet

House in Berlin were so bad that nobody would eat them. As all complaints were of no avail, a general fermentation—not among the lentils, but among the cadets—was the natural consequence.

Once between lessons, when we were always for a few minutes in the yard, an influential cadet of the first class went round and whispered dark counsel into our ears, seasoned with the still darker threat, "Whoever should touch the lentils at dinner should enjoy such a drubbing as he had not had in all his life!" a notice not superfluous to some gluttons.

Dinner-time arrived. The soup was eaten in peace, but the officer of the day might have been aware by the whispering and the general excitement, that something unusual was going on. When the lentils were served up, each senior of a room laid the ladle in the dish. The cadet-corporal of the day put on his cap, went up to the wondering officer, whilst in the ensuing stillness you might have heard a pin drop, and reported in a loud voice, "Lieutenant, the cadets have dined." When the officer exclaimed, "But nobody is eating!" all three hundred cadets burst into laughter that might have been heard a mile off.

The perplexed officer went out, but returned directly with the company-chief of the day (Major von Schelika), who did not say a word, and only ordered the cadets to rise, and to march to their quarters as usual.

The excitement may be imagined, for the re-

port was spread that the despised lentils would be dished up again and again until hunger should force them down the throats of the revolting youngsters. All who had money went to the company-sutler and fortified themselves; the fearful were encouraged, and the hungry hoped for supper.

Supper-time came, and on the table appeared the warmed-up lentils. This was critical, but nobody touched the dish. The affair became more and more interesting; it must needs be carried through, lest the whole corps should make themselves ridiculous. The thing waxed, however, still more critical when the sutlers received the strictest orders not sell anything to the cadets.

At dinner next day the same lentils, looking now still less inviting, appeared again, and with them the general, looking as black as a thunder-cloud, followed by all the officers of the corps. Many of us looked uneasily at our empty plates; but nobody touched the lentils. The general asked one of the cadets why he did not eat? He answered, "General, such food is not fit to eat."

"You would have been glad," said the general, "if you had had such for dinner at home."

The offended cadet retorted, "General, you may be assured that the table kept by my parents is better than your own."

A box on the ear was the result of this speech.

A box on the ear to a cadet who was, perhaps, to enter the army as an officer in a few months, was a thing unheard-of in the House; and when

the report of it spread like fire from table to table, it caused immense excitement, and the hubbub became so serious that the officers only succeeded with some difficulty in allaying it; they themselves looked indignant.

The end of the matter was, that the general ordered the cadets to their quarters without saying anything more; but the captains assembled their companies, preached them a severe sermon, and announced that all the graduates, such as "grenadiers," lance corporals, and corporals, were forbidden to leave the Cadet House for four weeks, and that the riding lessons were to be discontinued for that time.

Our demonstration had, however, the desired effect; the obnoxious lentils did not appear any more on our table.

I was sitting as merry as a cricket in the cellar at our sutler's, who sold eatables to her favourites, notwithstanding the prohibition, when I was startled by the voice of my captain from the cellar window, informing the woman that she might again resume her sale. I at once leant back; but my lynx-eyed captain caught a glimpse of the points of my boots, and leaning forward and recognizing my face, said, in his usual dry, sarcastic tone, "Please to go at once to the corporal of the day and request him to be kind enough to lock you up in arrest," which conclusion to the affair disgusted me somewhat with rebellions.

CHAPTER IV.

The lessons—Our teachers—Monsieur Lefevre—Licutenant G. the mathematician—Professor Ziesemer—Dr. Loebell — Rev. Deibel — Rev. S. — Gymnastics—Vaulting, turning, and fencing—Surveying — Promotions — The General's revenge—Professor Ritter — Major von Brandt — The great examination — My family in Berlin—My cousin the major—The little Privy Counsellor and his Juno—Aunt Arnim— Valeria—My brothers—An adventure in Tivoli—The testimony of maturity—Colonel von Brunnow—The appointment—The General's last kick—Departure.

For school purposes the cadets were divided into four classes which were again subdivided, though the same lessons, sometimes by different professors, were given in each of such subdivisions. The only exceptions were formed by the second and third classes A, where those cadets who had already reached their sixteenth year without being advanced enough for the first class, were prepared for the ensigns' examination. For lessons in some branches, all the subdivisions of a class were combined.

On my arrival in Berlin I was assigned to the third class, D. There we were instructed in a new branch—the knowledge of arms. Field fortification was taught in the second, and per-

manent fortification in the first class; and in the latter also attack and defence of fortresses.

It is curious that in no class of people are more originals to be found than among teachers. We had plenty of them in the Berlin Cadet House.

One of them was Mr. Lefevre, among the several other French professors. The report was current amongst us that he was a Parisian tailor; but there existed no proof of it, except his tailor-like fancies. He could not see a button without pocketing it, and the natural consequence was that he found them everywhere. It was amusing to see the manner in which he approached them, and the cunning with which he appropriated them. Before his lesson some wag always drew a pair of tailor's scissors, or a goose on the black board. He would look at it for a few moments, and then wipe it out furiously.

Lieutenant G., a young officer with a fine crop of fair curls over a death's-head-like face, was our *bête noire*, and he was feared so much that most of us forgot all we had learnt, as soon as he called us to the board to solve a mathematical problem. In all my life I have never been so much afraid of any man as of Lieutenant G. He was, however, an excellent teacher, and took great pains to prepare us for all emergencies in the examination.

I prepared myself for his lessons with the utmost care, and often rose for that purpose at

two o'clock a.m.; but notwithstanding this, and my special liking for mathematics, such was my nervousness that I could rarely satisfy him. Whenever he complained about me to my captain, leave was refused me to go out on Sundays, until the lieutenant was satisfied. This was to me the most severe deprivation imaginable.

A very queer fellow also was old Professor Ziesemer, who had taught geography for about thirty years in the Cadet House, and went as regularly through his course as a horse in a tan-mill. The past and the present were frequently confounded by him; and it sometimes happened that he mistook the son for his father, who had been his pupil twenty years ago, and who was perhaps already a colonel. Still he used to say, "He is a bad teacher who does not know all about his pupils in six weeks."

When in the second class I took lessons in modern history from Dr. Loebell, who became afterwards professor of history in Bonn. His lectures were highly interesting, scarcely less so than himself. We liked him much, but that did not protect him in the least from our tricks; but we were extremely sorry when we lost him by his promotion.

The strange name of the clergyman of the Cadet House was Deibel, which is the low German word for Teufel (devil). A rural commune refused him, saying that they did not want the devil for a parson. He accepted a place in the Jerusalem

Church in Berlin, but continued to be our teacher in literature. He did not endeavour to make us learn a dry history of the literature of all nations by rote, but made us acquainted with the authors by their best works, which he recommended or read to us in a masterly manner, with comments. Shakespeare was his favourite author.

Of all my teachers I liked the Rev. Deibel best, and I shall never cease to think of him with reverence and love, for to the germs he laid in my heart during his three years' teaching, I owe everything good which may be in it.

He was replaced as minister of the Cadet House by the Rev. Sydow, a man who still holds a high position in the church, and belongs to that class of respectable clergymen who try to check the baneful influence of those canting fanatics who rule in Prussia under the protection of Mr. Muehler, the present secretary of ecclesiastical affairs.

Mr. Deibel was, however, far superior to him, and after having had religious instructions from him and heard his excellent sermons, one could not help smiling at Sydow's common-place teaching, which differed little from the usual humdrum cant, only that it assumed a somewhat milder form. He was very young then, however, and has become a different man, deserving the respect that is given to him by all who think highly of true religion, though logic is not his forte.

Music was taught to those who paid for it, but they were very few; however, singing lessons were given to all who desired it, by old music-director Leidel, a complete enthusiast.

We sometimes had concerts in the Field-Marshals' Hall, at which we performed; and one of us, a son of General von Pfuel, had a most excellent voice, which equalled any prima-donna of the Berlin opera. This lasted unfortunately only for a short time, but I heard him sing all the bravura airs then in vogue with a skill not to be surpassed.

We had no teacher in gymnastics, except in vaulting, the art of "turning" having been transmitted in a traditional manner from one generation of cadets to another.

Fencing was taught by three most excellent masters, Messrs. Quanz and Flemming, each nearly eighty years old, and the younger, Mr. Beneke, whose skill was then unsurpassed in Berlin. This last was my teacher, and I learnt much from him; whenever there was a public display, he matched me against the best men selected by the other masters from amongst their pupils.

When the summer holidays approached, we cadets belonging to the second class, received instructions in practical surveying, by a captain of engineers, Mr. Kuehne. For this purpose we scoured the country around Berlin every day for several weeks, and to refresh ourselves went to one of the many beer-gardens; amusing ourselves

with eating, and drinking, and playing at billiards. These unusual liberties had a great charm for us, and we looked forward to the time for surveying with great pleasure.

Soon after this came the day when a number of cadets had to leave for the army, and the rest were promoted to higher classes. All the classes had to form in the school-yard. The first class was of course wanting. The general and all officers were present, and each name was called. I had not the slightest idea of the mortification which was in store for me. To the right and left my comrades stepped over to the new first class; not one remained of the whole second class—except unfortunate me. My name was not called by the general.

Some weeks before this, I had been punished very severely for some childish offence by being suspended from my rank as "grenadier;" and had to re-enter the company for a time, without however losing my badge. I had believed that the affair would thus have ended, but the general was of a far different opinion, and wanted to prevent my entering the army as an officer next year. For this purpose he placed me in the second class, it was the ensign class, in which I could not learn anything, having already been a whole year in the second class.

When the general went down the front of the newly-formed classes, and approached me, I took courage, stepped out of the line, and said:

"General, all my comrades have been promoted, but me; did the teachers not promote me?"

"The teachers all promoted you," he said, with a very forbidding expression; "but you are no subject for the first class!" With that he went on.

This harshness and injustice, which, however, was blamed by all teachers and officers of the Cadet House, produced a great change in me. I became nearly desperate, and wanted to be revenged; but as the originator of my disgrace was above my reach, I found a strange kind of pleasure in directing this revenge, as it were, against myself.

My new comrades in my class received me with great kindness, and I gained the more influence with them as I assisted them frequently in their tasks, which were no novelty to me.

As the cadets of this class might expect to enter the army as non-commissioned officers, if passing the ensign examination, they found, curiously enough, a pleasure in assuming a rude manner, which, in the language of the army, was called "commis maessig," which however was repugnant to my taste. But as all my application and good behaviour had been without avail, and no chance was open of entering the army as an officer, I did not care what happened, and it was now my ambition to distinguish myself by doing reckless and, for cadets, dangerous things. Whenever there was anything foolish on foot, I was sure to be engaged in it; but was

never caught now, though less cautious than ever.

The large cellars of the main building had an especial attraction for me. There we had instituted a kind of secret tribunal (vehmgericht). "Anpetzer" (tell-tales) and "coblers" were surprised in the darkness, dragged to the cellar—gas-lights were only later introduced—and treated by unseen hands, to a sound drubbing.

My captain had never spoken to me about the mortification to which I had been subjected, but he gave me the significant advice to take a little heed of the lessons of the first class by looking over the task-books of my friends there, in order, as he said, to be able soon to pass my examination as an officer, after entering the army as an ensign. I followed his advice.

In the autumn, when the surveying excursions were to be resumed for the first class, from which I was now to be excluded, my good friend, Lieutenant von Koezierowski, one day assembled the whole first class, and the result of his address to them was that they sent a deputation to the general to request my transfer. This petition, supported by my captain, by all officers and teachers, could not well be disregarded, and he had to comply with it, probably thinking, as some of my enemies in the first class also said, that after having lost the lessons of several months, I should not be able to come up with the rest, and should not pass my officer's examination.

I therefore entered the first class, and resumed my place in the division of grenadiers that stood on the right wing of the cadets, and marched at their head. This division was, according to old custom, always commanded by the eldest grenadier, whilst the four companies were each commanded by a portépée-corporal (a cadet-corporal permitted to wear the silver portépée.) On my appearing again amongst the grenadiers, I therefore took my place, which nobody disputed. When, at a parade, we defiled past the general, he did not like to see me at the head of the corps of cadets, and managed that a fifth portépée-corporal should be appointed to command the division of grenadiers.

In the combined first class, Professor Ritter lectured on the currents in the sea; Lieutenant von Forstner, a very learned man, instructed us in physics, and in many other sciences connected with them. His lectures were highly interesting and amusing, on account of the many experiments.

Major von Brandt, in his French lectures, treated of the history of war. As all our French professors were not good teachers, many cadets found great difficulty in understanding the major, who spoke very fast, and was extremely lively. In his interesting lectures, the words, *pêle-mêle*, *ventre à terre*, *bride abattue*, etc., played a very prominent part, and a narrative of a cavalry fight was almost entirely composed of them.

Reading was my passion, but I generally read under the direction of Rev. Deibel, and learnt far

more by reading than by the lessons. We had in the Cadet-House an excellent library, from which every cadet could get books on a permit from an officer. I am sorry to say that the cadets did not avail themselves much of this library. I, however, read not only novels, but strategical works, history, memoirs, travels, and philosophical books.

When the much-dreaded time of the examination approached, the cadets of the first class were to be seen over their books at two or three o'clock a.m., and "oxing," as hard studying was called in the Cadet-House, which was still surpassed by the higher degree of "buffaloing." The poor fellows became quite thin and pale, but not much wiser, as they came tired to the lessons, and were scarcely able to keep their eyes open. I only got up when the dreadful, fair-curled mathematician threatened an examination; I laughed at the others, slept as long as possible, and was bright and wide awake during lessons. My comrades shook their heads when they saw me reading so many books which had nothing whatever to do with the examinations, and said, "Well, you may laugh, but you will not laugh after the examination! The trash you are reading will not help you through."

First, we had to pass a very severe preliminary examination. That over, the long-dreaded day arrived at last, when the officers' examination was to commence, for they required a fortnight to squeeze out of us the knowledge we had imbibed

in the last six years. The beginning was made with an oral examination, for which purpose we had to go to the building of the Military Examination Commission, at the head of which was General von Steinwehr, the brother of the former excellent chief of the Potsdam Cadet-House.

Here we were examined in divisions of five or six, and as good luck would have it I was the last of a row of cadets who were utterly innocent of the invention of gunpowder. In the land of the blind the one-eyed is king, and my little light shone like a star of the first order. The general, who was interested in my fate, sat down opposite me when we were examined in geography. He was agreeably surprised to find how well I was acquainted with North America, especially the country about the Hudson, Delaware, etc., and with the character of its inhabitants. When, however, we came to Germany, the general took a little nap, and when he awoke again he found me floundering in the river-net of the Danube, and wondered very much to find me so well acquainted with America and so little with a native river, the shores of which, unfortunately, had not produced a Cooper.

The examination in writing took place in our Field-Marshal's hall. For each branch an hour and a half was given. We were examined in history, geography, French, Latin, mathematics, surveying, tactics, fortification, etc. The historical task was rather in disproportion to the time given for

it; it was "The history of the Eighteenth Century with especial reference to the Seven Years' War."

I went through all my tasks extremely well except that of political geography. In this I was expected to describe minutely the whole country between the rivers Moselle, Rhine, Maas, and Scheldt, of which I knew very little. A friend passed me a map, but as detection by the Argus-eyed old captain who attended would have been utter ruin, I declined, and preferred to leave the sheet blank, thus acknowledging my ignorance.

Until our fate was decided I lived with the sister of my father, Baroness Arnim, who was of the very reasonable opinion that some recreation was required after my hard work, and very liberally filled my purse for that purpose.

I have not spoken yet of my relatives in Berlin, with whom I was on very friendly terms, and of whom I saw a great deal during the six years passed in Potsdam and Berlin.

I had been only a few weeks in Potsdam, at Whitsuntide, 1824, when a first cousin of mine, a major in the guards, in Berlin, sent his chasseur to fetch me. He was the smartest major in the guards, and his wife, the adopted daughter of my uncle Arnim, one of the handsomest ladies of Berlin. Both received me very kindly, and the elegance of their house and style of life pleased me much.

The mother of the major, widow of a general, and my father's brother, lived also at that time in Berlin with his two handsome daughters, of whom my favourite, the youngest, was a canoness of Heiligengrabe, and looked exceedingly pretty with her ribbon, and the beautiful badge of her order.

The daughter of another brother of my father was married to a Privy Councillor in the War Department. This cousin had been a very celebrated beauty, but being poor was glad to accept this husband, who was an excellent man, though not reaching much above her waist. It was most amusing to observe this ill-matched couple. She, with her fine, tall, graceful figure, stately bearing, and large dark blue eyes, looked like a Juno. He had a very large bald head, and a piping voice. Speaking to his wife, he had to stand on tiptoe, and his thin voice was always, as it were, beseeching, while she patted his shining pate, and answered in her deep contralto in the manner in which a mother speaks to her little boy.

This modest little man was the beast of burden of the War Department, and worked from morning till night. He was very obliging; and, as he had great influence with the government, it was advisable to cultivate his acquaintance.

The generally acknowledged head of our family was then Baroness Arnim. As her husband died

without issue, his large estates returned to the Arnims; but she had a fortune of her own, and he had moreover, amply provided for her, and she was generally believed to be far richer than she really was. She kept a carriage and footmen, and a very comfortable home. Everything in it was in good style; and though she was rather economical, she was by no means stingy, and I always felt extremely happy with her.

The Baroness was a most excellent, sensible person, liked and respected by every one: of middle height, and just stout enough to look as a lady of some fifty years of age ought to look. Her grey hair was covered by a simple cap; beneath her rather dark eyebrows sparkled a pair of brown eyes, which were not large, but had a very straightforward honest expression, though they could look sometimes quite roguish. Her nose was a complete Corvin nose, like that in the picture of my grandfather in her drawing-room, not thin and small, but rather substantial, with a little curve in the middle. Her cheeks were flat, like those of my father. Her mouth, of which the upper lip protruded the least little bit, corresponded with the honest and kind expression of her eyes. There was mind and character in that dear face.

Honest and noble in the widest meaning of the word in all her feelings, her actions were strictly honest, noble, and kind. She would become very much excited on hearing of a bad or unjust action; but notwithstanding this, she was

never harsh in her judgments of others. Though by no means easily affected, she sympathized much with the misfortune of others; and if a person she loved were concerned, took it so much to heart that it made her ill. Therefore she was afraid of nothing so much as of strong emotions, and as she grew older she kept them from her with such care that it sometimes gave her the appearance of hardness and egotism, from which, indeed, old age is rarely quite free. Notwithstanding this, she was by no means nervous or faint-hearted, but had a courageous mind, and was in every respect a worthy daughter of a noble, warlike race. She would never have tried to dissuade any man of her family from encountering danger if she loved him ever so much; for she despised nothing more than cowardice. She was not afraid of wounds, and was in possession of a family secret, a kind of spell, which had been handed down from generation to generation, and which a man could only communicate to a woman of the family, and *vice versâ*, and which my aunt communicated to me. It is a means of stilling the blood of a wound at once, and causing it to heal well, and without much pain. However, it must be added that it is not merely a spell, but that some manipulation is combined with it. She read every morning before breakfast the "Morning blessing," as she called it, from an excellent prayer-book of Witschel, or a chapter of Zschokke's "Stunden der Andacht." "Pietists"

were a horror to her; and her favourite preacher was the Rev. Deibel, whose church was always crowded with people of the highest rank.

She had a great love and reverence for King Frederick William III., and as she did not go to court, she sometimes went to the theatre simply to see him. This attachment and a little gout caused her to visit Tœplitz every year, which place was also visited by the king, who took great notice of her, and once opened the balls of the season with her, which honour gratified her greatly.

I have said that my aunt was very prudent in money matters, and she was very much pleased when she could obtain some small profit by selling out some of her funds at the proper time. As she once made a *coup* which brought her some thousands, she was thought very much of in her own set. When, therefore, any financial crisis threatened, many old dowagers assembled at her house to hear the oracle. Amongst them were Excellency Beville, the Baronesses Reck, Krummensee, the wife of President von Scheve, who was a great stock-jobber, and a number of other old ladies who had been young in the youthful days of my aunt.

It was a rich treat to be present at these political sabbaths, and I enjoyed it frequently. The politics which were discussed there would have puzzled a Palmerston, and their respective courts would have been highly astonished to hear the

manner in which Russians, Poles, Belgians, and Spaniards, were treated; however, these names were only intended to designate the various names of the public funds of these nations.

I once amused myself with making notes of one such scene, portraying all the persons from life. When I read it to my aunt, imitating the voice and manner of the actors, she was at first a little vexed, but soon burst out laughing, calling me an irreverent little scamp.

My aunt had an old friend who had been with her in Heiligengrabe, and who remained a canoness until her death. She was a Baroness von Retzdorf, but was called by all our family "Aunt Retzy." She had all the good qualities of my aunt, perhaps in a still higher degree, but was satisfied with the second place. In this matrimony of friendship, as I might call the relation between the two ladies, my aunt was the husband, she the wife.

Whenever my aunt changed her lodgings, Aunt Retzy moved also, and if she could not get apartments in the same house, she managed to have them across the street or close by. Early in the morning she came over to my aunt's and stayed with her all day. Though she was not rich, she would not accept any favours from my aunt, and went so far as even to bring with her, in a little basket, the small allowance of wine which she took at dinner by order of the doctor. We all loved "Aunt Retzy" very much, and whenever a difficulty arose in the family, she was appealed to,

and set matters right. Their friendship was so generally known, that they were always invited together.

In the house of my aunt I felt more at home than anywhere else. Both these excellent old ladies took the greatest interest in everything concerning me, and studied how to give me pleasure; in fact, when staying in the house, my little person formed the motive for all arrangements.

My aunt gave frequent parties, at which, notwithstanding my youth, I had to act as the master of the house, and to receive the guests. She sometimes even gave dancing-parties, and others which counted as extras, and at which the rules were suspended that were laid down for those parties given by the ladies of my aunt's set each in their turn. As amongst them some were very rich, and others less wealthy, it was agreed, therefore, that no choice wines were to be served, no chandeliers to be lighted, and other little things were omitted which would have made these parties too expensive for the less affluent, which was indeed a very sensible arrangement.

I enjoyed nothing more than attending at a council of war between the two friends before these parties. In those days people amused themselves far less with music than is the fashion at present, and their principal amusement was playing at cards. In this council it had not only to be decided who were persons to be invited, but

the card-tables had to be arranged beforehand, that is, the sets of persons who should play together. The points which had to be considered in these arrangements, always reminded me of the embarrassment of the ferryman who had to carry a wolf, a goat, and a large head of cabbage across the river, and whose skiff was so small that he could only take in one of the three at once, and had to take care not to leave goat and cabbage, or goat and wolf on shore together. The reasons why this or that person could not be placed in this or that set were sometimes so original and funny, that my uproarious laughter interrupted the serious consultations. On these occasions the secret history of all the noble families and their diplomatic relations to each other were related. These subjects were never treated with malice, but only as facts to be seriously considered.

At that time fashionable young ladies wore, at balls, very narrow, and long waists, low dresses, bare arms, and enormous "gigot" sleeves, puffed up by means of cushions filled with down. On their heads enormous high combs of tortoise-shell were worn, overtopped by three immense puffs of hair, similar to the feathers of the Prince of Wales, and on each side of the head clustered a bunch of stiff curls as big as the sleeves. To see a lady, and especially a little lady, thus arrayed, in a *pas seul* in a quadrille, was indeed a sight.

When I was in the Berlin Cadet House, an old lady owned the house under the Linden at the corner of the fine square before the Brandenburg gate, afterwards occupied by the English legation. This old lady, the widow of a Lieutenant-general von Saldem, was very rich, exceedingly old, and very much respected. Her saloons were open every night, and the highest nobility of Berlin were to be found there. As my aunt was one of the *habitués* of this society, I was presented to the presiding deity. Finding her seated in an arm-chair on a step near the window, in order to approach her on the hand of my aunt, I had to pass through a long double row of seats filled with grim old ladies of the highest nobility. I kissed the hand of her venerable old excellency, who had passed her eightieth year, was graciously received, and thus admitted for ever into this select society.

Here were to be met all the ministers, diplomatists, and highest generals of the army, with their ladies. The sum of all their ages surpassed that of the world. For a long time I was the only young person there, and all the evening I stood with my sword by my side and my shako in my hand, amusing myself as well as I could. There was however, no difficulty in doing this, for it was highly interesting to observe and to listen to the conversation of all these illustrious personages who now and then took notice of the little cadet.

A Baroness Lestocq, who had been a lady of honour of poor Queen Louisa of Prussia, took me

under her especial protection and training, as she did not play at cards. She was one of the handsomest old ladies I ever saw, with an exquisitely-shaped, white hand. I became also a favourite of Baroness Borck, who was the companion of the venerable hostess, and did the honours of the house. She was an odd, little, hunch-backed old lady, who wore a little grey felt hat, with a queer little bunch of marabout feathers, and looked exactly like the old fairies of my fancy. She was, however, a kind fairy, who liked young people, and managed, little by little, that some twenty or thirty young ladies and gentlemen should be invited at least on Sundays; and a large hall, adjoining the apartments where the old people were at their cards, was allotted to our especial use, and if we desired to be merry, we closed the doors.

These evenings were very pleasant, but it was real happiness to me to pass a day with the family of my intimate friend, Gustav von P—— (he is now a grizzly brigadier-general), whose father was then a colonel in the War Office, and who had many brothers and sisters, commencing with a captain whose hair was already interwoven with silver thread, and ending with a little girl in her pinafore. One of these numerous sisters, Valeria, two years younger than myself, had been already for years the object of my devotion. My love, or rather worship, was of course known to all the family, and we were much teased. This delicate and romantic attachment lasted for years,

but I never went so far as to express my feelings. The utmost I dared venture on was a furtive kiss —on her beautiful long tresses—without her being aware of it. My oil painting frequently gave me a pretext for going into the city on Wednesdays or Saturdays, and I never failed to ask Gustav for some commission. When I rang the bell, always at the same hour of the day, chance would always have it that Valeria answered it. There we stood in the antechamber opposite each other, her pretty face covered with blushes, and I awkwardly turning my cap in my hands and stammering some confused words.

I was, however, by no means so bashful with other girls, and they were not all so shy with me. My cousin (the major) lived in the house of a rich merchant, who had a very nice wife, and had an agreeable habit of giving sumptuous dinners, to which I was always invited. In this manner I became acquainted with a different set of society. There were no "excellencies," or high-titled ladies, but the "commissariat department" was extremely well provided, and genuine mirth and enjoyment were to be found. I had bad taste enough to like this common society much better than that of the high nobility.

In the long vacations I always went to Halberstadt, and there again became acquainted with a different society. My stepfather, who liked me now, because he had no trouble about me, took me with him to the "Harmony," a society mostly

of government employés, who met in a pretty garden, with their wives, to play at nine-pins and the like.

Both my brothers were still in Halberstadt. The eldest had entered a regiment in Kœnigsberg, where he became an ensign; but from growing very fast his chest became so weak that he had to resign. As he was a most excellent young man, he found favour with the chief of one of the government bureaus, who gave him occupation; for the first year, however, as is always the case in Prussia, without pay. He worked to his utmost, that he might soon obtain a small competency, as it was very painful to him to be dependent upon my step-father. A recorder ran off with some money, leaving his registry-office in the greatest disorder, and my brother was trusted with the task of setting affairs right. He did this so well, that he received the appointment; but he was then dying. He had worked himself to death.

My second brother could not enter the army on account of his stiff leg. As he had an inclination to study medicine, I coaxed my aunt Arnim to enable him to do so, and he came to Berlin. After a time, he astonished us with the information that he was going to study veterinary medicine, because he loved horses, dogs, and all animals so much. This branch was then much patronised by the government, and young men of good family were encouraged to choose it. Though all

were surprised at first at this whim of my brother's, we became reconciled to it, for he distinguished himself very much, and quickly passed both his examinations. All the professors were in ecstacies at his abilities, and when he left the examination-room one of the professors put into his hands a letter from one of the greatest noblemen of Russia, requesting the professor to name an able man, whom he could place at the head of his extensive studs, etc. My brother accepted this offer at once, and went to Russia; where he had an excellent position, and acquired such reputation that the government claimed his services. He is still in Russia, holding rather a high place there. I have not seen him, however, for these thirty-nine years.

He was renowned for his great strength. While travelling, I once met a gentleman who told the following feat of his, without knowing that he was speaking to his brother. He travelled with my brother to Berlin, in a hired carriage. Between Potsdam and Berlin the road ran up a hill, and the horses walking very slowly my brother had fallen asleep. From this he was awakened by his companion with the words, "Louis, they are thrashing our coachman!" In a public-house on the road the coachman had got into difficulties with some carriers. These fellows, taking a short cut, had waylaid him on the hill, and attacked him quite unexpectedly.

My brother, still half asleep, and impeded by his stiff knee, stumbled out of the carriage, and in

doing so seized hold of a carrier with each hand. He then knocked their heads together, and they fell senseless to the ground. This being done, he struck out right and left, and knocked down two more; the fifth only escaped. Leaving the four fellows to pick themselves up, my brother and his companion quietly continued their journey.

An anvil, which other strong young men could scarcely lift with both their hands, he was able to lift with one arm and put on a table.

Before our officers' examination, all the palaces near Berlin, and other remarkable buildings and establishments had been shown to us. We had attended the practice of the artillery and pioneers, and made a trip to Spandau to look at its fortifications, and also to Neustadt-Eberswalde, where we visited the different hammer-works of that neighbourhood. We had been in the theatres, seen enough of parades and military reviews; but there were many other places of amusement we had not yet seen in Berlin, which of course excited our curiosity.

My friend Gustav P—— had also left the Cadet House; he was a smart boy, notwithstanding his having an ass's head in his coat of arms; but he was a little backward in his learning, and that was the reason why he had only been admitted to the examination for ensigns. While he was waiting for the decision at his father's house, we whiled away the time in visiting these public places. At that time Tivoli was in vogue, where some Russian sliding

courses were arranged. Little cars, each containing two persons, rolled from an eminence on a railroad, a long way down. All Berlin was mad about it, and many persons spent almost a fortune in sliding.

As a matter of course, we must see this. We had enjoyed ourselves splendidly, illuminated our cadet-heads with a bottle of Rhenish wine, and amused ourselves with swinging, after which we intended to go home. When we left the swings an old gentleman timidly approached us, and seated himself in one of them. "Come," I said to my friend, "we will give that old gentleman a lift," and we did so with a good will.

The old man, who was not much experienced in uniforms, believed that we were only fulfilling our duty; but on hearing the truth he thanked us very much.

After we had left him we saw him going about irresolutely; and it was evident he did not know what to do with himself in Tivoli. "That's certainly a stranger who is for the first time in Berlin," I said. "I like his kind face: he looks like a schoolmaster, or a clergyman from the country; come, we will show him everything."

Our offer was kindly accepted, and he told us that he was a minister in a village some twenty miles from Berlin, which city he was visiting for the first time on very important business. He was going to publish a book for children; and as

he did not like to trust the post-office with the manuscript, he had come over to deliver it himself into the hands of the publisher, who had promised him twenty thalers for it. On asking him whether he had yet been sliding, he said, "Oh no, I cannot afford that; but as there is so much said and written about Tivoli, I thought I might for once be extravagant and risk the four groschens (sixpence) for admittance, that I might be able to tell my wife and ten children some of the wonders of the Residence."

We at once bought a few tickets, and whilst my friend got into a little car with the trembling old gentleman, I ordered supper and a bottle of champagne, as I had invited him to take supper with us.

When he returned, quite delighted with his slide, I offered him a glass of champagne to drink the health of his family at home. He had scarcely tasted the wine, when he took it from his lips and said, "This is a most delicious wine; I hope you will not take it amiss if I request you to tell me its name." When I said what it was, he became quite affected and exclaimed, "Oh, is this champagne! I am past seventy now, and have so many times read of champagne, but never yet tasted it. What will my children say if I tell them that I have drank champagne!"

As he was not used to wine, the few glasses took effect on the old gentleman, and we agreed that it was necessary to see him safely home;

but what was our dismay on hearing that he had alighted at the house of a poor labourer from his village, who lived outside the Oranienburg gate, about five miles from Tivoli. As we could not think of walking so far with him—and, moreover, it commenced raining—we hired a carriage to convey him.

The old gentleman became very lively and garrulous. He wanted to know our names; and on hearing that we had just passed through our examination, and were anxious about the result, he was of opinion that two such excellent young men would certainly be all right. On a sudden he called out, "Oh, great Heavens!" became quite pale, and tried to get out of the carriage. We imagined that he felt unwell; but this was not the case: the misfortune was far greater. He had left his precious manuscript behind with the porter, with whom he had carefully deposited it, as he had been so much cautioned against pickpockets. My friend had to run back to fetch the treasure, for which the grateful author promised to instruct his publisher to send each of us a copy. This sounded like irony; but the honest, innocent soul never even thought of such a thing.

We delivered him at last into the hands of his humble host, who was greatly astonished to see his reverend guest arrive rather tipsy, and in the company of two "Kaldaunenschluckers."

This little simple adventure has always been one of my most agreeable recollections, and I

have frequently imagined the modest parsonage in the little village, with the child-like, dear old man telling his ten children of the wonders of Tivoli, his first experience in champagne, and the two cadets who were the cause of it.

After some time, notice was received by me that I had passed the examination, in shape of a document signed by General von Steinwehr, called "The testimony of maturity;" in which, however, was inserted the advice to improve my knowledge in political geography.

I was now an officer, but *in partibus*, as I had still to wait a few weeks for my appointment. Before the examination we had been asked what regiment we desired to join, which desires were submitted to the War Department, and attended to as far as possible. I had named a regiment garrisoned in Berlin, where I wanted to stay for many reasons. My good aunt took charge of my outfit, and did it in a very liberal manner; for I had everything required, and far more, and of the most elegant and best description. All was ready, and only the badge of the regiment to which I was to be posted was wanting. Meanwhile the cadet's uniform had to be worn.

To shorten the time of waiting, I resolved to pay a visit to Schwedt-on-the-Oder. During my cadet life, now and then very welcome letters were received by me, addressed and written in an old-fashioned German-text hand, and sealed with five big seals, from my old god-father, von

Brunnow, who then lived in that cheerful place as a retired colonel. Some cadets, whose parents lived in the same place, or neighbourhood, and were acquainted with the colonel, had told me many queer things of the old gentleman, and described him as such an original, that I could not resist the desire of renewing our personal intercourse, which had commenced and ended at my christening-font.

My godfather was past eighty, and a bachelor, living together with his two infirm maiden sisters. He always wore his uniform and cocked hat with a feather tuft. Every morning at six o'clock, summer or winter, in fair or in bad weather, the old man mounted his horse and took a ride of two hours; and did the same in the afternoon from six till eight. Everybody in Schwedt knew the peculiar sound of his easy gallop, and all the country girls for ten miles round were acquainted with him, and greeted him with smiles; for he had for each of them a soldier-like joke. Every market-day he rode over the market, and bought some rare bird or fish; for he amused himself with pasting the feathers and scales on paper in such a manner, that the birds and fishes looked like life after the sisters had painted the bills and feet, and the water, together with the bushes or reeds. His whole house was ornamented with these fruits of his senile industry.

I was desired by the old gentleman to accompany him in his rides. When we returned home in

the morning, and passed a fine open square, we generally found the ladies who lived in the houses around at their open windows, enjoying the morning air. Then the old colonel always made me proceed round the square, whilst he remained at one end, and then return to him in full gallop, stopping my horse right before him.

When I took leave of the good old colonel, he presented me with a new purse filled with new thaler-pieces, and some louis d'ors between; also with several pairs of white silk stockings, and a pair of shoe-buckles set with diamonds, which he had himself once worn, but which were of no use to me, as the white smalls and silk hose had been recently abolished as a gala dress for officers.

Soon after my return to Berlin, I received my appointment as a lieutenant of the 36th regiment of infantry, dated from the 12th of August, 1830. It made me very unhappy that I was not to remain in Berlin, but some wise people told me that Mayence was a far better garrison than any in Prussia, and that my cousin in the War Department, who had effected this arrangement, knew this very well.

On the evening of the day on which my appointment was received, a great gala reunion took place at Excellency Saldern's. Driving there with my aunt, she stopped at my tailor's, and waited in her carriage until I returned metamorphosed. I was much complimented by all the old "Excel-

lencies," and was most happy, though my long sword got now and then between my legs.

Next day, on going out, my head was quite dizzy. I did not walk, but soared, as if my epaulettes had been wings. I could not believe in the reality of my happiness, and sometimes looked stealthily down upon these epaulettes—the badges of my exalted rank. I ran here and there like a partridge, because everywhere sentinels and soldiers were troubling me with their salutes, which embarrassed me, and from which I wanted to escape as fast as possible—a difficult and fatiguing task in Berlin, where every third person you meet is a soldier.

On going to the Cadet House a fresh embarrassment occurred. My old comrades, sitting on the benches in the square yard, jumped up smilingly, and stood erect, holding their little fingers "at the seam of their trousers," as prescribed by the regulations.

I was in military "pontificals," for I had to report myself to the general. Whilst waiting for his coming, and standing amongst my old comrades, to whose criticism I had to submit, my friend von Engestroem looked at me with a knowing smile, and, after a careful survey, said in a decided tone, "Your waist is an inch too short," which made me very unhappy.

The general received me most ungraciously, and said, "You do not deserve to be an officer;" at which the other officers who heard it were

indignant. They told me afterwards that I must not permit such a thing any longer, as the general had no right whatever to make such improper remarks.

I took notice of this reminder, when some days later I went to the general to receive the papers required for my journey to my garrison. He could not forbear giving me a last kick, remarking that I had been seen everywhere, in the theatre, in Tivoli, and at all places of amusement, which cost so much money, that I did not need a free journey, etc. The officer who accompanied me gave me a wink; I, therefore, took courage, and answered, "General, I know that you do not like me, and I do not come here to ask a favour from you, but only what is my due; and it does not at all concern you how I spent the money which was given to me for my amusement." He did not say a word, but looking daggers he signed the required paper. I never saw him again, but he tried to damage my reputation in the regiment by writing a letter to my colonel. This, however, was counteracted by another explanatory letter from my kind captain, who knew me better than the general. The cadets, who left the establishment as officers, generally received a donation from a legacy left for that purpose by an old, rich general. I was fully entitled to it, but did not receive one penny, as the general had to award it. This was looked upon as a great injustice.

As I could not well refuse my mother the

great pleasure of showing off her lieutenant, I had to leave Berlin sooner than I need otherwise have done. I passed the evening previous to my departure with the family of my friend Gustav von P——, and we amused ourselves in the extensive garden of the War Department. In the shrubbery I met his sister (Valeria) alone. I took her hand, and a declaration was on the tip of my tongue, when some one came up.

Next day I passed the Leipziger Street, where Valeria lived. All the children, knowing at what time I must pass, were at their open window to wave a good-bye. Valeria sat foremost, and I imagined that she looked sad; behind her were the faces of many of her numerous brothers and sisters, and over-topping them all the tall form of my rival (von Wrangel), the son of the present field-marshal, who had also left the Cadet House as an officer, and wore his uniform of the first regiment of the guards. He called out to me loudly, "A happy journey!" but it sounded as if he would have liked to add, "Go to the Dickens!"

I furtively brushed a cadet's tear from my eyes, and away we went through the Potsdam gate—away into life; into the world!

OFFICERS' LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Lieutenant's bliss—Mayence—Revenues of a Prussian Lieutenant—Duke Ferdinand of Wurtemberg—The duchess, sister of Prince Metternich—Count Mensdorf—The Princess—Old Muff—My Brigadier von Schutz—My colonel—My colonel's colonel—My major—On duty and off duty—My first captain—Odd-fellows—His Majesty of the Rhine.

To become a field-marshal must be very grand, but to become a lieutenant is certainly much grander. To-day a cadet, and not at liberty to go out without permission, and treated like a child, and to-morrow an officer as much as the field-marshal. One is free, is a man, may smoke his pipe or cigar without Lieutenant Mannkopf daring to say one word against it.

On my journey to the Rhine I had to pass Halberstadt, intending to stay a few days with my mother. She presented me at coffee-parties and at public-gardens, where ladies chiefly congregated, and my stepfather took me to Hesse on the Market, a dealer in delicacies, keeping a fine breakfast-room, and to the "Harmony," his club. There I was initiated into the mysteries of the

"Philistines," and learned how to smoke, to play at nine-pins and lansquenet (which cost me some of my godfather's thalers), and similar useful things.

Politics were much discussed everywhere, for the revolution of July in Paris had excited all Europe. It was in September, 1830. All this talk surprised me, for I took not the least interest in politics. A report was current in the "Harmony" that the people of Brunswick—which is not far from Halberstadt—had burned the duke's palace; and strange!—two days afterwards this was done.

I was at that time not only what is called a nice boy, but all the women called me handsome. I was tolerably well satisfied with myself, and being still in possession of a miniature painted at that happy time—photography had not yet been invented—can judge how I looked.

I was of medium height, strong, with a good figure and demeanour. In the Potsdam Cadet House I had been called "Unkas le cerfagile," had rather curling dark-brown hair, full eyebrows, not much curved, very large and extremely lively dark bluish-grey eyes, a very regular profile, straight nose, small finely-cut expressive mouth, and a good complexion, with a blush of red on the cheeks, which were covered with that peach down of which ladies of a certain age are so fond. Indeed, everybody, man or woman, looked kindly

on me; nature had richly favoured me with the highly valuable gift of pleasing.

The blue Harz mountains had always had a great attraction for me; but though frequently in Halberstadt, I had never yet visited them. However, now it was impossible to resist having at least a glimpse at them; and one morning, at sunrise, I set out on foot. Passing the Spiegels Berge, the rock called "The Glassy Monk," with the "Dreierhaeuschen," and ascending the Hoppelnberg, two thousand feet high, with its bare, rocky crest; I went from thence to the ruined old fortress of Regenstein, with its large-vaulted cellars, cut out of the solid rock, that had been converted into a dancing-hall for the country people. I dined in Blankenburg, where the Duke of Brunswick had a romantic castle. Tired to death, I slept here two hours, and seeing in the dining-room of the hotel a picture of the Rosstrappe, I set out for it at four o'clock, p.m., following a rather difficult path on the crest of the hills, across the woods, which the landlord had pointed out to me; and arrived just at sunset on the top of the Rosstrappe, looking with amazement down into the wild, romantic Bode valley. It is a glorious country; but I will not describe it now, as I shall do so at another opportunity. Much gratified with my trip, I returned on the evening of the next day to my mother, who was very anxious about me, as I had not said a word of my intention

Everybody in that part of the country believed there would be war, and as it could not possibly be carried on without me, I made haste to join my regiment.

Having to pass Hesse-Cassel, where the post stopped for thirty-six hours, I alighted of course at the best hotel—then the Roman Emperor—wrote my name with all my old and newly-acquired titles in the register, and deemed it urgently necessary to report myself to the commander of the Hessian Residence. For this purpose next morning (it was a Sunday) I unpacked my best uniform, brushed my fine cocked hat with its elegant new-fashioned feather, and laid my silver sash on my bed after having adjusted its buckle to the tightest fit possible. The head-waiter had suggested a substantial lunch, and I accepted it, though not hungry, because it seemed to me improper for a Royal Prussian officer to give rise to a suspicion that it was necessary for him to live cheaply.

I lunched in my room, as I thought this more exclusive, and "*l'appétit venait en mangeant.*" When I had done I dressed, and requested the waiter to fasten my sash. "Lieutenant, it is impossible." "It must be possible, for I tried it on." I had, however, forgotten that the beefsteak and appurtenances had increased the circumference of my waist. However, the waiter succeeded at last on applying all his strength. He was the head-waiter, and they are in Germany, at least in the larger hotels, generally very well educated

gentlemanly young men. However, I was somewhat astonished at his freedom when he offered me a pinch of snuff from his Tula snuff-box, but was too good-natured to mortify him by a refusal. Moreover, had I done so, he might have believed that I, an officer, was not familiar with tobacco, snuff, and cigars; therefore I took a good pinch. But, alas! my nose was still a cadet's nose. I sneezed with such vehemence that the silver buckle of my sash burst. I really believe the wag of a waiter had expected such an event, and had offered me his snuff-box on purpose, for he could scarcely suppress his laughter.

I sent a man away to buy another buckle. This was somewhat difficult to get during church time, and at last he brought home—a bandoleer! Well, the poor fellow could not help it, but it would have been against the honour of an officer to accept a service without rewarding it, and could I offer a grown-up person less than half-a-thaler? A second and third who were sent out and brought home some other wrong thing, received a similar douceur. In a word, the fellows made fun of me, though such an idea never crossed my mind at the time. To make fun of a Prussian officer! When at last I got a buckle of nickel silver, which cost one shilling, about three thalers had been spent by me.

When travelling alone as a cadet, I always got on exceedingly well, but my new rank had put into my head the queerest ideas about what was

becoming to it. Under the circumstances, it was no wonder that, after having paid my fare to Frankfort, which was eight thalers, I discovered with dismay that I should not have money enough left to pay my bill at the hotel and other expenses which I thought indispensable. I had been one day and two nights in the hotel; to the grand head-waiter not less than two thalers could be offered; the room-waiter one, the chambermaid and boots each one, and then something for the luggage-master and the postilions, who went round begging at each station; for this I had not money enough: such was the alarming fact.

I abused the caution of my aunt, who had calculated a sum for the journey which would have been more than sufficient for any sensible person; and had induced me for better security, to pack the rest of my money with my heavy baggage which travelled to Mayence by the ordinary post, whilst I travelled by what was called the "Eil-post."

Only one who has been, at my age, in a similar dilemma, can form an idea of my feelings. The coach started at eight o'clock. At six o'clock I was already running up and down the streets with the intention of selling my watch or some other thing of value I had about me. Most of the shops were still closed, and at seven o'clock when they opened, I had not yet mustered courage to enter one. Almost in despair, at last I decided on another step. Amongst my fellow-sufferers,

travelling in the diligence, was a lady from Coblenz, a pretty lady of some thirty years of age, the wife of a member of the War Department, therefore as it were belonging to the corps of officers: and I summoned courage to request her assistance. With a beating heart I knocked at her door in the hotel. After waiting some time (for she was then in bed), she opened it with a friendly smile, little guessing what threatened her so early in the morning. How my lips could have pronounced my request, I do not know, but it was done. She said that her husband expected her in Frankfort, and therefore she could not spare more than five thalers, which, with what I had left, was sufficient to pay all expenses, and when the coach left, I had still sixpence in my pocket.

The journey from Cassel to Frankfort took twenty-four hours, and I thought with a heavy heart of the dinner and supper, which I could not afford. I feigned sickness—and really felt sick with hunger—and thus shirked dinner and supper, and longed for the morning, when I hoped to take my coffee and roll in Gelnhausen, which would only cost sixpence. I had, however, reckoned without my host. In the night, which was rather cold, my kind helper felt unwell, and I procured for her a glass of mulled wine, which restored her, but destroyed my last hope of a breakfast.

We arrived in Frankfort about nine o'clock a.m., where I had promised myself a good break-

fast, when despising the "horrid" coffee in Gelnhausen. Under some pretext I ran away from my fellow-travellers, whilst my little trunk was carried to the Hotel de Paris with some twenty trunks and packages of a rich Russian. I had made up my mind to sell my chain or watch, and was running about to look out for a purchaser. My anxious looks were misinterpreted by a driver, who asked me whether I wanted to travel to Mayence. There was only "one paltry person" wanting to fill up his carriage, and if I accepted, we could start at once. I caught eagerly at this proposal. How I got my trunk from the porter of the hotel without giving him anything, I do not recollect, but it was done and off we set for Mayence.

That city is about eighteen miles from Frankfort, and hackney-coachmen were still less in a hurry than even the mail-coachmen in those times. My fellow-travellers wanted to refresh themselves in Hattersheim, which caused a delay, and it was nearly three o'clock p.m. when I arrived at last at the English Hotel in Mayence.

On getting out of the carriage I feigned to be in the utmost hurry, told the landlady to pay the coachman, and requested most urgently to be shown to my room. This *ruse* succeeded, and I was at last in port, but as hungry—well, I do not know anything more hungry—as an eighteen years old lieutenant, who on Tuesday afternoon is fully aware of the fact that a cup of coffee and a roll

taken early on Monday morning was the last food that passed his lips.

As the *table d'hôte* was over, I ordered dinner in my own room, and whilst the waiter laid the table I hurriedly drank off a glass of wine, and washed my face with wine to revive my drooping spirits, for I was nearly fainting with hunger, and was kept long waiting for dinner.

Everybody knows what a Rhenish hotel dinner is. The waiter had, perhaps, seen many hungry lieutenants, but on witnessing the onslaught I made amongst the great number of dishes which covered the table, he opened his eyes to their utmost extent, and I thought it necessary to account for my great appetite by the circumstance that I had had no time to breakfast in Frankfort.

There were in Mayence many officers with whom I had been in the Cadet House, and on going out to search for them, I went to the Prussian main guard, where I found my friend Theodore von Schlichten, the Ulysses of the Potsdam Cadet House, who was wounded by Hector's lance. He told me that I had been posted to the third company, to which he was also attached, of which I was very glad. He advised me to wait to report myself until the next day, and to go at once and pay a visit to our paymaster, who would show me my quarters and pay my dues.

The paymaster of our battalion was a serjeant of the name of Odé. He was a man of

importance, and distinguished by his great willingness to oblige, which was often encroached upon; if one of us lost his last guilder in lansquenet, the others comforted him by saying, "The good Odé pumps" (lending and borrowing money is called "pumpen" in officers' vernacular) which the malicious fellows always pronounced in the Berlin dialect, saying instead of "gute," "Jude," which meant "the Jew Odé pumps;" for he was strongly suspected of being a son of Abraham. He was not only our paymaster, but also kept a store of cloth, and of everything required by officers—though, of course, no open store—which he sold to them at reasonable prices, having it always in his power to secure payment. He was, however, a good sort of man, and the obliging manner in which he accommodated even the higher officers with money, resulted in his having the rank of lieutenant conferred upon him, though he always ranked below the junior officer, was never posted to any company, and remained a kind of appendage to the regiment.

The Jude Odé acquainted me with the amount of money the government was to pay me for my important services as a second lieutenant, and with the immense additional advantages I was to enjoy as a member of the garrison of a Federal fortress.

My actual monthly pay amounted to seventeen thalers, which is equal to two pounds ten of English money.

Besides his pay, an officer was provided with free quarters, or an equivalent in money, some trifle for fuel, a few groschens for one or two other things, and an additional pay from part of the diet of three thalers a month. We had, further, the advantage of paying no postage, and needed only to write our name on the address with the remark, "Family letter of an officer of the Federal fortress of M——". We had also the right of importing everything we required free of duty: all this, because Mayence was not in Prussia, and we were there for the benefit of the Federation. The king paid a monthly addition of thirty thalers per battalion to the officers' mess.

From this monthly income was deducted by the paymaster five thalers, reserved for the officers' clothes, three thalers (nine shillings) for dinners, one thaler for the band, and a few thalers more for other things which I have forgotten. Thus every second lieutenant in Mayence received monthly about one pound five shillings cash, from which he had to pay his servant, his breakfast, supper, laundress, boots, and everything else. A first lieutenant's pay was twenty-five thalers; a captain's of the second class, fifty; of the first-class, one hundred, etc.

As my commission dated from August 12th, I received full pay for that month, of which however, the half was deducted for the invalid fund; in addition I received my pay for September, and thirty thalers for my outfit from a private institu-

tion connected with the regiment. All this, together with the money which arrived with my luggage, made a sum which seemed to me quite inexhaustible.

My quarters were, fortunately, not in a barrack with the soldiers, but in a house, which occupied the whole University Street, as on the opposite side there was only the wall of a garden belonging to a barrack. This three-storied row of building, was, as is the case in England, divided into many houses, each of which had a separate entrance. None but officers lived there; on the ground-floor and third story the lieutenants; and on the second, married captains, who owned the little gardens behind.

The interior of these quarters was extremely plain. Mine were on the ground-floor, and consisted of a parlour and a back-parlour, with two windows each. The walls were only white-washed, and the windows had neither blinds nor curtains. There was not more furniture in it than in a prisoner's cell, and all was of the meanest kind, of common deal painted with a dark colour. As it would have made me quite unhappy to live in such an abode, my first care was to make it somewhat like a gentleman's lodging. I provided it with a sofa, curtain, table-cover, pictures, and flowers in pots, and a few birds in cages. This, together with the purchase of tobacco-pipes — cigars were not smoked then, or only occasionally — and other

requirements lessened my treasure considerably, as I was reckless enough to pay cash instead of "pumping," though my adventure on my journey might have given me an idea of the importance of a real thaler in hand.

On the first of October, however, my company-sergeant made his appearance with my pay for that month, and asked whether I would like him to procure me what I should want in coffee, sugar, tea, tobacco, rum, etc., as he attended to such things for all the officers of the company, buying them from a very reasonable grocer. I accepted with pleasure, and being still rich, ordered as many things as I expected to require for myself and friends for at least three months. I was much astonished when a whole magazine was brought into my room, and the sergeant, when I asked him for the bill, handed me instead of it, a few shillings!

Not understanding at that time anything about duties and taxes, the explanation of the sergeant was utterly lost on me, but as he told me that all the other officers had the same advantage, I thought it, though strange, most sensible of the grocer to send me so many good things, and in addition some money for the honour I did him.

The explanation is, however, as follows: As before stated, the officers of the garrison had the right of importing, free of duty, everything they required, which, however, with the unmarried

lieutenants was limited to a certain, but more than ample amount. The necessary paper, signed by the captain of the company, was given by the sergeant to some grocer, who furnished the articles ordered at his usual cost price, but deducted from it the duty on the whole amount, which no single man could have used in a month. What was required by me for *three* months did not cost so much as the amount of duty on my whole allowance, and therefore the surplus was paid to me.

Each lieutenant had also the right of importing, tax free, thirty bottles of foreign wines every month, on which one shilling a bottle was paid (for French wines); but, as this permission had been misused to a very great extent (officers making arrangements with hotel keepers, etc.), such a free pass was only given on express request by the major, and when he was convinced that the officer wanted the wine for himself. Married officers had an almost unlimited allowance, and I am sure that this right was abused greatly. The "Jude Odé," for instance, who, little by little, became the purveyor for the whole Prussian part of the garrison, and was therefore enabled to import cloth for gentlemen and ladies, and other toilet articles, to any amount, might have made a fortune by arranging with some shopkeeper. He did make a fortune, but I cannot assert he made it in that manner.

The whole proceeding was a fraud, certainly, but it was sanctioned by custom, and, as it seems,

even by the government. The foreign ministers in Berlin, for instance, had the same right, and they also made arrangements with tradespeople. When one of these latter did not keep his engagement, the minister (my information is from himself) sued him, and the court decided in his favour.

The day after my arrival I reported myself to all my superior officers. The governors of Mayence were alternately Prussians and Austrians, mostly princes. In 1830 it was the turn of Austria, and the governor of the Federal fortress was Field-Marshal Duke Ferdinand of Wurtemberg. He was a very kind, tall, somewhat deaf old gentleman, and was much liked in Mayence. He spent a great deal of money, and lived beyond his means; and the Emperor of Austria was obliged several times to pay his debts. On the birthday of Frederick William III., August 3, 1830, the duke gave a great feast, which was so luxurious, that the very soldiers on guard before his palace were drunk with champagne. Every Prussian soldier of the garrison—there were about six thousand—was presented by him on that day with a good bottle of wine, and on the evening preceding that birthday thousands were expended in fireworks on the Rhine, ordered by the good old duke.

His royal highness received me most graciously, called me "comrade," and requested the honour of my company at his family dinner on the same day. His great politeness embarrassed

many, who committed the bêtise of arguing with him for a long time at the door, through which he would not go first on any account.

I, of course, came to dinner at two o'clock, and had my place on the left of the duchess. On the right of the duke sat a Prussian officer of the guards, who was passing through Mayence. The other guests were the aide-de-camp of the duke, Général von Rosen, a Prince Thurn and Taxis, Prince Bretzenheim, and the lady of honour of the duchess, Baroness von Wittenbach, who was on my left.

The duchess was a sister of the old Prince Metternich. She was nearly as tall as the duke. She looked very stately, spoke very slowly and mostly in French, or in a mixture of German and French.

Her manner at times perplexed me very much. Though close to my elbow, she looked at me every moment through her lorgnette, and sighed deeply. At last she took hold of the silver tassels which were attached to my epaulettes, then looked through her glass right into my face, and sighed deeply. I was not far from shedding tears, and should have liked to hide under the table, when at last she explained it all by saying to the duke, "Oh, mon ami, voyez donc!—ah—cette ressemblance! Oh, mon cher Victor! Tout, tout, même la carnation!"

This cher Victor was a nephew of hers, a young Prince Metternich, a sad scamp, whose

debts his father got tired of paying, and whom he had incarcerated in St. Pelagie, in Paris, where he died, it is said, unless by chance he is now some great minister somewhere.

General Rosen did not, however, think so much of this resemblance, though the old duke, of course, was of the opinion of his lady. I cannot decide about it, as I never saw the young prince, but it is a fact that this supposed resemblance put me at once into the good graces of her royal highness, who never failed to give me proofs of this, to the disgust of General Rosen, who had often to hunt after me to bring me to her.

More than the duchess, however, the delicious Schloss Johannisberger and rare Tokai dazzled me. This was served in wonderfully small glasses, and of which the duke received every year three dozen bottles, as a present from his emperor.

The vice-governor, who had to transact all business for the governor, was Field-Marshal Lieutenant Count Mensdorf-Pouilly. His hair had commenced to turn grey, but notwithstanding this he was still a very handsome man, who looked especially splendid in his uniform of a Hungarian general. This uniform consisted of a scarlet hussar jacket, richly braided with gold, scarlet, very tightly-fitting, trousers, also embroidered with gold, and little black saffian boots, with gold fringes. Over his left shoulder hung a white jacket, trimmed with sable and covered

with gold embroidery and all the many orders of the count. With this he wore a Turkish sabre in a rich scabbard, set with precious stones, and a high sable cap with a tuft of white heron feathers. His saddle-cloth was the skin of a leopard. The count was very amiable and much liked in Mayence. He was also a good soldier, and had distinguished himself as a good general of cavalry, especially in the fight of Regensburg, where Napoleon was wounded.

In his youth he must have been extremely handsome. This was at least the opinion of Princess Sophie of Saxe Coburg, the sister of Prince Albert's father, who fell in love with the modest Major, who was not then a Count. She became his wife, and on my acquaintance with her she was already an old lady, with five sons. Among these I only became better acquainted with Alexander, who had then just entered a regiment as a cadet, and Arthur, the youngest, a very good boy, who was still under the care of Mr. Adolf Bube, his tutor, who will have to answer one day for the many indifferent verses he made.

The first time that I visited a place of amusement, called the "Neue Anlage" (very fine grounds on a hill opposite the river Main, where it enters the Rhine), I became acquainted with the princess. She was in the habit of passing a few hours there every day, summer and winter. If the weather was bad, she took her place at the window of a

room near the entrance of the house, where she could see everything. She had with her a lady companion,, a very lovely young girl, Miss Jenny von Wiesenthau, with whom all the officers were in love.

Mr. Marchisio, the proprietor of the establishment, an Italian, who had forgotten his Italian, and had not learnt much French or German either, and mixed all three languages in a most incomprehensible Italian salad of tongues, gave me to understand that the princess wanted to see me. This surprised me, as I had not yet paid my respects, but of course presented myself before her. She was somewhat embarrassed, for her commission to the Italian had not been so imperative.

In her youth, it was said by persons who had known her, the princess was a pretty, merry girl. She told me how she had once shocked the grand-stewardess by jumping out of a window to escape from a prince, a visitor at the court of Coburg. When I had the honour of her acquaintance she was between fifty and sixty, and somewhat lame, so that she could only walk with difficulty, and could not keep herself straight. She appeared, therefore, smaller than she really was, and the more so as she had become stout. Her complexion was dark, and the shape and form of her face not in the least like that of her brothers, the father of Prince Albert, or the King of Belgium. She was no longer pretty, and with her simple cap and little bunches of dark curls at each side of her

forehead looked rather plain. There was, however, great intelligence in her brown eyes, and her mouth could assume a very agreeable expression, especially when she was amused.

She seemed much afflicted with ennui, for she could not always read and write. However, she was a very industrious correspondent, and wrote frequently to the Empress of Russia. She was also an authoress, and had published two volumes of stories, but only with the initials of her name.

Without being inquisitive, she wanted to be amused, and liked to see everything. She was especially fond of observing the life of the people, and went therefore everywhere, and without any other escort than Miss von Wiesenthau, and could easily do so, as the German people, even of the lowest class, generally behave extremely well. She was frequently to be seen in the "Neue Anlage," at the afternoon concerts in Wiesbaden, and even at rural "Kirchweih" festivals. She never omitted to attend military manœuvres or reviews, and was generally seated on some eminence on the very battle-field, enveloped in the smoke of gunpowder, and surrounded by soldiers.

She liked to have lively young men around her, and her simple, good-natured manner dispensed with all troublesome etiquette. Some people said she was proud, and asserted that at visits she kept ladies standing while she was sitting. It is possible that she now and then thought it proper to play the princess, but I never saw her other-

wise than very kind and rather too informal in her manner.

I had the good fortune to win her good graces at once, and saw her daily. My ingenuous talk entertained her, and my assiduous endeavours to please her bewitching companion amused her. No nonsense I talked was taken ill, and it must be confessed I sometimes excelled in that article.

At that time the question was pending whether the brother of the princess should accept the Belgian crown or not: the princess was of the latter opinion. On seeing the princess I said, "Oh, your Highness, there is a new Berlin joke out. A mother looking out of her window saw her little boy with his cap in his hand. 'Nante,' she cried, 'if you don't put on your cap, they will throw the Belgian crown on your head.'" The embarrassed expression of Miss de Wiesenthau reminded me that this crown had been offered to the brother of the Princess, and I would have given a great deal to recal my silly anecdote, but she laughed, and seemed to enjoy the joke.

Only once did she become impatient with me, and made amends in a manner which is so striking an illustration of the kindness of her heart that I cannot forbear to tell it.

She was sitting reading, and Miss de Wiesenthau was occupied with some needlework. I came into the room she generally occupied in the "Anlage," and, after having made my bow, said to Miss de Wiesenthau, "I have heard a splendid story."

The princess threw her book down, and said querulously, "I have also a very good story here, but amid this talking I cannot read." I was vexed by her manner, made a very formal bow, and saying, "I beg your Highness's pardon; I did not mean to intrude," I went away. This occurrence annoyed me so much, that I went at once into the city. Scarcely had I passed the gate when I heard a carriage behind me, and when it came up with me and stopped, I saw in it the princess. She beckoned to me, and I approached her respectfully. She said, with a little embarrassment, "You have forgotten your little dog in the "Anlage." I have entrusted it to Lieutenant W——, and requested him to take it to you. Well, you see, I am an old woman, and have my caprices; you must not take ill what I said." Of course I made an appropriate answer, and the carriage went on. This kindness very much affected me, for what could it matter to her whether an insignificant young lieutenant took offence at a word of hers? However, she was too good-natured to hurt the feelings of any one.

She was very kind to the poor, though by no means rich. She generally took with her in the "Anlage" a roll of "Zwanzigers" (pieces of about eightpence worth), and poor people always appeared before her window. It sometimes happened that she had given away her last penny, and requested me to give something for her to the musicians.

When staying in Wiesbaden, I was always with Princess Mensdorf, and many princely personages came to pay their respects to her. In taking a walk on the promenade there, she leant on my arm, and I remember the Duke of Nassau, Prince Wittgenstein, and other princes walking by our side and behind us, so that I felt quite confused. Had I been her son she could not have treated me with more kindness.

The commandant of the fortress at that time was the Prussian General, von Müffling. He was not much liked, and as he was rather forbidding in his manner, we called him "old muff." He was then a widower, but after he was married again to a young, pretty, and very amiable wife, he changed very much for the better. Once at a masquerade in his house he appeared in leather breeches, blue stockings, jerkin, and a green apron, with a duster in his hand, acting as showman to a cabinet of wax figures, all of whom were members of our society. His explanations were so humorous and droll that, Maria Stuart, whom he dusted very carefully, burst out laughing, to the general amusement.

Our Brigadier, General von Schutz, was a great original, though a good soldier, who had distinguished himself much in the French wars. He was very much afraid of becoming stout, and therefore ate very little and walked much. On his journeys of inspection to Luxemburg, then also a Federal fortress, he only hired a carriage at

the village next the city, having travelled so far on foot; though the paymaster was sure to find the four horses, to which he was entitled, in the bill, for Schutz was very stingy, and many anecdotes of this were circulated about him.

The general suffered somewhat from rheumatism, and was therefore a great enemy to damp.

He was a sportsman, and rented a hunting-ground not far from Mayence, which provided his table during a great part of the year. For his battues he ordered always a company of soldiers, who had to go through the wood, like skirmishers. They served the purpose most admirably, as all their movements could be easily directed by the bugle, and they cost him nothing.

He was afraid of rain, but liked to hunt* even in bad weather. For this purpose he invented an apparatus, which enabled him to fix an umbrella over his head without requiring the use of his hands.

Schutz was, however, a confirmed hypochondriac. Some years later, when travelling in the South of France, he shot himself.

My colonel, von Below, was a very fine, highly-educated man, but about his qualities as a soldier our captains had little to say. He had once been military tutor to some little prince, and had distinguished himself more in the drawing-room than on the battle-field.

* To hunt almost always means now in Germany to go out shooting.

In regard to accomplishments and amiability, he was very well matched by his lady, only that she was more energetic than her husband, and it was said—and people were not far wrong—that she commanded the regiment. She had two little daughters, to whom she gave a most excellent education; she was rather pretty, and still more interesting.

My major was an intimate friend of my cousin, the major in Berlin, and he received me most cordially. He tried to be on a very familiar footing with his officers, but had very queer ideas about his relative position to them. He did not play the superior officer merely on parade, or under circumstances connected with the service; he adhered to the principle that an officer is never off duty, and that a field-officer is the superior of a lieutenant, even in a drawing-room, or after dinner over a bottle of wine.

The relations between the Austrian officers of all ranks were far more agreeable. All officers of the same rank called each other "thou" like brothers, and in society the field-officers considered the lieutenants their equals. Majors played at nine-pins or lansquenet with us young fellows, which no Prussian captain would have done with any lieutenant, at least not at that time. There were, however, exceptions, though they were not at all liked by the higher officers. My captain, for instance, was one, and if he did not become too familiar with us young officers it was from other causes.

Captain Luckwald was a man of middle size, with a very short neck, and a very kind face, not made handsomer either by small-pox marks or a pair of regulation moustachios. He was as harmless as a rabbit, though he had passed through the French wars as an Austrian rifleman, and was decorated with the Austrian medal, to which was afterwards added the Prussian golden cross, awarded to officers who had served twenty-five years.

When I arrived in Mayence, affairs did not look very peaceable; the garrison was placed on war footing, and the officers hoped for war.

The captain pondered with daily increasing terror on the fact that he became daily older; not so much that he was afraid of old age, as because the time approached more and more nearly when, in the usual course of things, he would become a major. Not that he was afraid of his increase of rank or pay either, but there was connected with it an obligation of which he thought shudderingly: as a major he would no longer be permitted to walk, he would have to ride on horseback. The idea that he, Joseph Luckwald, should exchange terra firma for a seat on the back of an unreasonable brute, this calamity in perspective was an incubus which weighed heavily upon his mind.

His fate, however, came more quickly than he expected, and happened even before he became a major.

General Schutz was a great tactician and fond of manœuvring, and as he wanted to represent battles on a larger scale, for which more battalions were required than he actually had under his command, he took the idea of doubling their number by making two battalions of one, which could be done more easily as a Prussian battalion on war footing consisted of a thousand men. Of course captains had to take the command of these "little battalions," and one day on parade Luckwald received an order to take the command of one at the manœuvre next morning. He had been threatened with this before, but always found means to escape: this time, however, it came too suddenly, no excuse was possible, and he had to submit. An officer who was acquainted with the secret fear of good Luckwald, offered him his charger, which was noted for its gentleness, and indeed might have been ridden with a silken thread. Luckwald, overcome with emotion, shook the hands of his benefactor fervently and in silence.

Next morning we had the rare treat of seeing our good captain at our head on horseback. The whole battalion smiled, and even the charger smiled good-naturedly, for there was not even a vestige of vice in him. However, Luckwald's face looked very careworn, as his eyes had not been closed in sleep, and I am sure he counted that morning amongst the blackest of his life. Contrary to his own expectations, the adventure promised to

go off tolerably well, at least he and his charger arrived on the ground without any accident. When the manœuvre commenced, Luckwald's attention was so utterly engrossed by his horse, that he had none for his battalion, and the natural consequence was that in the woods of Mombach it got into such confusion, that all "the fourteen helpers in need," near whose chapel we were, would not have been able to restore it to order except by a miracle. The divisions had wheeled wrongly, and nobody could see where the head or tail of the battalion was. I wish I possessed for the sake of the reader the talent of a Dickens to do justice to the humour of the scene. Luckwald's fear at last became agony, when another captain dashed up to him, placed the point of his sword at his breast, and laughingly said, "Luckwald, you are my prisoner."

At the sudden shock the charger got a little nervous; Luckwald caught its mane with both his hands, his shako fell on his neck, and was only prevented from falling off altogether by the chin-strap, which got hold under his nose, and his sword dropped to the ground. "But, dear Steinaecker," he said, in entreating accents, "pray don't; you see how much I have to do with this wild animal!"

Fortunately the bugle sounded the close of the manœuvre, and we marched home. On the march our captain kept about fifty yards off the column, as the soldiers who were joking and singing might

have made his wild animal still wilder. But when we arrived at the entrance of a defile, and he wanted to join the column, he discovered with dismay that there was a ditch intervening. It was not four feet wide, and in sandy ground, and not even one foot and a half deep in the middle. The horse would have walked through it if Luckwald had not checked him. I do not know how he managed, but on my marching past the spot, I saw him and his horse in such a ridiculous position, that nobody could forbear laughing. The horse stood with his two forelegs this side the ditch and his hind legs on the opposite side, exactly in the position which riding-masters teach horses to take for mounting. The captain was in the greatest perplexity, for if he were to urge the horse on, it would of course step with its hind legs into the ditch, and the equilibrium of its rider would be greatly endangered. Captain v. St——, who passed by, called out, "By jingo! Luckwald, you are in a fix," and gave the horse a slight touch; and with both hands holding the pommel, Luckwald got safely over. This was the first and last time I ever saw him on horseback.

Captain Luckwald was not the only original in our battalion, for all its four captains had a claim to that name. Captain von Steinaecker was the oldest captain of our regiment. The men of his company and we officers amongst ourselves called him the "Knubbel," but I do not know why; and the drilling of soldiers was called after

him "knubbeln." He was a most excellent man, but with reference to the service and to his soldiers he had queer ideas. He rarely called the soldiers by their own names, but by nick-names he gave them, especially those in the first line.

It was then still the fashion for officers of rank to use strong expressions, and words were heard in front of a line which would make the paper blush if printed. Some officers of rank of the guards were celebrated for the rudeness of their speech, and anecdotes of them were circulated, and their example imitated throughout the army.

Having spoken of all my superior officers, I must not forget the "commanding," who ought to have been mentioned first. The commander of the Eighth Army Corps, and of all the troops on the Rhine, was the General of Cavalry, von Borstell. He had distinguished himself in 1813, and contributed much to the victory of General Bulow at Dennewitz. I have rarely seen a more stately soldier, especially on horseback. He sat in his saddle as gracefully as a young lieutenant, and looked as proud as an emperor. The generals under his command bowed before him until their noses touched their pommels. We always called him "His Majesty of the Rhine." Our colonels and majors would have liked to have crept into mouse holes when he came.

When he once did us the honour of dining at our mess, he rose at dessert-time, glass in hand,

and instead of proposing a toast, he only said, "I have been much pleased with your dinner!"

His pride, however, became him well. When he approached the wing of our regiment and said, "Good morning, 36th regiment!" the three thousand men roared out, "Good morning, 'your Excellency'!" with the precision of a discharge, which however had been practised often enough.

CHAPTER II.

Austrians and Prussians—Our duties—General von Schutz—The exceptional position of Officers—Officers' marriages—Our casino and mess—The Austrian casino—Captain Tinti—Major von Feldegg—Frederick von Sallet—Court-martial.

MAYENCE was at that time a Federal fortress, and garrisoned by more than twelve thousand men, half Prussians, half Austrians. The number of officers was very considerable, as there were in the fortress a great many who were not in regiments, but were attached to some board or bureau.

City and fortress were divided into a Prussian and an Austrian half; and to prevent collisions, even certain public-houses in the neighbouring villages were allotted to Prussian, and others to Austrian soldiers only. This was necessary, for in the first years after the war regular fights between Austrians and Prussians occurred, and in some cases even sharp shots were used.

The two corps of officers, however, went on together exceedingly well, and I cannot remember a duel between an Austrian and Prussian officer in Mayence.

With the inhabitants of the city, the Austrians

were more in favour than the Prussians, which was partly owing to the longer time of service of the Austrians; who remained for years in the city and became familiar with the citizens, whilst the Prussian soldiers, all young men, remained only a comparatively short time, during which time they were nearly all day occupied with drill, or some other duty. There was also, throughout that whole country, a kind of traditional aversion to the Prussians, dating from 1793, when Mayence was besieged and taken by them.

The Prussians had two officers' guards in the fortress, and the Austrians the same. In the worst times, when many officers were detached on some extra duty, or were on leave of absence, we had to mount guard about every fortnight, but this duty was not very onerous, at least we understood how to make it easy. During the day, the officer on guard received visits from comrades, who frequently stayed until very late at night, amusing themselves with drinking, smoking, and playing lansquenet. In former times, poorer officers made an extra income by mounting guard for others, who paid them for it. In my time this was no longer done in this manner, but if any one wanted and found a substitute, he generally furnished him with a certain quantity of wine and tobacco, to defray the actual expenses, resulting from the many visitors.

Besides this, two Prussian and two Austrian officers had to go the rounds every night; a cap-

tain, who had to visit the guards before midnight, and a lieutenant between midnight and reveille. Many lieutenants took it very easily, and went to the officer of the guard on parade and said to him, "Well, I was at the main guard at three o'clock, a.m.," which meant, "Please write that in your morning report." I, however, always went my rounds very regularly, as I liked the night promenade, even in winter, though it was very fatiguing to examine all the Prussian guards, which required from three to four hours, as the fortress is very extensive.

General Schutz was a great tactician, and troubled our colonels with more manœuvres and military experiments than they liked; but the captains were still more averse to field manœuvres, as it made their soldiers careless in their bearing, and spoilt them for the parade march, this parade march being considered by them as the acmé of military perfection.

Our two corps of officers, that of the 35th and 36th regiments, were composed of very different elements. All the first lieutenants, and a good number of the second lieutenants, had served in the wars against Napoleon I., and many of them, as also some of our sergeants and corporals, wore the much valued iron cross. These officers, and others who had entered the army from the contingents of the smaller princes, who lost their sovereignty at the Peace of Vienna, were sometimes not well educated, felt uncomfortable in higher

society, and lived a retired life, or visited only amongst themselves.

In my set there were no officers who had been promoted before 1824; they had been either in the Cadet House, or had at least passed their examination, and were all gentlemen. With a few exceptions we met the others only at parade, or drill, and in the mess-room; they remained almost strangers to us.

In Germany the position of officers is frequently described as "brilliant misery." I cannot agree with this: on the contrary I found the misery rather homely and without any splendour, when the first glamour of youth, which surrounds everything with glory, had passed. The lot of a lieutenant without fortune is a sad one, and he who has a fortune rarely remains long in the army. Other *employés* of the Government, though not better paid, are far better off: they can make both ends meet, and live according to their means. Nothing more is required of them than that they should attend to their duty, and live respectably. Nobody would think it unbecoming, if the wife of such an inferior, badly paid *employé*, were to try to earn money in an honest way.

It is far different with officers. In the marriage of an officer the whole corps is interested; his wife is considered a lady; and though not compelled to go into society, her behaviour is jealously watched, and she must submit to all the prejudices of Prussian officers, which are those of

the highest class, with the addition of a few others peculiar to military caste. These prejudices, and the pretensions based upon them, are fostered and even exacted by the government from very selfish motives, springing from the nature of despotic governments: the officers must be kept apart from the people, as the army is needed just as much for protection against their own people as against external enemies. The means with which, however, the government furnish officers to maintain this unnatural position are ridiculously disproportionate, and not sufficient for a single man, still less for a married couple; the government therefore have assumed the right of granting or refusing an officer permission to marry.

The first condition for obtaining consent is to prove that, besides the officer's pay, the couple have twelve thousand thalers, or at least the enjoyment of the interest thereupon, at five per cent. It is not sufficient that the lady who will marry an officer be well educated, well mannered, and of immaculate reputation; she must never have sullied her hands with honest labour, or have been employed in any kind of business; in a shop, for instance, or the like. An *employé* of the government in an office, who is the equal of the officer in respect of pay, may marry when and whom he likes; nobody cares about it.

Captains are not required to have any fortune to enable them to marry; their pay is thought sufficient to keep a wife and a family. Officers,

therefore, who are poor, and love girls without fortunes are obliged to wait until they become captains. But promotion is slow in time of peace; and in our regiment we had second lieutenants with grey hair.

This condition of the twelve thousand thalers was frequently complied with in a manner which made it very useless; for a couple who wanted to marry easily found a lawyer who would produce documents which satisfied the military authorities. How the married couple got on with the imaginary revenues was not at any rate the business of the lawyer. And they went on miserably enough sometimes. I have seen officers' households in which far greater misery might be found than in the families of poor labourers; and this was made the more distressing because of the appearances it was necessary to keep up.

It was natural that those officers who had been cadets, and had known each other for years, should keep together. Being accustomed to live together, sometimes two or three would live in the same lodging, which had many social and pecuniary advantages.

"Ulysses," Schlichten, became my most intimate friend, and though we did not live in the same lodging we were much together. As he played the guitar and had a fair voice, I also bought a "sighing box;" but when in anger I dashed it to pieces against the stove, my musical studies were at an end. I, however, procured

materials for painting, and commenced spoiling a great deal of good canvass.

As the limited means of the officers did not permit them to frequent expensive places of amusement, and in order to create a centre where they might meet and enjoy each other's society, we tried to get up a "casino," or club, in the same locality in which we dined; and in later times this prospered very well.

The whole concern—the dinner-table included—was under the superintendence of an officer, and considering the price we paid for it we dined very well.

The wine cellar was under the care of an officer, of the name of Luther, who claimed to be a descendant of the Reformer. As he understood more of wine than of theology, our cellars were exceedingly well stocked. He had a fortune which he advanced for that purpose, on condition that the bills for wine drank in the casino should be deducted every month from the pay by the pay-master. The wine was sold to us nearly at cost price, for Luther did not require more for his money than the interest which he would have got by investing it in the usual manner at five per cent., and only four kreuzers (about one penny half-penny), were added to the price of a bottle of wine, to supply bottles, crockery, and other trifles required for the establishment. When our regiment was, after three years, transferred to Sansouci, the surplus of this fund was divided amongst

the officers of the two regiments, according to the time during which they had contributed to the mess, and there were officers who got more than the value of the wine they had drunk during that time.

These wines were, of course, imported free of duty, and as they were bought from the wine-growers, we got them extremely cheap. Our common dinner wine cost us not more than sixteen kreuzers (fivepence) the quart bottle, and claret and burgundy we had for a shilling or eighteenpence, better than we could get it in any hotel for thalers.

In summer we rented a garden, and made an arrangement with some restaurant. There we gave concerts, at which our excellent band performed: it consisted of nearly eighty men, as the bands of both regiments were combined. To these concerts we invited the Austrian officers and their ladies. There were, however, in summer, concerts every Friday in the "Anlage";—one Friday the Austrians played, and on the other the Prussians, between whom was springing up a rivalry, which in its results was very agreeable for the public. These concerts had a great and well-merited reputation, and people came from Frankfort, Wiesbaden, and other watering-places to hear them.

The Austrian officers' casino was only a few paces from ours. It was of an older date, had a garden behind it, and was very comfortable. In

this casino many young Prussian officers were always to be met, for gambling was carried on there to a considerable extent, mostly at macao and lansquenet.

There was an old Austrian captain, who had once been an Italian marchese and had held large estates, which he had gambled away one after the other at piquet; his name was Tinti. I was told that the emperor gave him a small pension of two florins a day from his privy purse.

Major von Feldegg, a very amiable man, was also a great gambler. Once in Wiesbaden I saw him win all the gold in the bank, and entreated him to be satisfied, but he said he would have the silver also. The bankers extended the play far beyond the usual hour, and Feldegg lost all he had won and a hundred louis more. He went laughingly away, and invited us all to a grand supper. He had unusually quick promotion, and when he was made a general it turned his head; he became a lunatic and soon died. His name is well known in scientific circles, for he was a great ornithologist, and had a splendid collection. He discovered a new species of pelican, with a curly head, which was named after him *Pelicanus Feldeggianus*.

Amongst the clique of former cadets in our regiment was Frederick von Sallet. He was exceedingly delicate in appearance, like a girl, and therefore looked much younger than he was. He

was much vexed at his appearance, and would have liked his body to correspond to his vigorous spirit.

His was a handsome face. I experienced a peculiar emotion on looking at it, almost amounting to sadness. Perhaps it was the effect of his large brown eyes, which from under their long lashes looked so earnest and pure. A "Sunday-child" might have seen the star over his forehead, the badge of genius.

While in the Cadet House he had already occupied himself with literary essays, and had several quarto volumes of manuscripts, on which was written "Bungler's collected works." He visited me frequently, as I was much interested in his poetry and answered his poetical epistles in verse. As I painted and dabbled in many other things, he used to address me in his letters, "Dearest bungled universal genius."

The German author of a work entitled "Sallet's Life and Influence," has said that we had formed a kind of literary society; but this was not the case. We all (of the cadet clique) were much interested in his labours, and of course spoke about them, but that was all. We also discussed new publications, and admired much Henry Heine, whose "Buch der Lieder" created a great sensation, and opened a new epoch in German literature. Politics never entered into our conversation, and he who should have read a political paper would have been laughed at. I do not remember to

have looked at one such paper during all the three years I was in Mayence.

Sallet was soon transferred to a regiment in Trier, to our great regret, and as the occurrence which gave occasion to this transfer is so very characteristic of the spirit of the Prussian officers at that time, I will relate it.

Sallet had a mildly satirical turn, and sometimes wrote essays in prose, ridiculing some of the prejudices and habits of society. In one of these essays he ridiculed the martinetism in our army. For instance, he called the drill-book a work in which men were taught how they could be changed into puppets; he made fun of his useless little sword, and trod his cocked hat—always worn when visiting—under his feet, in anger at the nonsense he had been compelled to talk at a tea-party.

As this little paper was written with much pleasant humour, I read it to the princess, who laughed heartily at it; but knowing the Prussian spirit, she requested me to advise Sallet not to publish it. I told him so immediately afterwards on meeting him at the theatre, but he said it was already too late, as a poetical lady (who herself wrote for the press) had already sent the paper to some literary weekly publication, in which it was published.

The consequences were even worse than the princess had anticipated. One of the colonels and some old captains were furious, and managed that Sallet should be tried by a court-martial for

his "disgraceful libel." The result was that Sallet was condemned for these trifling offences to *ten years' imprisonment*, and to be *cashiered!* The king, who had more sense than the stupid court-martial, refused to confirm the sentence. A new trial by another court-martial was ordered, and the result was again cashiering and two years' imprisonment. The king, however, lost patience, annulled this sentence by his supreme authority, and condemned Sallet to *two months'* imprisonment in a fortress.

CHAPTER III.

The effects of drinking—Ensign von Hagen murdered by Baron von Z.—Effects of gambling—Balls—The Mother of the Duke of Coburg—A Kirchweih adventure—My chum—A Countess of the Empire—An aquatic adventure—Difficulties—My shoemaker—A brilliant masquerade at the Princess's house—Don Juan—Great Success.

MAYENCE was at that time a very agreeable place, and a young officer who loved pleasure could not find it any where in greater or more pleasing variety. It was not an expensive place either, and he who had only two pounds a month in addition to his pay might enjoy himself much without running into debt—that is, of course, if he kept within reasonable limits, and above all did not gamble. Two pounds are in England such a very small sum that many people will perhaps smile incredulously. I speak, however, from experience, and as things were in 1830. It is possible that they may have changed now, though they cannot be so very different either.

Wine, and very good wine, was extremely cheap, especially to us officers. All the places in the neighbourhood of Mayence which are noted for their wines were visited by us—for instance,

Hochheim, Ruedesheim, Nierstein, and Laubenheim. We went frequently to Laubenheim, where we then drank wine of 1811 and 1827. The common table wine in the hotels in Germany is frequently labelled "Laubenheimer;" but, though it may have been grown somewhere in the neighbourhood of that place, it had not been grown in Laubenheim. Good Laubenheimer has a most delicious bouquet, and the 1827 was so very aromatic, that I saw ladies put it on their handkerchiefs like a perfume. We paid a gilder for a quart bottle of 1811 or 1827, which is about eighteenpence.

Of course the officers consumed a great quantity of wine, and I remember that my sergeant handed me on one first of a month about fourpence, as the remainder of my pay. The rest had been deducted for wine, drank in our mess-room. Drunkards were, however, rare amongst the officers, though they occasionally drank too much, and serious quarrels ensued.

We had in our regiment a young nobleman from a family of Nassau. He was about six feet high, in every respect a gentleman, and one of the best-natured men to be found, therefore a great favourite with all of us.

He fell in love with a girl at the theatre who appeared only in very inferior parts, and was not even pretty. However, Baron von Z—— had promised to marry her, and determined to keep his word, though all his family and the Duke of

Nassau did everything in their power to prevent it. As he could not marry her as an officer he resigned. He was, however, very well recommended to the court at the Hague, entered a Dutch regiment of cavalry, and soon became an officer.

On one occasion he visited us in Mayence, and a merry company was assembled in the English hotel. The landlord, who had received some fine wines which were still in the free port, proposed to go and try them. That done, the rather animated company proceeded to the Bear hotel in Castel, and the drinking bout was continued. On settling the bill a trifling difference occurred. One of those present, Ensign von Hagen, of the Prussian dragoons, doubted a statement made by Baron von Z——, which caused him to say rather seriously, "Hagen, I am a Dutch officer." Hagen answered laughingly, "Then you are a 'rechter Dreck,'" which is a vulgar expression for something worthless. Baron von Z—— had already buckled on his long cuirassier's "palash." He drew, and called out to Hagen, whose sword was still hanging on the wall, "Draw, sir!" A waiter threw himself in his way, but was pushed aside by Z——, who ran his sword through the breast of the ensign. "Oh, Z——," said Hagen, "you have murdered me shamefully," and expired.

Everybody was horror-struck. The baron, who had become perfectly sober, walked as if in a dream over the bridge into the city. There he met in the street old Captain von Palmenstein,

our "Platz-major" (town major), to whom he said, "I have just killed Ensign von Hagen." As he said this so calmly, the captain did not believe him, and the same was the case in our casino. When he came into the Austrian casino and told his friend Count L——, this officer thought at once of saving him; and as already, on the report from Castel, orders had been given to arrest the baron at the gate, if he should try to leave the fortress, Count L—— took him in a carriage, and the Austrian guard at one of the gates, seeing an Austrian officer, let him pass.

In the Hague the affair was represented as a kind of duel; at least, it was hushed up, and the baron transferred to Batavia, whence he returned after a few years, and I saw him in Hanau, no one taking any notice of his crime, committed only a few years before.

Gambling was the ruin of many officers. It was not carried on to a great extent amongst ourselves, as we had not much money, and the sums won or lost were never large; however, Wiesbaden, with its gambling house, was very near and proved far more dangerous.

Especially after the first of a month, many carriages—a railroad did not yet exist—filled with officers in mufti, were to be seen on the road to Wiesbaden, all full of hope at least to double or treble their pay at the green table. However, our few thalers were generally engulfed by the insatiable abyss, and it was no rare occurrence

for a whole company of officers not to be able to muster money enough to pay for either supper or a carriage, and they had to walk home.

In wine-growing countries the people are far more lively than in beer countries, or than in those in which spirituous drinks prevail. Their festivals are merrier, and even if they become uproarious, the noise is of a laughing, good-natured character. By listening to the hubbub of a popular merry-making from a distance, I would engage to tell whether the prevailing drink of the people were beer, spirits, or wine.

The people in Mayence and thereabouts are a light-hearted and merry people, those of the city especially. The French have been there very long, and there would appear to be a good deal of French blood among the people of Mayence. I have nowhere seen merrier girls, and they are prettier too than those of Frankfort for instance, and on the whole Rhine are only perhaps equalled by those of Dusseldorf.

That was indeed a merry life in Mayence, and I do not know any city where there are more public amusements and balls. At these latter, officers were in great request, for they were good dancers, and were frequently only invited for their legs. Amongst us Prussian officers was a set of about six or seven—I was one of them—who were never to be missed at any ball, and if some non-military family, with whom we did not visit, gave a ball, we were generally induced by some lady friend

of the house to pay a visit. In three months I attended twenty-seven balls, and amongst them five masquerades; and not rarely two or three dancing-parties the same evening. I was a good and indefatigable dancer.

Probably no young girl enjoyed a ball more than I did. It was to me the greatest of pleasures, and the sight of so many, beautifully dressed, handsome ladies, and the peculiar perfume of the ball-room almost intoxicated me. Schlichten always said that it was a curious thing to see me enter a ball-room, for I appeared as if transfigured, my eyes beaming, and my face radiant. No wonder, for nowhere was my vanity more gratified than on this field, where few of my comrades contested with me for victory.

Once, after a ball given by the princess in honour of her brother, the then regnant Duke of Saxe-Coburg, she said to me, "My brother told me he liked you best, you were his favourite at the ball," and asked me whether I would accept a place as gentleman of the bed-chamber at his court, which I declined.

The duke often came to Mayence, and with him his two sons, the present Duke Ernest, and Prince Albert, who were then two very nice unaffected boys. The old Duchess of Coburg also came once; the mother of the princess, who presented me to her. It was really curious to see the two old ladies together, and to witness the deference and respect with which the princess treated her mother. The

latter was a little, active old lady, with a pair of black eyes, which seemed to pierce my uniform and my breast, and to look directly into my heart. It was my good fortune to please her. She had the reputation of being extremely clever.

Cabs for hire did not then exist in Mayence, and as it would have cost more than our pay to hire private carriages for all the balls we had to attend, some went, when the weather did not permit of walking, on the patient backs of their servants: I once did the same, but only to a masquerade.

We had every season about half a dozen subscription-balls at the citizens' casino, which were very agreeable. The pleasantest balls were, however, given by Count Mensdorf, where we always found an assemblage of people belonging to the higher ranks of society. There was always a well-provided buffet, and also a hot supper, which was no trifle for about six or eight hundred persons. Generally only the ladies were seated, and the gentlemen were happy to attend to them.

General von Müffling, and even the parsimonious General von Schutz gave balls, as did also many other rich families.

As we were pretty sure to meet about the same set of people everywhere, we generally made our dancing-book at the commencement of the season, and I was provided with partners half a dozen balls in advance, keeping always however a few dances open for "extra tours." Of course, one tried to

secure one's favourites, and I was never satisfied without having at least two dances with Miss de Wiesenthau.

This pretty girl could do with me what she liked, and she sometimes taxed my devotion rather severely. If there were any ladies who could not find a partner, I was coaxed to engage them.

Once, at a ball at General Schutz's, she induced me to engage the wife of our garrison parson, whom the general had invited, and whom I had never met at a ball, nor anywhere. She was an extremely pretty, sweet young lady, but it required some courage to dance with her, she was so oddly attired. She wore her wedding dress of white satin, which had been made some six years ago, and on her angelic head a crown of white roses. With the happiest of faces she danced in most antediluvian style, and with all my skill I could not get her away from under the great chandelier, around which we moved like two moths. Miss de Wiesenthau laughed so much that she showed all her pretty teeth. But I had my revenge, when I saw her just under that very chandelier stumbling about with Baron Draës, the inventor of the Draesine, now called velocipede.

At the same ball she persuaded me also to dance with a most beautiful Countess Degenfeld, who was however stone deaf, but notwithstanding this danced wonderfully. It was only in so far unpleasant that her brother, an Austrian captain, was always standing behind us, as it were with

drawn sword and suspicious eye, watching whether I paid proper attention to his sister, to whom I could, however, only speak with my eyes.

For a change we visited, in plain clothes, the church festivals (Kirchweihen) at the neighbouring villages, and had our fun with the pretty and merry daughters of the tradesmen and small shopkeepers, to the disgust of their beaux, whose greatest delight would have been to thrash a lieutenant, which they would perhaps have done, if an officer in uniform had not been on duty there, with a strong guard under his command.

I was once on similar duty in Castel, when an Austrian officer, Count L——n, in a very excited manner, pointed out to me a handsome looking young man, whom he wanted me to arrest. He had met him a few days before in Bieberich, in a public garden, with a most beautiful and powerful dog. The count looked at the dog, and at its master, with admiration, when the latter said, "What the devil are you staring at me for?" From this a dispute ensued, and as the young man gave his name as Count X——, L—— called him out, and a meeting with pistols was agreed for the next day. The officer appeared on the ground, but his opponent was not to be seen.

I told L—— that I could not well arrest the young man in the dancing-room without creating a general disturbance, but promised that I would take notice of him in such a manner, as to make him uneasy, which would probably cause him to

slip out. This succeeded perfectly. The young man became frightened, on seeing L—— talk to me, and escaped. However, L——, who was very excited, and whom I knew to be very passionate, ran after him. I followed immediately, to prevent L—— from killing him. It was well that I did so. I came up with them about the middle of the bridge over the Rhine. L—— had caught the coward, and declared that he would throw him into the Rhine over the low balustrade, on which he had laid him, lustily pommelling his head meanwhile. I persuaded L—— to desist, and he gave him in charge of an Austrian patrol at that moment passing the bridge.

The Austrian general, Count L——, an uncle of the lieutenant, dealt with the coward very summarily, as it came out that he was no nobleman, but a student from Giessen. He received his well-told fifty, and was transported beyond the *rayon* (territory) of the fortress, under the threat of being put into prison if he appeared again in Mayence.

The most interesting period of the year was, however, that of the carnival, though that became still more brilliant in later times, after I had left Mayence. To me this was the more amusing, as it was a novelty I had not seen in the Eastern part of Germany.

During the last three days of the carnival, all Mayence was topsy-turvy, all fools were at liberty to show themselves in their true colours, and all sensible people assumed inwardly and out-

wardly the livery of fools. People were permitted to appear masked in the street all day, and music and fun were to be met everywhere. After the representation, by flooring over the orchestra and pit, the theatre was arranged for a masked ball, which, during these three days, lasted until morning.

I had, with a friend, taken a most sumptuous lodging, which a rich rope-maker had furnished. They said he was mad, and, indeed, it seemed so; for he rented to us for twelve thalers a month three front and two back rooms, and a kitchen on the first story, more magnificently and tastefully furnished than the rooms of even the richest private houses. Even the engravings ornamenting the walls were something extraordinary, for they were not only the most celebrated existing, but all *avant la lettre!*

To celebrate my entrance, I ordered a basket of champagne from a wine merchant; and, after the theatre, a few persons came and took supper with me, which I had from the "Roman Emperor"—where I had credit.

The noise we made was horrid. All the neighbours popped their heads out of the windows, and those living opposite us looked right into ours, which were left open on account of the heat.

The less I say about that graceless affair the better. It made a great noise over all Mayence, and report exaggerated the gnat into an elephant.

My chum was a young officer of the 35th regiment. He was a blonde, rather handsome

young man, but very dissipated. However, he was good-natured, and much liked amongst us. How he became my chum I do not know, and still wonder at it, for he had very different tastes from mine, and was ignorant besides.

He was in the habit of using foreign words, but always in the wrong places, and sometimes made the most ridiculous blunders. However, he liked to be thought witty by the ladies, and I discovered by chance how he managed it.

Looking for something in our secretary, I found a paper, on which were written, in von F——'s hand, several conversations with ladies, headed, for instance: "Second waltz, Miss von X——." I was highly amused, and on asking F——, laughingly, what it meant, he reddened and said, "Well, you see, one does not know what to say to all the ladies, and as I do not want to appear stupid, I write down before every ball a set of conversations. As we are always engaged in advance, and know the ladies, it is not very difficult to guess their answers."

I tried to have everything in accordance with the elegance of our lodging, and never sat down to our breakfast without being well dressed; but F—— was not to be brought to that. He wore an old, ragged, and dirty dressing-gown, a still dirtier old worsted shawl round his neck, and a pair of slippers which even a rag-picker would have despised.

One morning, when sitting at breakfast, my

servant brought in a card, "X—— von X——, countess of the empire." I was utterly disconcerted at this visit.

Once, at a casino ball, I saw at the end of the room a tall, queenly-looking, handsome lady, whom I had never seen before. Going straight across the whole room towards her, as I approached my speed slackened, for I discovered that she had been handsome rather too long for my taste, and that she was, at least, thirty-six. It was impossible, however, to stop, as I had already been noticed, but I was very glad to find that she was engaged for the dance which I requested. I heard that she seemed to be a very devout Catholic, and went every morning, with her companion, to early mass, generally wearing a scarlet dress, which made her known a mile off.

On this morning she came after mass to our house, "to see the lodgings," as she wanted a house for a friend. I could not, therefore, refuse her admittance, but it was impossible to receive her in presence of my chum, who looked quite out of place on our sofa of yellow silk damask. As he thought himself extremely nice, he refused to leave the room, and hearing the countess already in the adjoining apartment, I very unceremoniously collared him, pushed him into the bedroom, and turned the key on him.

Whilst I paid my compliments to the lady and her companion, he tried to open the door, crying, "What do you lock me up for? I look well

enough as I am for that old countess." Though rather embarrassed, I could scarcely forbear laughing, and was greatly relieved when the two ladies left, probably, much disgusted.

Though the ladies, balls, and similar amusements occupied me a great deal, I found time to go out shooting. Although invited to all the battues in the neighbourhood, as a good shot, I liked also to go out alone. Though the right of hunting within the rather extensive environs of the fortress belonged to General Müffling, he did not object if officers encroached on his rights. Poaching was not considered a great sin amongst us, and we therefore extended our excursions even beyond this limit, to the great disgust of the rightful owners of the hunting-grounds, whose keepers and guards were always on the look-out for us.

A very attractive place was the point called "Mainspitze," a corner of land formed by the rivers Maine and Rhine, which belonged to the village of Risselsheim. The guards had once brought Baron von Z——, the same who killed Ensign von Hagen, to bay there, and as they drove him towards the end of the point, they exulted, believing themselves sure of capturing him. He, however, slung his gun round his neck, and swam across the Rhine, which was rather difficult, on account of the width of the river, the fast current, and his clothes.

When I was quartered in the convent near

Weissenau, which is close to the Rhine, I could not resist the temptation either, for there were plenty of ducks to be found on Maine-point. One morning in March, long before daylight, I was ready for a poaching excursion. For this purpose I had hired a very small wherry, called expressively a "Seelenverkaefufer," which had just room enough for myself and servant, a river sailor from the Elbe.

On arriving on the bank of the river, some watermen, who were already up, cautioned me not to venture on the Rhine, as the weather was boisterous, saying that we should not be able to get across. I, however, asked my servant whether he believed he could take me over, and as he nodded yes, I did not heed their advice.

It seemed, however, that Frederick had overrated either his skill or strength. The current was very strong, as the river was swollen by recent heavy rains, and the waves were higher than I had ever seen them on the Rhine. Frederick did his utmost, but I soon saw that we could not succeed, and that we were in great danger of being swamped. I asked my servant whether he could swim, and was much alarmed on hearing that he could not, for I had never doubted it, as he was a waterman. I therefore told him to take hold of the skiff in case we should capsize or sink, and I would assist him.

Scarcely had I given him these instructions, when we were floundering in the stream. My

gun was slung over my breast (all German guns are provided with straps) and my arms were free; however, my legs were encased in large water-boots, of which I could not get rid, as they were fastened inside below my knees with thin straps, in order to prevent them from falling down. The boots were filled of course at once with water, which made swimming rather difficult: I was, however, an excellent swimmer, and the waters of the Rhine are almost as buoyant as the sea.

It was not very dark, and when I emerged from my plunge, my first look was for poor Frederick, whose ghastly face I discovered near the boat to which he clung with both his hands. I succeeded in fastening the rope, which served to attach the boat on shore, round his breast in such a manner that he could not slip off, and swimming to the head of the boat, which served me as a support, I tried to direct its course as much as possible towards the Mayence shore. As the current was so very strong, I did not succeed very well, and was much afraid that we should be drifted through the bridge and towards the last of the seventeen ship-mills, which protruded far into the river. I had frequently, in sport, passed under one of these wheels by holding on to one of its paddles, but Frederick, who was tied to the wherry, would certainly be drowned.

The poor fellow, at whom I turned now and then to look, appeared in the dawn of morning nearly as green as the Rhine, and as he did not

answer my questions, I scarcely knew whether he was alive or dead. The water was extremely cold, and when we came near the bridge I felt rather chilly and very wet.

People were already moving on the Mannheim steamer, and even on the bridge; and shouting with all my might and blowing my rather shrill dog's whistle, which was fortunately attached to a button of my shooting-jacket, I succeeded in attracting attention; our navigation was stopped at the bridge, and we were picked up.

Poor Frederick was still alive, but his teeth chattered like a mill, and his face was of the hue of a chrysoprasus. I ordered him to trot as fast as he could after me to the Bear hotel in Castel, and then went to bed at once, ordering two pint glasses of hot grog, whilst Frederick got dry clothes from an officer's servant in the hotel. I made him swallow the whole pint of hot grog, and directed him to run to the monastery near Weissenau, and to return as fast as a greyhound with my clothes. He arrived with them in an incredibly short time. This did him good, and neither he nor I had even a cold from our aquatic adventure.

My position in Mayence gradually became rather uncomfortable. I had not a penny in the world besides my pay, for the estate of my father was still under the guardianship of the "Pepillun Collegium" in Insterburg. I have already stated how much this pay was; it scarcely sufficed to cover

my most necessary expenses, still less those required for going into society. I hoped to fill my treasury in Wiesbaden, but roulette served only to plunge me further into debt, and even in lansquenet I had but very transient luck. The whole amount of my debts was only a few hundred gilders, but I owed them to a great many people, some of whom dunned me awfully. In order to go to my barracks I had always to make a very long circuit, as most of the streets were beset by my creditors, of whose eyes I was afraid.

The most polite of my creditors was my shoemaker. However, he was the most cruel, and his cruelty was most refined. He regularly sent in his bill; and, though not paid, he did not refuse to furnish me with as many pairs of boots as I ordered. He wanted, however, to get rid of such an unprofitable customer, and in the hope that I would favour a rival with my orders, he made all my boots so very tight over the instep, that I frequently suffered horrible pain, which made me nearly faint. I dared not, however, return the boots. By this torture he spoiled my happiest moments, and even now, after thirty-five years, I shudder on thinking of Mr. Stauder's boots.

I never could make light of my debts; for I was perfectly aware that my creditors only asked their right, and that it was not at all honourable to order things, not knowing how to pay for them, and having only a very slightly-founded hope of ever doing so. I felt ashamed, humiliated,

and unhappy, but had not the moral strength to renounce all my pleasures, and live like an anchorite.

Some of my creditors complained to my major, and he wrote to my aunt Arnim, in the hope that she would pay my debts. She, however, was of opinion that this would only give me encouragement, and declined.

I was indeed very badly off. Ready money was not now to be had from our corps Jew, and I was not rarely without a single penny. It was fortunate that the money for our dinner was deducted by the paymaster, or I should have been starved, as it was frequently my only meal. Sometimes, when we had to go out to a manœuvre all the morning, I had not even a roll or a cup of coffee, and was forced to breakfast on a pipe of tobacco.

Once, when I was very hard up, the princess told me that she was going to give a very brilliant masked ball, and this ball was soon the talk of everybody. There were to be several brilliant quadrilles; for instance, one of Chinese, in which the richest people were to act. They had purchased for that purpose real Chinese silk dresses, which cost immense sums. There was another quadrille of Bohemian peasants, in which Miss de Wiesenthau was to take part, and others. I was obliged to decline all invitations on account of my poverty. The princess proposed that I should appear as a lady of the time of Louis XV., for

which costume she would furnish me with everything. I did not, however, comply with her wish; she approved of my reasons, and offered me some of her court robes, which I might perhaps use for the masquerade, and I accepted them with much pleasure.

On receiving these dresses I consulted with the theatre tailor, and resolved to visit the ball of the princess as Don Juan; another officer was to be my Leporello!

The theatre tailor was an artist in his trade, and, moreover, a great enthusiast. When he took my measure and received the velvet and silk, etc., he was enraptured, and promised me a costume, than which the real Don Juan could not have worn anything more elegant or rich.

He kept his word. The doublet was of white velvet, and fitted as closely as possible. The fore part of it was covered with narrow gold lace, arranged in very fine arabesques. Under-sleeves and trousers were of white satin, and the bandeaux over them were also of white velvet, edged and embroidered with gold. The belt was of azure velvet, also ornamented with gold, and the Spanish hat of white velvet, blue inside, and with a blue and white ostrich feather. The Spanish cloak was blue velvet, richly fringed and embroidered with gold, and lined with white satin. The stockings were of white silk, and the shoes of white velvet with gold.

The Duchess of Wurtemberg never went to

any of these parties or balls; but when I saw her, and she inquired about my mask, she offered her assistance, and promised me all the diamonds which might be required. I selected an extremely rich clasp for my hat, and an equally rich one for my belt, and two large buttons for the rosettes of my shoes. I also got from her an extremely rich dagger, set with jewels, belonging to the duke.

On the evening of the ball the tailor came to dress me, and brought with him a fine brown wig, as my own hair had betrayed me at a former masquerade. When he had finished he was in such ecstasies of admiration that he was almost crazy. My Leporello also looked very well, and was provided with a tailor's sample book, in which, instead of the samples of cloth, he had pasted heads cut out from mode-journals.

We arrived rather late at the ball; but so much the greater was the sensation which my appearance created. The Spanish costume made me appear much taller; and I was not recognized by any one.

The princess, the lady of the house, was not masked. She wore a kind of coronet of jewels, and the ribbon of the order of Katharina. When I made my bow to her she rose and dropped me a deep curtsey, which amused me much. She and many others took me for the regnant Duke of Nassau, who was expected, and the richness of my costume confirmed this belief. The diamonds which I wore on my hat were valued at about twenty-

thousand gilders, and, of course, nobody could imagine that they were worn by a needy lieutenant, who had pawned to our corps Jew all that he could spare of his things in order to be able to go to the ball. I was, of course, in the best of spirits, which were further heightened by several glasses of champagne; and I sustained my character *con amore*.

When the time came for unmasking, I went up to the princess, whose astonishment amused me much. The astonishment of my colonel, von Below, who represented the Dey in a scene from "The Bear and the Bassa," was still greater. He was indignant at the impudent elegance of the lieutenant, against whom he had at home half a dozen complaints of debts incurred; and I heard that he even intended to request my withdrawal from the ball. My major, however, who appeared as Blondel, interfered, and was generous enough to tell me that mine was the finest mask at the ball.

A few days afterwards, on the last day of the carnival, I returned from a very interesting adventure, which had commenced at the princess' ball, and though it was already past two o'clock a.m., I went to the masquerade in the theatre in citizen clothes, and sat quietly down in a box, where I was joined by a young man with whom I was slightly acquainted, and with whose handsome sister I had danced sometimes at the casino balls. His name was Emmermann. He had taken service in the Prussian artillery with the intention of becoming

an officer; but as he could not accustom himself to military discipline, he had resigned, yet still frequented the company of us officers. He had been drinking, and his swaggering talk was irksome to me.

Seeing in the masked crowd below an officer in uniform with his shako and sash, he asked what business he had there. I told him that he was the officer of the theatre-guard. "I would like to see a lieutenant like that dare to arrest me," he said. I answered in a quiet manner, but his talk took such a turn that I did not think it proper to listen to it any longer, though I made allowance for his state, and did not pay too much attention to what he said. I simply rose to go, and said, "Well, Emmermann, I know you already." He rose also and answered, "How do you know me?" I replied, "I know you *per renommé*." "And I," he answered, "I know you as a—as a—*boy!*" "You will hear more from me," I said, and then left him.

Upon my relating to some officers in the ball-room what had happened, they were of the opinion that I must call him out. This was my intention, though I cannot say that I felt particularly offended. I was only nineteen, and indeed a boy, and moreover, he was slightly tipsy; but I was an officer, and must act as became an officer.

According to our laws of honour, only recently adopted by the corps of officers, I informed our oldest captain of the affair, and, as he approved the course I had taken, a pistol duel took place in

the Momback wood. Schlichten acted as my second; that of my opponent was a former Hessian officer, Germain Metternich. Each of us was to have two shots, and I was to fire first. Not used to the strange pistols, I missed; the same did Mr. Emmermann, and his bullet passed very near my forehead. My second shot touched him slightly under his nose, and exclaiming, "Donnerwetter, that was close!" he fired his second shot in the air, and frankly apologised. He behaved indeed very honourably and gentlemanly. We shook hands, and as we had all very good appetites, we drove together to the village of Zahlbach, and had a good dinner.

Next day, after parole, the officers of our regiment assembled in our mess-room, and Schlichten read to them a detailed account of our duel. The officers approved my behaviour, and declared that the satisfaction given to me had been perfectly sufficient.

The colonel could not take any official notice of the affair, but I was ordered to his private lodging; and he there read me a sermon with his usual refrain, "If you do not alter your course, I shall have to report you to his Majesty."

Of course people in Mayence again had something to talk about, and this affair did not injure my credit with the ladies.

CHAPTER IV.

Thunderstruck!—The sixth company—Introduction to Captain Heuseler—The first roll-call—A life-size picture of the captain—Political excitement—The enthusiasm for the Poles—The black-red-gold enthusiasm—The great Hambach meeting—The political creed of a Prussian officer in 1832.

My friend Theodore had become adjutant in our battalion. Returning one day at parade from the circle of adjutants, where the parole and the order of the day were given out, he whispered into my ear with some little malice, "You are transferred to the sixth company!"

Lightning flashing at my feet could scarcely have frightened me more than did this news. I was indeed thunderstruck; to be transferred to the sixth company was the most dreadful calamity which could possibly befall an officer of my disposition. It was rare that a young officer could stay there longer than a few months. Most of them complained of the captain to the major or colonel after the first day; and, if not then removed, were placed in such an unpleasant position with him, that every moment some outbreak might be expected, making it impossible to

live together in the same company. The name of this ogre of a captain was Heuseler.

When the fatal order of transfer was officially published, I reported myself to the captain, who, with a most forbidding face, said, "I know it already," and turned his back on me. He seemed as little pleased with the measure as I was myself. I was quite perplexed for the moment; but then it appeared so droll to me, that I burst out laughing. Still laughing, I joined a circle of my comrades, saying, "Do you know how Heuseler has received me?" and acted the scene which had just passed between us. When imitating the mien and voice of the captain when saying, "I know it already," happening to turn round, there stood right before me Heuseler, who said, in a tone of command, "You will attend the 'apell' at four o'clock."

Such an "apell" (roll-call) took place every day once in each company; the parole and order of the day were read to the soldiers, and the interior affairs of the company attended to. At the third company, where I had been before, such an "apell" lasted about a quarter of an hour at the utmost.

The sixth company formed, with an Austrian company, the garrison of the citadel of Mayence, and was quartered in one of the two barracks built in its interior.

I was there at four o'clock, and had made an appointment for five o'clock. I did not, however, yet know the "apells" of Captain Heuseler. The "apell" proper lasted until five o'clock; but

that over, the captain ordered the corporals to drill their squads, which lasted until the moon appeared in the sky. I was glad to see her, for I hoped the thing would be at an end now; but I was mistaken. The captain assembled the company around him, and commenced instructing them about the general service; this lasted until seven o'clock.

Such were nearly all the roll-calls of Captain Heuseler, who was a bachelor, and did not know how to kill his time more agreeably. At first, I was fuming with impatience and rage; but seeing that this was of no use, I submitted to necessity, and comforted myself with the thought that everything in this world has a commencement and an end, even an apell of Heuseler. These apells have done me a great deal of good; they were a most useful, practical lesson for life.

As such captains are still to be met with in the Prussian army, though perhaps with some little modifications, I will give a life-size portrait of Heuseler.

He was a man of about thirty-eight years of age, nearly six feet high, and in all the vigour of manhood. In his new uniform, which was made to fit the captain, he looked very stately; but he was an economical man, and generally wore clothes which had fitted him when he was still a lieutenant. As these old clothes had not grown like the captain, they had become much too tight. The small brass buttons, and the old-fashioned

epaulettes, showed that at least ten years had passed since the coat had left the hands of the tailor, which was, however, still more evident from its threadbare state and the patches under the arms. His light grey trousers, with double stripes of red cloth running down the seams, were just as antediluvian.

The face of the captain was in perfect harmony with the rest of his person; it was not disagreeably fat, but looked full and healthy, and had, in private life, a pleasant expression, though his features were rather plebeian. His nose was short; his mouth well-proportioned and pleasing; his teeth white and perfect. His upper-lip was, as he supposed, adorned by two triangles of light bristles; his chin indicated energy; his blue eyes would have been fine, if he had not had the habit of frequently staring fixedly at some spot, by which means the pupil became contracted.

His round head, which was rather large, was covered with straight, coarse hair, and on the top of it sat the ugly shako then worn in the Prussian army, and made still uglier by a cover of black oilskin. The captain insisted that all the soldiers of his company should wear this shako like himself; that is, balanced on the top of the head and kept on only by the brass "scales" fixed under the chin.

In common life the voice of the captain was agreeable, and could even be soft and pleasant, but when on duty it was always severe and sharply ac-

centuated, like that of a town-crier reading some order of the magistrate. When drilling his company he became, as it were, delirious, and to hear him was the most curious thing in the world.

Before Colonel von Below commanded the regiment, it had been under the command of a colonel who was a great martinet, and the ideal of my captain. He was in the habit of speaking at drill in a whining tone, with which Heuseler was so much pleased that he adopted it also, especially when anything went wrong.

A good parade march was the highest aim of perfection in the captain's eyes, because some generals were stupid enough to judge by this marching of the excellence of a troop.

When Captain Heuseler practised the parade march with the company, his whole soul was in it. What with shouting, talking, cursing, swearing, and howling, his mouth actually frothed.

The captain did not like that any stranger should be present at his drills, and to avoid this, he hired (later when the regiment was transferred to Saarlouis) a field with his own money. One fine morning he led us to this ploughed land which, however, after a few days' drilling, became so smooth, that children selected the place to play with their tops or marbles, to the disgust of the captain, as the holes made for the latter purpose were sometimes the cause of spoiling a parade-march.

The strictness of the captain in drill was cruel;

but the result was, that scarcely any company in the army could equal ours on parade. To command to his satisfaction was very difficult, for everything had to be done with the exactness of clockwork. I succeeded at last in doing so; and when an older officer was transferred to our company, he had to look on for at least a fortnight, and I or the first sergeant had to command one of the two parts into which each company is divided when standing in battalion.

Everything was indeed perfect, but the poor soldiers were tormented in an unheard-of manner. One volunteer, who afterwards became an officer, Baron von Z——, had suffered so much from the captain, that he was going to commit suicide, and would have done so if I had not comforted him.

Our barrack was as neat as a doll's-house, but comfortless, for the poor soldiers scarcely dared to sit down on a chair. The floor had to be scoured with white sand; and when we removed to another barrack, which had once been a monastery, the captain required even that the oak boards, centuries old, should be scoured white.

He was also very strict in reference to the cleanliness of the soldiers, which would have been praiseworthy if he had not been unjust about it.

When he got into a rage, which was frequently the case, he dealt out knocks and boxes on the ear, or pulled the soldiers by the flaps of the ear. This manner of treating them was utterly

disgusting to me, and so it was to the first sergeant of the company, a very able, respectable man. Once when the captain boxed the ears of a soldier, I believe the first sergeant advised him to complain in the regular way; and to prevent this, the captain gave the man eighty thalers, to the amusement of the whole company, who heard of it, though it was meant to be kept secret.

If our battalion was ordered out for five o'clock in the morning, Heuseler ordered the company at four, and the corporals had their squads all ready at three, or even earlier. The natural consequence was, that the soldiers were tired before the manœuvring commenced, or that during drill they had to fall out, or fainted, overcome by the heat, increased by the shako, the tight strap under chin, the tight and stiff collars of the uniform, the trousers with straps, the knapsacks, the bandoleers crossways over the chest, and the cloak, which was rolled like a huge cigar, and bent over one shoulder, and both ends tied below the opposite hip. Whoever had to fall out, or who fainted, was invariably after drill put under arrest.

With all this the captain really imagined that the soldiers loved him. They hated him intensely; and not rarely have I heard the half-loud threat, which I feigned not to hear, that if we were to go in the field, the first bullet should kill the captain. I am really surprised that some desperate fellow did not run his bayonet into this tyrant.

I took a fancy to satisfy this man, and succeeded, though he sometimes tried my patience to its utmost.

The people of Mayence were at this time very much excited. The revolution of July, 1830, had stirred up old sympathies with France, whilst, on the other hand, German patriots were of the opinion that the Germans had also outgrown the "paternal," despotic government, and were desirous of a constitution. Many young men in the city put on the French cockade and sang the "Marseillaise," and applauded in the theatre at every sentence expressing hatred of tyrants, and love of liberty. Several pieces were prohibited on this account by the government of the fortress; for instance, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," because, when the soldiers were repulsed by the people in the market-place, the audience cried bravo like mad, and sang the "Marseillaise." "William Tell" was also prohibited for similar reasons. For a time this excitement found an outlet in the enthusiasm for the Poles. All the harp-girls were singing "Poland is not lost yet," when it was lost already; and the exiled Poles were received everywhere like conquering heroes. Everybody did his best to do them honour; and the women were wildly enthusiastic about them. Many a rascal put on a Polish uniform and spoke broken German, as it helped him better through the country, than even a passport from the chief of police himself would have done.

We officers also caught this enthusiasm; for we admired the bravery the Poles had shown. Some Polish officers were not only received in a friendly manner in our casino, but even chummed with Prussian comrades. This, however, came to an end when our superiors discovered or received information from Berlin that the Poles after all had committed high treason, and that it was therefore improper for Prussian officers to associate with them.

It was, however, inevitable that we should meet them at public balls, and other places of amusement; and as they had nothing else to do, they were to be found everywhere, and mostly drunk. It seemed to be an affair of honour with the Mayence citizens not to suffer a sober Pole in their city. I, at least, never saw one.

The Polish enthusiasm was followed by the black-red-gold fever. The old German colours were then the badge of Liberalism, and he who laid claim to the title of a patriot wore a cockade of these colours. The German Confederation looked, however, with a very suspicious eye on these aspirations; the princes were perfectly satisfied with the existing state of things; they wanted no change; and as they had the military power in their hands, they used it to suppress all demonstrations. The soldiers, therefore, became very unpopular; and conflicts between officers and citizens occurred frequently. Officers were insulted, and made use of their arms; and the ex-

citement grew from day to day. One of these conflicts took place at a casino ball. Young citizens sitting at the same table with Prussian officers, began to sing liberal songs, and proposed corresponding toasts. The officers behaved very well; in order not to create any disturbance they even touched the glasses of the young citizens with theirs, if requested; but once, when the young men presumed too much on this forbearance of the officers, one of the latter rose and proposed a toast to the King of Prussia, by his look compelling one of the loudest to join him in it. Though this young civilian had not the courage to refuse the toast, he uttered in a low voice, behind the back of the officer, an insulting word, which was heard by an Austrian officer standing near. This occurrence created a very bad feeling, and as the citizens took the side of their comrade, the officers in mass forsook the casino. Peace was, however, restored, and the offender received a hint to travel for a time, which he did.

The order was given to all guards to arrest every one wearing the German colours, and that the soldiers might be acquainted with them, a black-red-gold cockade was pasted in every guard-book. This measure did much to increase the excitement instead of quelling it, as was intended. The persons arrested were conveyed to the citadel, where an officer on special duty had to receive and dispose of them. He was instructed to send

them to the bureau of police if this could be done without danger. As, however, a great crowd generally accompanied the patrol who arrested these Liberals, and remained assembled before the drawbridge of the citadel, it was generally thought advisable to keep the arrested persons in the guard-house; or, if they were unruly, to lock them up in a very uncomfortable coal-cellar, which course was preferred all the more because the police let them go without the punishment which in our opinion they deserved.

We officers were, of course, entirely on the side of the government, to whom we belonged. It was quite sufficient for us that the government did not like these red-black-golden demonstrations; we therefore despised these colours.

As I must needs always put my nose foremost, wanting to show my contempt in some striking manner, one Friday, when thousands were assembled for the concert, in the new "Anlage," I appeared there with my little dog, Hélène, which proudly wore a large German cockade attached to its little stump of a tail. The joke was immensely applauded by all officers, both Prussian and Austrian, and my colonel laughed much about it, but warned me to take care lest my little dog should be killed. I told him, however, that I was ready to defend my dog's tail with my life. At that time neither my colonel nor myself imagined that both of us, and even the King of

Prussia, would one day wear this then despised cockade.

When the news was spread that a large popular Liberal meeting was to take place near the castle of Hambach, the authorities did not know at first whether to prevent it by force of arms or not. It was thought wiser by the city authorities, and those of the Darmstadt government not to do so; but the military government of the fortress was of a different opinion, when informed that a great number of the citizens of Mayence would travel in procession to Hambach, their large waggons and four ornamented with black-red and golden flags and cockades.

It was past eleven p.m., when the garrison received orders to assemble at certain places before daylight. My company remained in the citadel, where the guns were loaded and pointed at the New Gate, through which the procession was to pass. One company, with their firelocks loaded, stood near the guard-house inside the gate, and at their front, my major, with a number of other officers.

When the procession of carriages reached the gate they were stopped, and my major, in his usual composedly polite manner, addressed the leaders, summoning them to remove the German colours, as these were prohibited within the *rayon* of the fortress.

The postillions were the first who removed their cockades, and the rest were sensible enough

to do the same, as they saw that the military were resolved to use force. M. Germain Metternich, however, the same who was second to my adversary in the duel mentioned in the last chapter—stepped in advance of his comrades and said, "Major, behind Weissenau the flags will be displayed again." "You may do as you please there," was the answer. But a fierce captain of cavalry, M. von Dobrowolsky, an Austrian, angry at the "impudence" of Metternich, said some words to him, which caused a retort, that displeased the captain; he beckoned to his trumpeter, who at once rode Metternich down, without however injuring him.

With great noise, but without any other hostile demonstrations, the procession moved on, but the people were foolish enough to display their prohibited flags before they were out of the rayon of the fortress, and when they arrived at the monastery, near Weissenau, a detachment of Austrian lancers in ambush there rushed upon the Liberal pilgrims and attacked them, not with the points, but with the opposite ends of their lances, until the flags and cockades were removed.

Though I did not read the papers, and was little acquainted with the exact causes of the excitement prevailing everywhere, I knew too much of history not to understand in a general way the aspirations of the people, but took no personal interest in them, as I was far from imagining that I also belonged to the people. To tell the truth,

I was so much occupied with myself, and my pleasures, as never to have bestowed one thought on them. All I know is, that many of us officers felt highly offended at the language which the Liberals used in reference to us, and thought it perfectly just and right that they should be punished for their impudence. The military profession seemed to me the highest and most noble. We had to defend the country against foreign enemies in case of war; *we* represented the state, and that it enjoyed peace was entirely owing to the respect in which the army was held by those who would have liked to attack it. It seemed to us ridiculous that the people—and amongst them even persons quite respectable—made so much fuss about fellows of the plebeian names of "Wirth," or "Siebenpfeifer"; and I thought it perfectly right that the *police* should take charge of such persons who spoke disrespectfully against the king, our master; but felt rather indignant that we officers should be used like policemen, and resented it as a kind of insult.

The ideas of Prussian officers with regard to the relative position between king, people, and state, were very curious, and though these have changed greatly during the last thirty years, there exists in the army even now a very large party, who have still the same strange ideas, and who are looked on with a very favourable eye by the government. The cause of this is, that constitutional government on the continent of Europe is

only a sham, a concession wrung from the despotic princes by fear. Most of them are still despots at heart, and have no other desire, no other thought, but how to make the constitution illusory. There is only one real constitutional monarchy existing besides the English—Belgium. And though I am far from thinking these constitutions perfect, Germans must yet pass through many phases and revolutions before they can reach even that state. The only form of government worthy of a people that has come to a state of maturity is the republican; but I know very well that scarcely one nation in the world is perfectly ripe for it, as we all have still to suffer from the influence of the errors of former ages; and many generations of men will still have to pass over our earth before these influences shall have been sufficiently weakened to make a republican government more beneficial for the people than a honest constitutional one,—at least in Germany. A "honest constitutional" government is, however, only possible, when princes consider themselves honestly the first servants of the people—and not their rightful masters, as nearly all of them still do. Compelled to make concessions by fear, their principal study is, with rare exceptions, how to cheat the people out of the rights granted by the constitution without having the appearance of doing so, in which they are assisted by a servile nobility, and the greatest part of the army officers and bureaucrats.

" The views of a Prussian officer, as generally

and openly professed formerly, and still secretly entertained by a great number of them, are about as follows:—The king is by Divine right the hereditary absolute master of the people and of the country, and all the revenues are his personal property. To speak of *rights* as opposed to the king is inadmissible; for whatever liberty he grants to the people is done by the way of grace, and he may revoke as much of it as he likes, and whenever he likes. The laws are only regulations given by him for the behaviour of the people, with a final view to his own interest, which prevails above everything else, for "*L'état c'est moi.*" The police, the ministers, and other employés are servants of the king, and have to look to his interest first, and to that of the people only so far as by injuring it that of the prince may be injured. The army is the actual bodyguard of the king, and his defence against danger wherever it may come from, and absolute obedience to all his orders, is its most sacred duty. To utter a different opinion is infamous in an officer, and he who does so must be kicked out of the army. Such was the political creed of a Prussian officer of 1830, and hundreds of officers of 1869 still subscribe to it.

CHAPTER V.

First Love.

I HAD been only a very short time in Mayence when one afternoon I wended my way to the "Neue Anlage." Passing hurriedly under the New Gate, I was obliged to stop before the narrow drawbridge, because a carriage was passing over it. While standing there, I heard the lovely voice of a girl calling out, "Mother! look at that handsome officer!" I looked up greatly surprised, and saw at the other side of the gate an elderly, modestly-clad woman, with a most charming girl at her side. The pretty child held her little hands folded on her breast, and looked right into my face with her large dark-blue eyes, which glittered like stars, while her fresh lips, from which these words had escaped, remained parted as though she were in a trance.

Meanwhile, the carriage had passed, and I saw that the pretty petrified girl had dropped her handkerchief. I stopped, and held it out to her, but she remained in the same position, without even extending her hand, and her delicate face

was covered with blushes. The woman took it, and thanked me. I made a slight bow, and passed hurriedly on over the bridge, a little confused by the incident myself.

The empty carriage which had met me on the drawbridge was that of the Princess; she and Miss de Wiesenthau were therefore already in the "Anlage." Had this not been the case, I should certainly have followed the pretty girl; but Miss de W. had turned my head a little. Notwithstanding this, my thoughts were still with the handsome girl when I went through the garden, and though I smiled at her pretty perplexed face, her sweet voice and the words she had uttered were still ringing in my ear.

The word "Mother!" she had exclaimed as though in a sudden fright, and those that followed were uttered hesitatingly, as if against her own will, and in a dream. I was, however, in hopes that she also was on her way to the "Anlage," and that I might have an opportunity of seeing her again. But I was mistaken in this, for the two ladies probably took the way leading to the Gangate.

When in bed at night, the recollection of my little adventure troubled me much, and my busy fancy tried to recal the whole scene, and to continue it as I should have wished it. I reproached myself for my awkwardness, and, above all, that I had not secured to myself the possibility of continuing this interesting acquaintance. Now, I

knew nothing about her, nor how to find her out in this large city.

Though I knew certainly very little of her, and had only seen her for a moment, her face was imprinted on my heart, and none of its charms had escaped me. I was all fire, and must say that her flattering words fanned the flame considerably. I fell asleep at last, firmly resolved to find my pretty unknown.

Next day I consulted my friend Schlichten, who, however, did not know any girl answering to my enraptured description; and I could not sufficiently lament my stupidity in permitting her to disappear without my knowing whither. The only advice he could give me was to keep my eyes open.

As I had not an idea in which part of the city she might live, I ran like a madman through all the streets, looking at all the girls under their bonnets, and in at every window—but in vain. It was in vain, also, that I hovered about the way to the "Anlage," and that I returned several times to the place where she had been, as if that place could tell me where she lived.

Schlichten laughed at my excitement, and advised patience. "Go to the early mass," said he, "perhaps you will find her there." I did so, and attended the churches early in the morning, and saw many pretty faces, but not the one I sought for. Thus I went on for about a week, and became quite pale with excitement.

One morning, on passing over the Market-place, looking around attentively, I saw at some distance a woman whose somewhat bright shawl much resembled that worn by the mother of the girl when I had seen her. I at once gave chase, but this was rather difficult in the crowded market, where baskets and sundry elbows opposed my progress—not to speak of a great many heartfelt curses against the arrogant lieutenant, who was running with his nose up in the air.

Now and then I caught a glimpse of the woman, thanks to her bright-coloured shawl; until at last she dived into one of the narrow lanes leading from the market. I rushed after her, and was enabled to follow her for a while with my eyes; but, not far from the Rhine, she disappeared suddenly as if she had been swallowed up by the ground. As she had a basket on her arm, I guessed that she had made purchases in the market, and had been on her way home—therefore she might live somewhere near the Rhine.

My ramblings had now at least a certain base, and on the very next day I had the good luck to see the object of my dreams herself. She was without bonnet or shawl, and came out of a little shop, and must therefore live quite close by. She ran very fast, without looking around; and, turning a corner, disappeared as suddenly as her mother had done, without my having the least idea what door she had entered.

My heart was beating fast, and it was fortunate that only a few persons were in the narrow street, for any one who looked at me must have been struck by my unusual excitement. I loitered about in the neighbourhood until dark, and reconnoitered all the windows, but without success.

I was now obliged to give up my excursions for a day or two, as I was on guard, and detained in other ways also. Schlichten, to whom I communicated my trifling success, said, "Be glad that you have advanced so far; but behave sensibly, or you will spoil the whole thing." I resolved to be sensible, and only passed that street half-a-dozen times every day. Nobody could think this strange, for I might be living in the neighbourhood, or my road to my barracks might lead through this street.

One afternoon, slowly passing this interesting street, I was caught in a sudden shower which drove all the people from the street and compelled them to look out for shelter. I did not see any near, and hurried ahead, when, in a turning I discovered a door which did not seem to belong to any dwelling-house. It was a very old door in a Gothic arch, on which some architectural ornaments were preserved and which offered an excellent protection against the rain which fell with even greater force than before. On a sudden, I saw the top of an open umbrella turn the corner also, and advance towards me. When the um-

brella was folded, there stood before me my pretty girl, uttering a little cry of surprise on seeing me.

I was quite confused by my unexpected good luck, and stammered a few incoherent words expressing my pleasure at the chance which permitted me to meet her again.

"I am living here," she said, in a low and tremulous voice, as if to induce me to let her pass.

Though I might have guessed as much, I really believed that she was only looking for a momentary shelter like myself, as the whole character of the door suggested more the idea of a church or convent than of a dwelling-house.

"I don't wonder now that I did not find it," said I, in my first surprise.

She looked at me for a moment wonderingly, and it was long before she could get the key into the lock, for her hand trembled.

When she succeeded in opening the door and had entered, she lingered for a moment irresolute, made a slight bow as if intending to go, and then said, with some embarrassment,

"But it is raining so hard; will you not take my umbrella?"

"I thank you very much," I answered, "but have you ever seen an officer with an umbrella?"

"But you cannot possibly——" and she stopped.

"The rain will soon cease," said I, entering the door. "Permit me to stay here for a moment."

"But I am quite alone in the house!" she said.

"Are you afraid of me?" I answered, looking into her eyes, and taking her hand.

She smiled, and shook her head, and her lips moved as if she was going to say something, which, however, she suppressed.

I went with her up the staircase, and into a dark, rather plainly furnished room, when she said,

"I shall return directly;" and left me alone in a state of excitement difficult to describe.

After some time she returned. She had taken off her bonnet and shawl and had, as I noticed, changed her shoes. She wore a simple high brown dress, fitting tightly, and showing the fine form of her bust. Fortunately she did not wear those horrid gigot sleeves which were then the fashion. Hers were wide, and fell in natural folds down to the elbow, where they became narrow. The skirt was, however, after the fashion, which was very short, showing her pretty ancles and charming little feet. Her hand was a little wonder, and no duchess, commanding all kinds of cosmetics, could have had a prettier and whiter. The only blemish in it was the marks of the needle on her forefinger.

Theresa was not yet seventeen, though she

might have passed for a year or two older. Her form was well rounded, and there was nothing thin or angular about her. She was of middle height, but might have been called rather tall than short. Her supple waist (not pressed in by the artificial means of stays), was extremely small, and appeared the more so because her hips were full and well rounded. Her hands and feet were beautiful, and her ancles extremely well-formed. The round, splendidly-moulded arm was almost too white, and wherever Nature is in the habit of ornamenting her favourites with dimples, they were to be found on her, except on the chin; and those on her cheeks showed themselves only when she smiled.

Her face was a regular oval. Her little vaulted forehead was as smooth as a mirror, and of the purest white. Her complexion was very delicate, and over her cheeks was spread a blush like that of the interior of a white rose. Finely-pencilled black eyebrows over-arched the finest pair of eyes I ever saw in my life. Their white was blueish, and especially so near the pupil, so that it appeared almost as transparent as fine porcelain. The pupil itself seemed to be black; but, if the light fell on it, one could see that it was an extremely dark blue, which in joy sparkled like a gem. Though her eyes were very large and beautifully formed, they were rarely to be seen in their full extent, because they were nearly half veiled by her somewhat heavy eyelids and dense long lashes, which gave

them a peculiarly charming, dreamy expression. Her nose, which formed a scarcely perceptible angle with her forehead, was straight, and beautifully chiselled; and her short upper lip of that exquisite beauty which is not unfrequently seen in English and American girls.

Her mouth was small and lovely; her lips fresh and moist, and of the colour of pale corals; and her small, regularly-set teeth brilliantly white. Her hair was dark brown, nearly black, and so luxuriant that it required a peculiar arrangement to dispose of this abundance, though it was extremely fine, and could be compressed into a small compass.

She rarely laughed, but smiled frequently, especially if she felt happy; and when, with a peculiar grace of her own, she clapped her little hands, and unveiled her sparkling eyes, she was indeed the ideal of a happy child.

She was always gentle, and the sound of her voice touched the heart. But how is it possible to describe the indescribable? How can I convey that child-like innocence and loveliness, and the poetical *naïveté* of her innocent heart, and of her charming ignorance?

But I must return to the bare, dull room, in which Theresa joined me again, whilst the rain was still beating against the windows.

She remained standing before me in some confusion, and restlessly entwining her little fingers as if in deep emotion. When I looked into her

face, I discovered, almost with terror, that a heavy tear was trembling in her eye, ready to fall. I felt extremely sorry, and asked in an uncertain voice,

"Are you crying?"

She smiled, and the tears rolled over her cheeks without her attempting to wipe them off.

"Has my boldness—my intrusion offended you?" I continued, and I took up my cap. "Indeed that was not my intention—certainly not. I will go at once."

She shook her head, and made a movement with her hand, as if to retain me. I now took that hand, which she left in mine, and asked,

"And why do you cry?"

She looked at me with a friendly expression, and answered, scarcely audibly,

"I do not know why."

"Are you afraid," I continued, "lest your mother should come, and be angry at finding me here?"

"Neither my mother nor father come home before night."

My Latin was at an end now. I did not know what to think, or how to explain these tears. I was a child like her—I had just reached my eighteenth year—and was very near crying like her. In this perplexity, I did not know what better to do than to take her other hand also, and to ask, "Whether she was angry with me?"

She smiled at me through her tears, and a

trembling sigh stole from her breast. I covered her little hands—which she gently tried to disengage—with kisses, and told her how I had thought only of her ever since I had seen her at the New Gate; how I had searched everywhere for her house, and could not find it; how I saw her mother, and at last herself, a few days ago; but never should have discovered this house but for that blessed rain, and the still more blessed good luck of meeting her.

I then heard from her that she had not been long in Mayence, had but few acquaintances, and went out very rarely—only sometimes with her mother, who had a friend in the Gan Street, or to the Palace, where her mother was occupied until evening. If the weather was fine, she and her mother sometimes took a walk on the Rhine Bridge. She did not know any young girls, and was almost always alone at home; for her father, who had a place in the Custom-House, did not even come home for dinner and generally returned very late at night.

I pitied her and said that, alone in such a dark and gloomy room, she could not feel happy; but she told me that her own room was very pleasant, and looked on the Rhine, where she had always something to see; and she never felt *ennui*, for she worked very industriously.

Whilst she was telling me this, I stood before her, still holding her little hand which sometimes made a timid motion like a caught bird. When I

at last asked whether she had recognized me at once, and whether she had also thought a little of me, she nodded slowly twice, whilst a slight blush covered her face; and from her half-closed eyes came such a sweet, loving look, that I could not resist any longer. I encircled her waist, and gave her a long, long kiss. Then I asked whether she loved me?

She did not answer, but hid her face on my shoulder.

"Oh!" she sighed, at last, "I am afraid it is again only a dream!" And when I looked into her eyes, she covered mine with her hands, and said, "Oh! flames spring from those eyes—as in that dream!"

On the night after she had first met me, she dreamt that an angel stood at her bedside bending over her, and when she looked into his face, she saw that it was mine.

I asked "Whether the angel had epaulettes?"

She shook her head smilingly, and said,

"Oh, no! he had large blue wings; and when he looked at me, and his face was close to mine, flames streamed from his eyes, before which I had to shut mine. Then he kissed me, and wrapped me in his large wings, and I felt that I was dead."

I kissed her, and said, "That was an angel; but you will not die from my kiss."

"Who knows?" she answered, thoughtfully. "Though—let it be!"

She said it seemed to her as if she had known me from her childhood, but how and where she had met me she was not aware. This was the real reason why she had been so amazed on seeing me at the New Gate.

After a pause, she said, as it were speaking to herself,

"This, then, is heaven!"

Her grand-uncle, a mild old gentleman, a Catholic priest, with whom she had stayed for a long time and who had educated her, had once said to her, when she asked many things about heaven and hell,

"To love each other is heaven, and to love no one, and not to be loved, is hell;" the meaning of which she could never understand.

She was no longer embarrassed, and her face acquired a peculiar expression, which I noticed with a kind of awe. Her breast heaved now and then with a trembling sigh; her cheeks became pale, but her lips remained as they were and quivered as if blessings were passing over them; whilst her eyes were opened to their widest extent. Thus she looked intently into my face for a long while, her hands on my shoulders, as if desirous of drawing my soul into hers. Then she smiled, and closing her eyes, pressed her face against my breast with a sigh of happiness.

When she raised her head, her countenance had regained its former gentle expression. She rose, took my hand, and said,

"Come——" then stopped. "I do not even know thy name, nor thou mine. My name is Theresa; and thine?"

"Otto."

"Come, Otto—Otto—Otto!" and she pressed her hands to her face. "Come, Otto! now I will show you my room."

I followed her through a passage, over a staircase, and came into a narrow corridor, which ended on the right at a wall, with a small window in the shape of a loophole; on the left the passage led to a narrow stone staircase. A few paces from this was a door in a thick wall of solid square stones, which led to Theresa's room.

This room seemed to form half of the interior of a square tower. Opposite the heavy oak door, which was studded with large round-headed nails, was a high Gothic window—or rather the half of one, for the wall dividing the interior of the tower leant on the stone columns in the middle. The upper part of the window had the original little circular panes set in lead, whilst in its lower part was fixed a modern window with large square panes. The outside of the whole large window was protected by a cage-like, cunningly-wrought, iron grate, bulging out widely at its lower part. As the wall was extremely thick, a rather deep recess or niche was formed by this window, into which a step had been fitted, with Theresa's work-table and chair.

This niche was charming. Outside the win-

dow were a large number of flowers in pots, extremely well kept; and between them stood, in fine weather, the cage of a canary-bird. Opposite her chair hung a looking-glass, in which one could see up to the bridge; whilst, sitting on the chair, one had the view up the Rhine. The steps were covered with a carpet, on which stood a little embroidered footstool.

The whole niche could be shut off from the room by a faded green curtain of old-fashioned woollen damask. The floor was of oak nearly black, and the walls were painted grey with grey arabesques; whilst the ceiling was white, and ornamented with rather heavy stucco.

In the wall of the tower to the left had been another Gothic window. It had been walled up, however, and the recess had been enlarged by a splendidly-carved frame of oak like that of a door. This niche was also closed by a curtain of faded green damask, and received light from a window like a loophole looking towards the bridge. In this recess stood Theresa's bed.

Opposite this cosy dormitory was a sofa, and on its right and left curiously-carved old chests of drawers of old black walnut, with shining brass ornaments; over these hung queer narrow looking-glasses, in old-fashioned faded gold frames. Over the sofa hung, in a similar frame, a very well painted picture, with a great many figures, the subject of which I never could find out.

Over the old chests of drawers were spread

red and white chequered napkins, on which were placed sundry trifles; and, under glass shades and wonderfully decked out, were a Virgin Mary with the Christ, and a Saint Theresa, both of wax; besides candlesticks and some cups.

To the left of the door was a large heavy wardrobe of walnut, splendidly carved; in the other corner an iron stove; and, in the middle of the room a heavy walnut table, with twisted feet, like Byzantine columns. To the left of the window stood an old-fashioned piano, of a light wood and inlaid with mother-of-pearl; close to it, in the corner, was a cupboard; and between it and the bed-niche stood a washing-stand, covered with a drapery of the same green woollen stuff.

The length of the room was double its breadth, but the large window afforded light enough; and, notwithstanding the dark furniture and oaken floor, it gave an impression of comfort, which was increased by the smell of the flowers, in an old-fashioned blue and white china vase, which, stood in the middle of the table.

What purpose this tower had served did not appear. It probably formed part of a more extensive building, the walls of which were washed by the waters of the Rhine. This was evident from the ruins of cellars running underneath the street down to the river.

"In the forenoon," said Theresa, "when the sun shines into my room, it is very pleasant; but I also enjoy the evening, the time between light and

dark, when a pleasing fear creeps over me, and I nestle down on my sofa, and see in the shadow of the corners all kinds of strange and wonderful shapes, and think all sorts of romantic tales. When we came over here from Worms, the gentlemen who had the disposal of the house would only let father have the dwelling in the forehouse; but they had no objection to my occupying this room, which had not been tenanted perhaps for a hundred years. It looked strange, and desolate. The window was broken, the floor covered with the dust of ages, as were also that old table, the wardrobe, and the chests of drawers. On the frame over the bed birds had had their nests, and the walls and everything else were thickly covered with cobwebs. My mother scolded me for my foolishness, as she called it, in wishing to live in such a desolate stable; but I was enraptured with the recess in the window, and the view of the Rhine. The gentlemen, who came up here with me, said, 'These old walls might tell a great deal if they could speak, and awful things may have occurred in this room.' My mother stopped her ears; I also felt a sort of dread, yet I liked it. The old curtains were also here, but how dirty and torn! And, when first I lay down in my large bed, I prayed twice as long as usual and hung a crucifix over it; and now the ghosts, if there are any here, have no power over me. Only think! mother does not venture here after dark, and says that she has heard and seen many

suspicious things. Are you tired of my prattling? Not? Look, I have not talked so much for a whole month! to whom should I? But I feel so light, and yet so sad to-day. I do not know how it is, but I feel as if I must tell thee everything. Good Lord! and I speak to thee for the first time in my life! But I cannot help it. I feel as if I had known thee for many, many years."

I stood before her, holding her hands, and listening with an indescribable rapture to her artless prattle; and while looking into her large friendly eyes, and at her busy, fresh lips, I felt a strange emotion which brought the tears into my eyes and made me silent.

All this was to me like a dream—like a tale from the Arabian Nights. I could not do anything but press her to my heart, and kiss her soft cheeks, in which the colour had become heightened during her chatting.

I had to sit down in her chair at the window, and to admire the view, then her flowers, and her canary bird, and the artificial flowers which she made most wonderfully.

"But my little bird must have some extra pleasure to-day," said she, "for, oh! I am so happy! I must always cry if I am happy; is not that strange? And if I am very much pleased with anything—for instance, a beautiful flower, or the blue sky, or the green Rhine—tears always come to my eyes. There, you little thief, you will like

that! Be glad that I had already prepared it this morning, for I could not do so now."

She had peeled hempseed, which she mixed with sugar and put into the cage for her bird, which playfully pecked her rosy fingers.

But I should have to write many pages if I were to repeat all her artless chat, of which the reader may be tired already. I was now like one stunned. Theresa and I had changed our nature. First she was silent, and I talked; and now she prattled merrily away, whilst I was silenced by admiration of her loveliness and by my transcendent happiness.

The clock struck six. I had been three hours with her, and thought it would be time to go, that her mother might not find me.

"And what would it signify, if my mother saw thee?" she said. "But thou art right; she does not much like officers, and says that they are so bold, and look the girls so impudently in the face. Therefore she will never go with me to the music in the 'Anlage,' and I am so fond of music! Mother does not come till after eight o'clock, but the charwoman comes at seven. How long will it be until I see thee again?"

We agreed that I should call next day in the afternoon. She would make a cross with clay at the door if she was at home alone; and I was to come from the Rhine, from whence a narrow passage led almost directly to the house-door, which was the better way, as the people in the

neighbourhood could not observe me. We took leave as if I were going to Australia; and, before leaving her she cut off a lock of my hair, that something belonging to me might remain with her, and gave me also a lock of hers. At last I forced myself to go, and following the passage just mentioned, came out near the Rhine.

I cannot say that I walked; I rather reeled along, and found myself in the "Grosse Bleiche" almost without knowing it; when suddenly some one caught me from behind. It was my friend Theodore von Schlichten, who cried,

"What's the matter with you? Are you tipsy or deaf? I burst my lungs with crying after you, but you do not hear. Where are you going to?"

"I do not care!"

"Come with me. F—— is on guard. I am just on my way there."

"No, no! not at any price, now. Oh, Schlichten! I shall go mad with happiness!"

"How—why?" he ejaculated, taking my arm. "Indeed! Why don't you speak?"

"Not here. Come home; there I will tell you."

"Bon! I submit to my fate. Like Curtius, I will jump into the abyss of a long, affecting love-story, full of 'Ah!' and 'Oh!'"

"I passed three hours with her!"

"Wh—at!" said my friend, and started. "Of course she is an angel—a *she* where one is permitted to forget one's-self—a Miss Tearsheet with a virtuous foil?"

I became very angry, tore my arm from his, and said I would not tell him anything if he did not behave properly.

"Well, old boy," he said, "I will believe religiously—anything you like. Don't be angry. Stupid fellow! you won't take a joke."

Schlichten was, in regard to women, a great sceptic.

"Yes," he said, "they pray every day, 'Oh, Lord! lead us not into temptation;' but add in their thoughts, 'for you see, if you do, we cannot help falling into it.' Believe me, the most devout are the worst. She who runs her rosary off quickest is also the quickest at kissing. I tell you they are all witches, and if one remains true to you, it is only to spite you. Have you got a sweetheart? Look after her. In a word, do not trust any."

He was, however, only wise in theory, for in practice he was as stupid as the rest of us.

When we arrived at my lodging, my emotion quite overcame me, and he was frightened to see that I cried like a child.

"Schlichten, I tell you I shall go mad!" I said.

"It appears as if you had become so already. But that is no reason why we should not make ourselves comfortable. The time until nine shall be sacrificed to friendship, but then I am on duty. Frederick, bring your master's dressing-gown, his best pipe, and get some hot water. Donner-

wetter! where are the matches? There—all right. Now fire away. Stop a little. Frederick, bring me a pillow. All right now. Drive on!"

As I knew his ways, his jokes did not hurt me, and I told him all I had experienced that afternoon. He was so astonished, that his pipe went out several times, which was a rare occurrence.

"Are you not a happy dog," he said, "to find such a girl when you have only just put your nose into Mayence, and to have a friend who listens to your nonsense so patiently?"

However, I saw the thing did not appear quite right to him. The affair went too fabulously fast, and he really believed that I had been taken in by some experienced campaigner, and that in my excitement and inexperience, I saw everything *couleur de rose.*

"She is from Worms?" he asked. "She must certainly be a stranger here, for had she been a Mayence girl, she would at least have cried, 'Here *sie doch uff zu ruhe sie Ekel.*' I should, however, wonder if I did not know her. Wedel has a sweetheart in the palace, and she is acquainted with mine. Well, you do not know her name? Theresa, for the moment. How the devil can I make head and tail of your story? The first sweetheart is always an angel. Please let me look at her hair. Well, well, I do not want to eat it! If she has much of it, it must be pretty. To-morrow you will see her again?

Well, dear boy, do not evaporate in sighs until then. If you have a particular desire to repeat your story, old boy, go on, for my pipe is in excellent trim. There, let's drink to *her* health! —and to your health, too—for, by Jove, your brain is in danger, though that would be no great loss."

Thus he rattled on until a quarter to nine, when he jumped up and dressed to attend to his "duty."

"However," he said, "don't care for my talk; she may turn out a white sparrow, after all. And dream of her. Good night!"

When I was alone, I kissed the lock of her hair many hundred times, and lived that afternoon over again and again in my thoughts.

In order not to interrupt my narrative, I will here tell all that I afterwards heard of the life of Theresa.

She was the daughter of a wine-merchant in the Palatinate, who bought his stock from the different wine-growers on the Rhine and had to travel a good deal for this purpose. Though nominally living in Speyer, he was rarely at home. His wife, the mother of Theresa, died when the child was about three years old. He married again, and though her stepmother had herself a son, she treated Theresa kindly until she became about eight years old, when her father died, and his widow accepted the offer of an uncle of Theresa's real mother to take care of the education

of his little grand-niece. This grand-uncle was a prebendary in Worms, who enjoyed a very good income, and lived very comfortably with his good-natured old housekeeper, in a handsome house, to which a garden was attached.

The prebendary was a kind, sensible old man, though a Catholic priest; he loved his joke and a good glass of wine, and was, not half so devout as his housekeeper, who regularly attended mass every day, and grumbled at her master who occupied himself more with heathenish and worldly books than with the writings of the fathers of the Church.

Theresa became an inmate of this house, and a great favourite both with her grand-uncle and old Crescenz, the housekeeper. The latter possessed a great stock of ancient legends, and failed not to impart her knowledge and superstition to Theresa; but this influence was counteracted by the teachings of the old man, who was not at all superstitious. He was a great antiquary, and was especially fond of the old romances of the Middle Ages, which pleased Theresa far more than Crescenz's stories of saints. It was owing to his instructions, and to the frequent conversations with him that Theresa thought more freely on religious matters than the old housekeeper approved of. She attended school, also, but she derived her principal knowledge from her grand-uncle, though this knowledge was rather defective, being in close connection with the favourite fancies

of her teacher. As she showed a great liking for music, she had lessons on the piano; and the old man was delighted when, with her young voice she sang the religious hymns which he loved so much.

Except a few old friends who visited him now and then, and liked his good dinners and wine, he did not see many people; and as he did not wish Theresa to visit too much at her schoolfellows' houses, her pleasures were chiefly limited to the house and garden.

The housekeeper (who had, however, a younger assistant) was very experienced in many kinds of work done in nunneries, and, amongst other things, she made artificial flowers very well, in which art she instructed Theresa. The girl soon showed far greater skill, and especially better taste, than her teacher, who despised nature and was only fond of making such flowers as she thought fit to ornament the image of the Virgin or of some saint, and which must, at least, have gold or silver leaves.

Theresa's skill caused her grand-uncle to become interested in her work; he encouraged her to imitate nature, and ordered from Paris all the things necessary for her pleasing art in which, in time, she excelled very much.

Theresa's stepmother also came to live in Worms. She sometimes visited her step-daughter, and as she was rather poor, she now and then received assistance from the kind old priest.

She became acquainted in Worms with a man who had a place in the Custom-house, and whom she married.

When Theresa was about sixteen years old, her grand-uncle died. He left no fortune, and everything in his house, with the exception of his piano and some trifles which were bequeathed to Theresa, became the property of his housekeeper. He had, however, made an arrangement in reference to his grand-niece, who had a little fortune from her mother—about six thousand gilders—and who was to live with her stepmother, to whom a certain sum out of the interest of this money was to be paid monthly. Moreover, the clergyman who had the charge of Theresa's little fortune had also promised to look after her.

About half a year after the death of her grand-uncle, Theresa went with her stepmother to Mayence, to which place the husband of the latter had been transferred. She was perfectly satisfied with her position, for her stepmother did everything to please her, partly because she liked her, and partly because the board she paid was an acceptable addition to her small monthly income. Her son was apprenticed to a grocer in Worms; and, as she loved this child much, she tried to lay by something for him, for which purpose she accepted an occupation in the palace—of what kind I did not hear.

She had also induced Theresa to continue her manufacture of flowers, and her work, sometimes

from nature, sometimes from Parisian patterns, found great favour in Mayence, and was sold by her mother at very good prices, which money she paid for Theresa into a saving's bank.

Of her stepmother's husband, whom she called father, she saw very little, and he remained a stranger to her.

The day after I had been three hours with Theresa we drilled in battalion, and thus the time passed less slowly than would otherwise have been the case. I could not eat anything at dinner, which surprised my neighbours, and Schlichten felt my pulse, and smilingly poured out a glass of water for me whilst he drank off my wine.

At last the time came when I could venture to return. Seeing a small clay cross on the door which was open, I ran up the steps, and found Theresa waiting for me at the top, for she had seen me coming in her looking-glass opposite her seat. My heart was beating so fast that I could scarcely speak, and she also was silent. We were both somewhat embarrassed, but the darkness at the place where we met concealed our blushes, and gave me courage. I clasped her to my breast, and all embarrassment was at an end.

We went to Theresa's room, and talked and carried on much delightful nonsense which I need not describe. Those who have once loved will understand without a description, and to those who

have not I would not attempt it. How is it possible to describe the pleasures of a sunset to a person born blind?

When I heard the hour strike for parting, a shudder ran through my whole frame, for next day was Sunday; the old people would be at home, and we should not be able to see each other.

"I should like to sleep all the time until Monday afternoon," said Theresa; "I could not do anything all this morning, I was always looking up the Rhine, and whenever I saw a red collar it took my breath away, for I thought it might be you."

We agreed that I should come next morning at a certain hour from the bridge, that she might at least see me from a distance, and that I might in the evening hide a note in a certain place near the door, where I should find one from her.

The following week was to me a time of continuous rapture, but the perpetual excitement in which I lived began to show itself in my face, and with anguish Theresa noticed that I became thinner and paler.

On Monday we were already in fear about the next Sunday, and my rapture may therefore be imagined when Theresa told me one Saturday that her parents were going next morning on a visit to Worms, and that she had managed to stay at home.

Now we made plans for Sunday. She insisted on my dining with her. I should have chicken

broth, and she would put into it little marrow dumplings, which I should like; and then I should have a fricasee of chicken, made as her grand-uncle had liked it, with champignons and other things. Of course no opposition was possible, only making it a condition that I also should be permitted to contribute to the dinner. We children rejoiced like children in the anticipation of to-morrow, and Theresa said that it would be just like one of the tales in the Arabian Nights.

When I went away I took with me one of her charming little slippers, which she had embroidered herself. I did so that I might knock down Schlichten with it, who had promised to pass the evening with me, as he should not be on duty.

He amused himself maliciously with making me angry by his doubts about the beauty of Theresa, and when I was in raptures about her tiny feet, he said he was sure she had a regular twelve-inch Rhinelandish foot. My slipper had, however, its effect; he was forced to acknowledge that he knew no lady who would be able to put it on.

"But for all that, I am sure she has thick, red hands, like a genuine 'kitchen dragoon,' smelling of parsley and celery," he said, to tease me, and he succeeded so well that I promised he should see her and visit her with me. This was just what he wanted, for he was dying of curiosity. The information which he had received seemed to him so exaggerated that he

would not believe in its truth without judging for himself.

My Frederick was sent next day to fetch a bottle of champagne from our casino, and a small bottle of sweet Lunell from some other place. These I placed in a little basket, together with some delicious grapes, peaches, and other fine fruits, which some women from Gonzenheim brought me much too frequently for my purse, besides cakes and other things from the confectioner.

"You will follow me at a distance with that basket, Frederick," I said to my servant; "but in such a manner that nobody shall be aware that you are following me."

Frederick was a pattern of a servant. He was by no means handsome; on the contrary, his face was awfully disfigured by the small-pox, and, when he was frightened, he did not get white like other people, but became greenish, like Munchausen, in Immermann's classic novel; notwithstanding this, he possessed most valuable qualities. He was as discreet as the tomb, spoke only when urged by downright necessity, and preferred—like Grimaud, in the "Three Musketeers"—to express himself by gestures, of which, however, he was also very sparing. He used only to express his utmost astonishment by moving his hand about one foot from his trousers, and letting it fall immediately to its old place. I really believe he would have shown his astonishment in no other way, if one

had suddenly poured over his head a bucket of water.

An idea therefore may be formed of the beauty of Theresa from the fact, that Frederick, on seeing her, forgot himself so far as to accompany his superlative hieroglyph of emotion with the monosyllable of "Oh!" and a quick smile.

Theresa had already been waiting for me; the dinner was ready, and she was afraid I might be late, and everything be spoiled, so that I should think her a bad cook. She had laid the table very nicely, and in its centre stood a large bouquet of flowers.

Though we were both much in love, it did not interfere with our appetite, and Theresa was quite proud that I praised her art by word and deed. We remained very long at our dessert, for there were many pauses. Neither would drink before the other had touched the glass with the lips, nor touch the fruit before the other had had a first bite. The unwonted champagne had its effect, and Theresa became more playful than I had yet seen her. The colour of her cheeks was heightened, her eyes sparkled like dew-drops in the morning sun, and her charming little mouth chatted incessantly, when it was not otherwise occupied.

Her grand-uncle she told me, had had rather a red nose, and when she, still a child, had asked him whence it came, he laughingly answered, "Why, child, that comes from drinking too much milk;" which had frightened her very much

as she was so very fond of milk herself. One afternoon, when she entered her grand-uncle's room and found him, with the chaplain, over his bottle, and saw on the label the word, "Liebfrauenmilch"—for which Worms was renowned—she clapped her hands, and called out, "Oh, grand-uncle, now I know from what milk your nose has become so red!" At which the two tippling lights of the church laughed until the tears rolled down their fat cheeks.

Theresa would not take a drop more, and insisted on my corking the bottle of Champagne, though I declared that this was against all custom; but she accepted, at last, a little glass of sweet Lunelle.

At last we rose, excited alike by the wine and love. She sat down near the open window to breathe the fresh autumnal breeze, and I took my place on the steps at her feet. Thus we sat long, chatting and joking, and supremely happy.

After she had put aside the things from the table in such a manner that the charwoman, when returning, could not become aware of the duality of the dinner, we very demurely took our coffee, which she had prepared with a French machine.

It was dark before we thought of it, and both of us became silent on the approach of the parting hour.

At last saying that I would stay the evening, and would hide myself somewhere during the time the charwoman would be in the house, Theresa

clapped her hands exultingly, and we agreed that I should remain in the large old-fashioned wardrobe so long as the woman should be at work; and so it was. The troublesome woman, however, remained unusually long, as she insisted on lighting a fire in the stove, the weather having become rather cool. Whilst occupied with this, she had much to tell, and after the fashion of such people, passed from one thing to the other and could not make an end.

When at last she went away and I was rescued from my prison, in which I began to get rather fidgety I took Theresa round her waist, and waltzed with her round the table, until she laughingly cried for grace.

She played very well on the piano, and had a splendid voice for singing. I therefore requested her, when she had recovered her breath, to play and sing something. She selected some very fine old hymns, which she sang in a manner that made my hair incline to stand on end—a curious sensation I always have on hearing anything especially affecting in music or speech. When I once heard Mademoiselle Rachel sing and recite (for it was a wonderfully affecting mixture of both) I had the same sensation.

Then Theresa insisted on hearing my voice, and as the piece was just open on the piano, and I had learned it from old Leidel, I sang "O sanctissima, o piissima, dulcis virgo—Theresa!" She shut the book, and said I was just such a heathen

as her dear old grand-uncle, and commenced an air from "Tancredi," until I could not stand it any longer, and closed her mouth with kisses.

Then she brought from the corner-shelf some rare books with old engravings and miniatures, at which we looked and read alternately. However, we soon threw them away to read sweeter things in each other's eyes.

It was past midnight, and I was still there; it was impossible that we could part, and I only left when the late autumn morning peeped in at the window.

The complaint is frequently heard that life only offers rare moments of perfect happiness, and has long hours, nay years of sorrow; but people do not consider how quickly even past years of suffering are forgotten, whilst one single happy hour spreads a rosy hue over a whole life, and returns in remembrance almost with the sweetness of reality, soothing even severe trials. Whoever has had one moment of genuine happiness in his life can never be perfectly unhappy again.

The weeks which followed that day were full of happiness, so intoxicating as to be almost madness. Our love increased every day. The only dispute we ever had was about which of us was the most happy.

I had kept my promise to Schlichten, and had taken him one afternoon to see Theresa, who was anxious to become acquainted with my friend.

They who admire those we love flatter us more than they would do by admiring ourselves. I had a great triumph. Schlichten, who was prepared to see a pretty grisette, was quite perplexed, and treated Theresa with as much deference and politeness as if she had been a princess. He was charmed by her behaviour and manner of speaking, by her kindness of heart and unbounded love for me. Whoever saw her became, as it were, her slave at once; and my servant, to whom she had once given her hand, and whom she had called a good Frederick, would have gone through fire for her.

After a few weeks Theresa commenced to feel unwell. She was in a constant fever; her eyes, though always gentle and sweet, sparkled with an unnatural lustre, and her talk became so excited, wild, and fantastical, that it sometimes appeared as if she were delirious.

I found myself in a similar state; but in Theresa's case it was far more dangerous, as she was almost always alone, whilst I saw other people, and thus my thoughts were directed to other things besides our love.

I had to mount guard, and immediately after was on some other duty, and was therefore prevented from seeing Theresa for nearly two days.

When I came off guard I became very uneasy, as Frederick told me that on that forenoon, he had found no note at the usual place. Immediately after dinner I went myself, but neither found the clay cross at the door nor a letter,

nor was there a light in the evening in the little window in Theresa's dormitory, which also served sometimes as a token.

I could not close my eyes all night, and early in the morning I sent Frederick out to reconnoitre. He returned, however, without bringing any news. Now I became certain that Theresa was ill, probably dangerously ill. When near the house with Frederick in the afternoon, we saw the charwoman come out of the door, and hurry down the street. Frederick ran after her, and on his asking whether some one in the house was ill, he heard that Theresa was in bed with a nervous fever, and very ill indeed.

No circumstances could keep me back any longer. By means of my key I let myself in at the little yard door, and entered the room of Theresa without answering any of the questions of the astonished mother, who, however, seemed to guess my relations to her stepdaughter.

Theresa did not recognise me; she was in the highest state of delirium. I do not know anything more distressing than to witness the sufferings of the being we love best in this world, without being recognised by her, and fully convinced that the very consciousness of our presence would prove a more soothing remedy than any medicine.

Theresa, in her delirious state, was incessantly talking of me, and it nearly broke my heart to hear her. The physician who had visited her

already twice on that day, looked very grave, and after having ordered a fresh medicine, promised to return in the evening.

When he came, about ten o'clock p.m., Theresa's state had not altered for the better; and the doctor, who felt my pulse, advised me most earnestly not to remain with her, for he said that if I did not go home directly to bed I should be just as ill next day, and my presence was of no use to her. However, I could not have gone away if death had been certain; to leave her in that state, and remain far from her, was utterly impossible. I therefore stayed by her bedside, and her mother did not object, for my anguish and despair affected her to tears.

Sometimes during the night Theresa seemed as though she recovered her senses and recognised me; but as her fancy was always occupied with me I was not quite certain. The only thing which gave her rest for a moment was for me to stroke her head and face with my hands.

Towards morning she fell asleep, though it was no refreshing sleep, but interrupted constantly by delirious talk. After seven o'clock she sat up in her bed; she looked at me and uttered my name with an accent that pierced my heart like an arrow. Her eyes burned like flames, and her face had an indescribably sublime, and almost exulting expression. On a sudden she clasped her arms around my neck, and called out, with a jubilant, ringing voice: "The angel! the

angel !" and breathed away her soul in her last kiss.

I felt as if the house had fallen on my head. Everything turned wildly around me. With burning, tearless eyes, in unspeakable grief, I stared horror-struck into her beautiful pale face, into her once brilliant eyes, which were now shaded by a kind of haze. I gently separated her entwined arms, laid her on her pillows, and with a trembling hand closed those dear eyes which were never to smile on me again!

Her face now assumed another expression: it became calm and smiling. Had not the coldness of her lips convinced me of the dreadful reality, I should have believed she only slept. On rising from my knees, and stepping across the room, I walked on my toes. The loud crying and lamenting of her mother and the charwoman made me almost angry. My head ached as if it were ready to burst, but I could find no relieving tears. It seemed as if I was in a horrid dream, and was trying in vain to awake from it.

The physician came. He looked attentively at my face, felt my pulse again, and advised me most urgently to take care of myself. I promised to do so, but remained with Theresa. I knelt before her bed, took her cold hand, and laid my head on that breast in which the heart had beaten only for me.

Thus I remained without tears for nearly two hours. Nobody had the heart to take me away.

At last, my friend Schlichten came, having heard from my servant where I was, and being urged by anxiety both for Theresa and myself. He who never cried, shed tears, but my eyes remained dry. It was horrible torture. My appearance alarmed him. I said I would die also. Then I promised to go with him, and permitted him to lead me by the hand to the door; but there I broke loose from him, and, like a madman, kissed Theresa's cold hands and pale lips. The coldness struck me the more, as my hands were like fire. I commenced to talk incoherently, and spoke of flowers which I would fetch for a wreath, to go to a ball with my sweetheart.

At last I permitted Schlichten to take me away. How I made my way on his arm the long distance home (chaises did not then exist), I do not know. On my arrival there, I said to Frederick, "She is dead!" The poor fellow raised both his arms, and his pale greenish face looked as though he was shocked; and then he began crying and howling aloud. This caused me to laugh immoderately, and then I fell down like a dead man.

It was long, long before my vigorous, elastic nature conquered the fever raging within me. When I again became conscious, the cold ground had already for many days shrouded all that was dearest to me.

Thus ended my first love!

CHAPTER VI.

Colonel von Schultze—Hofahrtsheim—The Colonel pays my debts—A duel.

In the spring of 1832, I received a letter from Colonel von Schultze Hofahrtsheim, who had been minister resident to the Duke of Brunswick, in Berlin, and whom I had seen at Excellency Saldern's. He requested some information about an old court lady who lived in Mayence, and inquired at the same time how I was going on. My answer pleased him, and thus a correspondence commenced, by which he became tolerably well acquainted with my affairs and hopes.

The princess knew the colonel very well, as his brother was the chief of the Duke of Coburg's court. She advised me to improve this acquaintance, as the colonel was a rich and kind man, who might be very useful to me in life. He wrote in August, that he intended to visit the Rhine with his family, in which journey he invited me to accompany them. At the same time he requested me to come to Frankfort, to order rooms for him in the Weidenbusch Hotel, and there to wait for him.

Railroads did not then exist, and the colonel travelled in his own carriage, with his own four horses. He had with him his wife and daughter, and a governess from Neufchatel, a merry young girl.

The colonel's wife was a countess by birth, of a proud but not rich family in Hanover. She was tall, and of an imposing figure, and had in her time been a beauty and a flirt, and the colonel once had to fight a duel on her account, in which he was nearly killed. The well-aimed bullet hit a brass button right on his heart; this and a portfolio, which he had in his pocket, saved him. The lady had retained nothing of her former beauty except a small foot, of which she was very vain, and I won her favour by expressing my wonder how so stately a lady could support herself on such small feet.

His daughter, Pauline, was then an extremely lovely child of eleven years of age, with beautiful fair hair, a dazzling complexion, and splendid almond-shaped brown eyes.

The colonel was a tall, spare man, past sixty, who at first sight made rather an agreeable impression. His hair was not grey, but dark blonde. He wore no whiskers, but a moustache of the Prussian pattern. His eyebrows were very thin, his grey eyes rather dull, but the expression of his mouth rather agreeable, especially when he smiled. Though he was a colonel, he had seen but little service. In the wars of the French

revolution he had been besieged in Maestricht, which was all his military experience. When a captain he was in the guards of King Jerome of Westphalia, and at that time rented a large domain, for which purpose rich friends assisted him with money.

He afterwards became the companion of the blind Duke August of Brunswick, the real duke, who abdicated in favour of his younger brother, who was killed at Quatre Bras. This Duke August was very kind to him, presented him with considerable sums, and left him a pension of two thousand thalers (gold), of which the half was to be paid after his death to his widow. The colonel had great influence over the blind duke, who was very rich, and the present duke owes it to his influence that his uncle left him far more of his money than he had originally intended to do.

The colonel was now a rich man. He had three fine estates of about three thousand acres together, and the patronage of several others, which he retained when he sold them.

Duke Charles made him his minister resident in Berlin, where his position became rather disagreeable when the foolish behaviour of the young duke displeased King Frederick William III. He remained, however, true to the duke, and when the Brunswick noblemen conspired against him, they took good care not to let it be known by the colonel. When the chief of the Brunswick troops, Lieutenant-General von Hertzberg, betrayed

Duke Charles, the colonel, who had formerly been intimate with him, called him a rascal and resigned. From that time he retired to his estates, and passed his winters in Berlin. He always kept up his connection with Duke Charles, who lived then in Paris, and pondered over plans for restoring him, and dethroning the "little usurper."

The colonel did not forget that friends had assisted him when he was young, and was ready to do the same to others. He thought himself a great diplomatist, had a certain knowledge of mankind, and wanted tools for his many schemes. His plans were frequently rather ill-defined, and in forming new connections he had not always any precise purpose in view, but left it to time to show how such a connection might be made useful. There was in him a wonderful mixture of benevolence and diplomacy, and of other rather heterogeneous qualities.

He had frequently noticed me when in Berlin, and I had made a favourable impression on him. He was pleased with my family and connections, and with my exterior and behaviour. Always revolving some scheme in his head, he thought of me afterwards, became curious to know what had become of me, and this was the cause of his first letter.

He had always been very prudent, but as a man of the world he judged the failings of young men leniently, and rather liked them to be a little

fast. Cleverness and versatility in society, politeness, high birth, great connections, and an agreeable exterior, were qualities which the colonel valued highly, as he considered them to be a capital of even more practical value in life than money or moral principles.

As I had rather improved in these qualities since he saw me in Berlin, both he and his lady treated me with great kindness, and I was much spoilt by them. I was made their travelling-marshal, and everything I did was right. Mayence was the centre of our excursions. From thence we intended first to go by Worms and Frankenthal to Mannheim and Heidelberg, and return by the Bergstrasse and Darmstadt. Then we would go to Wiesbaden, Rudesheim, and the neighbourhood, and to Coblenz, whence we intended to return by the steamer.

Our journey was extremely pleasant, as it was favoured by most excellent weather, and spiced with the best of good humour. I was indeed in very good spirits; the old lady laughed all the way, and we had much enjoyment. In Mannheim we were very kindly received by old Lieutenant-General von Stockhorn, whose residence was in the palace, where we passed a very agreeable evening. The general's two pretty daughters, the Baroness von Berlichingen, and two others of his nieces were also present. We left the old people at their tea and danced in an adjoining hall: I alone amongst all these pretty girls. Very little

did I then think that the room with the red silk damask hangings, where we took tea, would one day be my bed-room, and the hall in which we danced, my reception-room.

Their excellencies invited me to a ball which was to take place in a few days in the Muhlauer Schloesschen, near Mannheim, and as the colonel promised to stop that day in Heidelberg, I accepted. I drove over in his carriage and four, had the honour of leading her excellency in to supper, declared my love to Mademoiselle de B—— at least a dozen times, talked a great deal of nonsense, drank too much champagne, and returned in the morning with a "Katzenjammer" to Heidelberg.

As everybody knows the Rhine, I need not say one word about it. In Rudesheim we took a gondola, landed at different places of interest, and arrived in the evening in Coblenz.

The colonel stayed a few days in Mayence, where he visited the princess and my colonel, who kept a very pleasant house. The old colonel wanted to see my lodging; I then lived near the cathedral in rather indifferent rooms. When he entered he looked round in great astonishment; then he opened the wardrobe, in which was nothing. The same was the case with an old piece of furniture, which had a number of useless drawers, which he opened deliberately one after the other, and left open to show the better that they were all empty.

He shook his head, and said, "Why, do you really live here? Where are all your things?" Half-angry, half-laughing, I had looked on at the colonel's proceedings, and answered in some confusion, that all I had was in my trunk at the hotel, and that I had pawned the rest to get money for the journey to Frankfort, and for what I required for going there.

The old man actually had tears in his eyes. Taking my hand, he sat down on my sofa, and drew me to his side. "Such a life," he said, "is insupportable; you cannot go on thus any longer, and as a friend you must permit me to arrange your affairs." He inquired about my debts, and my telling him what I remembered at the moment, he said, "That's less than I expected; but you are in debt to many people, and that's the worst of it. It is much better that I should be your only creditor. I will return in a few hours, and we will pay your debts."

He kept his word, and I cannot forbear to smile when I think of him. He wore a brown coat, reaching to his ankles, with immensely deep side-pockets, and on his head a military cap, surrounded with a broad gold lace, which gave him less the appearance of a colonel than of a *valet de place*. From one of the deep recesses of his coat he pulled out an extremely long green silk purse, containing a goodly number of double louis d'ors, and from the other pocket emerged an equally long stocking, filled with silver crowns.

He laid both on the table, and said, "Well, now, let us have a walk through the city."

Though affected by the kindness of the colonel, I felt rather ashamed and reluctant to accept his liberality; he understood, however, how to represent the thing, so as almost to succeed in making me believe that it was the duty of rich old colonels to pay the debts of gay young lieutenants. I could not, however, persuade myself to accept his kindness to its full extent, and resolved only to pay those of my creditors who had not yet complained to my colonel. They who had applied to the authorities must be satisfied with the decision of the law. Moreover, my debts amounted to a few hundred guilders more than I had calculated in my hurry, and I had not yet learnt to look every calamity straight in the face, instead of blinking at it.

The colonel did not make any remarks when paying, except once. In one of the shops, where I paid some fifty guilders, he looked round rather perplexed, and could not make out what I could have bought there for fifty-six guilders within three months, for he saw nothing but—hats. The man dealt, however, also in gloves. Most officers danced in white washing-leather or silk gloves, but to me they were an abomination, and I preferred straw-coloured kid, if I could get them on tick.

I could not help laughing when looking at the colonel's face on this explanation. He was utterly

amazed. Fifty-six pairs of kid gloves in three months. (I got them for a guilder a pair, and always required two pairs for a ball, to have them fresh for the cotillon.) With great solemnity he held up to my view a pair of huge brown kid gloves, which must have been made by Adam's glover, for they looked quite antediluvian, and said, "I have had these gloves twelve years!" This was very possible, for he never put them on, and I am sure that he never appeared at court with such hand-cases. He, however, added, "Well, delicate gloves may be more required now-a-days than they were in my time, when young officers used to wash their leather gloves themselves. I rather like young officers to be exquisites, but it must not be overdone."

When it grew dark, and my debts were nearly paid, he promised to return next morning and to furnish my rooms with everything he thought necessary for a young officer. He came, and bought everything requisite for a bachelor's household, such as I had possessed only in a very limited degree. He did not forget anything, and my servant, grinning with delight, carried plates, cups, decanters, lamps, tea and coffee things, forks, knives, silver tea-spoons, etc., etc., into my room, which at once assumed a more homelike appearance. A seal ring was also thought necessary, and he sent me from Toplitz, as a birthday present, a beautiful gold topaz, richly set, and with my arms splendidly engraved on it.

I was very sorry when the colonel's family left, for I had become fond of them, and had indeed good reason to be so, as they treated me with the utmost indulgence and kindness. I was invited to take leave of absence for a few months, and stay with them in Hofahrtsheim, where they intended to pass the winter instead of going to Berlin.

Selected recruits from every part of the Prussian monarchy are sent every year to Berlin for the guards. At present this is only an affair of a few hours even from the remotest parts, but in 1832 the recruits from Dusseldorf and Cologne had a march of four weeks. In the autumn of that year it was the turn of my regiment to furnish a lieutenant and a number of corporals to accompany these recruits from the Rhine. This command was rather disagreeable for an officer, especially for a poor officer. To march for four weeks in November, with an unruly band who have as yet no idea of discipline, was indeed no recreation, and moreover such a march was attended with many expenses for which Government only granted an additional pay of tenpence a day. The military road passed not only through Prussian, but went also across Hanoverian and Brunswick territory. In Prussia the officers received free quarters but had to pay for their board, whilst in Hanover and Brunswick they had to pay nothing, as an arrangement had been made with the different governments. It happened now and then,

even in Prussia, that people with whom officers were quartered would not accept payment; but in that case something had to be given to the servants, which amounted at least to double the additional pay.

The commanders of regiments were reasonable enough to see that such a command was a great burden to officers, and to compensate for it in some degree they generally granted the officer a furlough afterwards. For this reason I was very desirous to get this command, as I wanted to visit Berlin, and especially Colonel von Schultze in Hofahrtsheim. The officer whose turn it was to go very readily consented to an exchange, but it could not be effected without the permission of my colonel, and I was much afraid that he would not give it, especially as I should request, at the same time, a furlough of six weeks.

To obtain my purpose I went to a party where I was certain to meet our colonel's colonel, Mrs. von Below, with whom I was much in favour. I put on a very troubled face, which caused her to ask what was the matter with me. I told her of my wish, and that I was much afraid the colonel would not grant it. "And he would be perfectly right," she said, "for you would lead the men, heaven knows where. However, try and ask him to-morrow at parade." I knew now that permission would be granted me, but I had unfortunately not said one word about my furlough, and my friend Theodore offered me a bet that I should

not get more than a fortnight. "Well," said I, "if he grants me six weeks, I shall return on the day, but if he grants me only a fortnight, I give you my word that I will manage to stay away at least three months."

When I spoke to the colonel he was incautious enough to say, "I know already;" and, noticing his slip of the tongue, he got into a bad humour. The consequence was, that he kept strictly to the promise made to his lady to grant the exchange, but would not give me any furlough at all, and at last I only got a fortnight.

I had to report myself in Dusseldorf in a few days, and was in high spirits, anticipating much pleasure from my long trip, which, however, was nearly prevented by a little accident.

Sitting one day in the English hotel, and conversing with some of the guests, a young Frenchman made some remarks in reference to Prussian officers which I did not like, and in consequence of a few words which we exchanged, I requested his card. His name was Delville, or Deville. I sent him "a friend," the same who had been my Leporello at the masquerade, and as the Frenchman would not make any apology, I had to request satisfaction in another manner, and proposed sabres, for I did not think the affair serious enough for pistols. My opponent accepted, but proposed a duel with foils, as he was not used to the sabre.

Though such duels never occurred amongst officers, I could not well refuse, but was much

annoyed at the whole affair, as I was afraid that a wound might prevent my journey.

The duel took place in a room, and several of my comrades were present, as it was an unusual occurrence. The young Frenchman behaved as his countrymen are in the habit of doing. He made faces, cried "Ça-ça!" stamped his foot, and did not hold his sword quiet for a second. Notwithstanding his faces and flourishes, I saw at once that I was much his superior in skill, and amused myself with making him still more excited and lively. I assumed a manner of defence which I learnt from Mr. Benecke, called by him "mit Cavationen," which requires some skill, and looks very graceful, as it is done by a quick and scarcely perceptible movement of the wrist only. Now and then I touched my opponent at different places of his breast without wounding him, merely to show that I could do so if I liked. He now became quite furious, and on his advancing rather too boldly, I used another trick learnt from Benecke, and sent his sword spinning round his head. I took it up and handed it to him with a polite bow. This made him quite crazy. He struck out with great force, and his prime would have settled me for ever if I had been a little less on my guard. The force of his assault was, however, so great, that my graceful manner of warding it was not quite sufficient. His sword did not enter my breast, as intended, but entered the upper part of my thigh, causing a sharp momentary pain, which made me

somewhat impatient; however, not enough so to create any desire to wound him dangerously. I thrust a "quart over the arm," and my foil entered with such force, that it not only pierced his right shoulder, but even broke, leaving a long piece of it in the wound. The Frenchman uttered a cry, and let fall his sword. The pulling out of the iron was rather a painful operation, but Mr. Delville behaved very well, and with all the politeness of a well-bred Frenchman.

My little wound was not deep, and two days after the duel I set off for Dusseldorf, where the recruits from the department were to assemble.

As the water in the Rhine was very low, we could only go by the steamer as far as Cologne, and had to travel by the diligence to Dusseldorf, or rather to Deutz, where we arrived late in the evening, and where all the passengers partook of a merry supper.

I had to stay eight days in Dusseldorf before the recruits were ready. They were six hundred men, mostly labourers from Dusseldorf, Cologne, Iserlohn, Barmen, and the surrounding parts. A captain, who was a very agreeable man, had command of the party. I had to take the command of one-half of the recruits, and, when an officer fell sick, to act also as quartermaster.

The weather was extremely bad, and the day marches were sometimes much too long for recruits, especially as the turnpike road was very bad owing to the rain. However, we had much

amusement on this march which I made on foot, though we officers had a right to a horse; those furnished by the different communes were so bad, that we preferred to take a compensation of nearly two shillings, which was of great use to us.

The weather was horrid, for it was cold, and rained all the time. The road was deep in mire, or covered with those sharp-edged stones used in Germany for mending the roads, which are ruin to the shoes of men and horses. Our poor, thinly-clad, and badly-shod recruits, suffered much. We had day-marches of five German miles (about twenty-two English), and even when at length we arrived at our destination, the distribution of the tickets lasted very long, and the recruits were utterly exhausted. I sometimes saw nearly a dozen of them fainting, and kind citizens who were looking out of the windows at the poor fellows, sent them wine and other refreshments.

I only mention this to show how uselessly soldiers are sometimes fatigued in time of peace, and how carelessly they are treated. It is frequently said that this is done to prepare them for time of war; but it is overdone sometimes, and the hardships to which soldiers are subjected in manœuvres and marches are greater than usually occur in war, when indeed they are somewhat compensated for by many indulgences. The consequence of this system is, that officers and non-commissioned officers still in the prime of life look worn out

and dilapidated, though they have never been in a campaign.

Notwithstanding the unusual fatigues of this winter-march, my recruits were often too lively, and committed excesses. On a rest-day (which always took place every third or fourth day), somewhere in Westphalia, when I came to the rappel I saw that about ninety men of my right wing were wanting, and on inquiry, I was informed that they were in some public-houses, from which the corporals could not get them. I went therefore myself to fetch them. The corporals were from Dusseldorf, and were afraid of the men of Cologne, who were double their number and who had threatened to fight with them. When I came they took courage and followed me; but they had scarcely arrived on the spot when a general battle ensued. I drew my sword, and with its flat I tried to separate them, whilst the corporals used the stocks of their firelocks for the same purpose. When at last we succeeded, and the men stood again in rank and file, I preached them a sermon in the true Prussian style, then marched the company off to a stubble-field, read them the articles of war, and made the recruits swear to these, which had not yet been done, promising to punish accordingly, if such excesses should be committed again.

When marching one Sunday in Hanover, some fellows insulted some respectable peasant-women who were going to church, and an old farmer who told me of it, said, "Your men have a bad charac-

er," which was true, but this made me very angry. I at once commanded a halt, and the farmer pointed out to me the offenders, who were about a dozen of the most ragged-looking fellows. I separated them from their comrades for a fortnight, and on coming into quarters, I always had them locked up in the jail.

In Coppenbrugge, as in Hanover, I was in the same quarters with my captain. Returning with my gun from a walk, I encountered a very exciting scene. The arrested men had broken everything in the prison, thrashed the turnkey, and committed other excesses. The captain had improvised a court and examined the witnesses. Amongst them was a citizen—a tailor—who had been locked up in the city jail for having measured the back of his wife with his yard. He was a thin, sentimental-looking fellow who gave his evidence with great pathos, and who dwelt with hungry affection on the delicious sandwiches which the wife of the jailor had given to the prisoners. It was a Shakspearian scene, especially as the tailor spoke that fine Hanoverian dialect which sounds *distingué* in itself, and which became still more so in the very select phrases chosen by the sentimental tailor.

The captain who was, with great zeal, smoking an enormous meerschaum (which he had bought on the way, in Lemgo, celebrated for that manufacture), made desperate exertions to preserve his gravity, and whenever he caught sight of my laugh-

ing face he looked so fierce that the tailor trembled as if he was going to cry. . .

In Soest, in Westphalia, therefore in Prussia, my assisting-sergeant reported to me that the authorities of the town refused to furnish the horses which I had ordered to be ready next morning. I was furious, and went at once to the town-hall. When I arrived there and inquired rather loudly for the mayor, a fellow like a beadle whom I found in the antechamber, held up his hands and said in a solemn whisper, "The magistrates are in session," and placed himself before the door. I have already explained the estimation in which citizens of any rank were held by officers; I therefore cried, "D—— your magistrate and its session!" and unceremoniously pushing the beadle aside, I rushed into the room where I found all the elders of Soest sitting at a large table covered with green cloth. With my shako on my head, and all the arrogance of a Prussian lieutenant within it I asked harshly, and without greeting, "Where is the mayor?" An old gentleman rose and I said, "I ordered six horses for to-morrow morning; you refused to furnish them?"

The mayor, of course, knew nothing of it and appealed to the town-clerk opposite him; but I interrupted him with a rude, "D—— the town-clerk! I have nothing to do with clerks; you are the mayor, and I tell you the horses must be forthcoming to-morrow morning at six o'clock, or I will report you in Berlin." With that I left.

The horses were ready, however, next morning, and I imagined I had acted quite properly. At that time a lieutenant thought himself above the mayor of any city.

In a Westphalian village (I believe its name was Lunen), where we had a rest-day, I was quartered in the house of the "Schultze" (village mayor) who was one of the most respected and richest peasants. The peasants of Westphalia are a very peculiar race, who have certain customs of their own, and are exceedingly proud. They are neither peasants or farmers such as you find in England; they are freeholders, whose fathers have lived on the soil for centuries and who are as proud as any nobleman and more independent. Our German author, Carl Immermann, has written some novels in which the customs of these peasants are described in a masterly manner. These novels are highly interesting simply for these descriptions, which would interest English people the more, as Westphalia is the cradle of their Saxon forefathers.

The Schultze of Lunen lived in a substantial store-house, which had once been what is called a "Schloss" of some petty Westphalian nobleman, whose arms were still to be seen over the entrance door, which was approached by a double staircase. At this door I was received by a tall proud-looking man in peasant's dress, who held in one hand a plate with wafer-cake and in the other a half pint glass of gin. He told me that it was the custom of the

country to offer both to a honoured guest entering the house, and that it was considered an offence if he did not empty the glass. I therefore took the enormous dram, but it spoilt my whole day.

I was lodged in a very large, carefully-warmed room, in which the dinner-table was laid as for a company of twenty. There stood on it an enormous piece of roast beef, a whole ham, two fat chickens, a roast hare and several dishes of sausages and other things.

The yellow-haired, blue-eyed, white and red daughter of the peasant, who waited on me in her pretty and original peasant's dress made of the finest material, was a splendid specimen of the Westphalian race. She was at least two inches taller than myself, and with her noble features and the natural grace of her movements, she reminded me of the old German walkyres.

The bed which stood in a corner of the room was a four-poster as large as any in England, but it was filled with a mountain of feather-beds, into which I sunk at least two feet deep, and over me was another feather mountain. I could not stand this, and used one of the pillows as a cover; it was more than sufficiently large.

When we approached the Hanoverian town of Hameln, all the Hanoverian officers of the garrison came to meet us outside the gate, notwithstanding the rain, and very kindly invited us officers for the evening, for which they had arranged a little party,

which was attended also by some pretty and merry officers' ladies. The officers plied us with grog and punch, which they preferred to wine, but were disappointed in their intention of putting us under the table.

Everywhere in Hanover I had splendid quarters, and was treated with the utmost kindness and politeness, especially in Hildesheim, where I paid a visit to the highest government officer, the Landdrost, a Count W., who was the brother of Colonel von Schultze's wife.

The handsomest girl I met, however, was in a village near Wolffenbuttel, where I was again quartered in the house of the richest peasant. His daughter, who waited on me, was indeed like a little rose-bud, and her dress was still more picturesque than that of the Westphalian. I was quite enraptured both with her beauty and modesty, and if she was gratified by the admiration of a handsome young officer she might well be pardoned, for the peasant beaux of the village were as ugly as she was pretty, and as graceful as young hippopotamuses.

As we passed not very far from Halberstadt the captain permitted me to pay a visit there to my mother. When I joined again near the town of Genthin, I found the captain and myself quartered at a gentleman farmer's, in a cold room with broken windows, and the supper corresponded with the room. We found that we were again in Prussia!

The weather had become very cold and our march from Brandenburg to Potsdam was indeed a great fatigue, for there was a nipping wind with a drift of snow all day. It was already dark when we entered Potsdam and before I reached my quarters. These were in one of five houses owned by a rich master chimney-sweep. There was no fire in the room and no dinner ready either. On inquiring for the latter I was told that an hotel was quite near. I was indignant, but as I had to pay under any circumstances and moreover to leave next morning at five o'clock, per diligence for Berlin—to prepare all for the reception of my party—I did not take any further notice, but went out to see some of my old comrades who were in garrison in Potsdam.

When I returned to my cold quarters at eleven o'clock p.m., my servant told me that he had had nothing to eat, and that the landlord refused to give him anything, though he was bound to board private soldiers quartered on him. I was very indignant, and said, "Da soll doch ein Donnerwetter drein schlagen! (A very common phrase, expressing the friendly wish that thunder and lightning may smash the whole concern.) Go and fetch the landlord!"

The landlord, who was listening, now rolled in from an adjoining room. He was a little fellow as broad as he was long, much resembling a beer barrel. He struck the table with his fist and cried "Now! I should like to see you let a Donner-

wetter smash me!" Half laughing at his droll figure, half angry at his impudence, I told him to get out of my room. He laughed outright and cried, "That's rich! to be turned out of my own room!" and plunged into a chair. "It's my room now; be off, fellow!" I said, grasping my sword, for I "felt my anger rising."

He jumped up, and putting both his arms akimbo, he said, with a sneer, "We are not afraid here of a lieutenant like you!"

I had a mind to send my blade over his fat back, but thinking better of it, I said to my temporary servant (an iron-worker, from Iserlohn, used to wield immense tongs in the ironworks, and with a frame like a Hercules) "Turn that fellow out."

My servant obeyed with great relish, and wonderful effect. He caught him with one hand, turned him towards the open door of the adjoining room, where I saw the faces of two frightened women, and with a kick hurled him like a skittle-ball through the open door against the opposite wall. The women could not suppress their laughter, and I locked the door. In the centre of it, however, was an oval window, and after a second or two the opening was filled by the fellow's furious face; which was extremely ludicrous. As he commenced abusing me, I threatened to send for the guard, and to have him arrested, on which the women pulled him away. The latter seemed, however, extremely pleased with the punishment

of their home tyrant, for they gave my brave servant an excellent supper.

With this little adventure my long march wound up. I have dwelt somewhat long on it, because such marches belong in Germany to things of the past. Now we have railroads everywhere.

I set off for Berlin next morning, reported myself to the commandant at the Residence, and assembled my company in the arsenal for the last time.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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